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VOL. VI.





Mary II.

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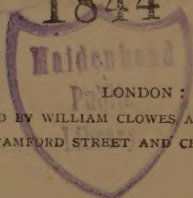
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LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.



MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

THE most propitious gales that ever speeded a favourite of fortune to the possession of a throne, attended Mary princess of Orange in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and overflowing with joyous spirits, brilliant in person, and smiling with success. She had recently been created by convention joint sovereign with her husband; they were not yet proclaimed, as their signatures to the Bill of Rights were expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne. Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, by making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father; but as he by no means intended to break his connection with her, his wife was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring "that the next king would go post to Rome;" all of which was to happen "when there were three queens of England at the same time." The three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catharine of Braganza, and Mary of Modena.¹

Embarking at the Brill, Monday, February 10, the Orange queen was

¹ Lamberty, vol i. p. 371.

at the Nore February 12, 1689 : her landing is graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings at Hampton-court. A group of English courtiers are bowing down before the princess ; her page is laden with her large orange cloak, which sweeps the ground. Her gown is very low round the bosom, looped down with strings of pearls ; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribands and aigraffes of pearls ; the purple velvet robe shows an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before the princess, and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her master of the horse, Sir Edward Villiers. Girls are strewing flowers. Mary is attended by her Dutch lady of honour, in lofty stiff head-gear and thin long waist. The princess made a land journey to Greenwich, where Anne and her spouse received her at the palace.¹ The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection," says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then ; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation—joy so supreme, that Mary could not dissemble it. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her at Greenwich-palace stairs, and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from throngs of spectators, she with her sister were in a short time rowed to Whitehall-stairs, where she landed, and took possession of her father's palace.² Her husband, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall,³ throwing on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."⁴

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses of her demeanour, have each recorded what they saw : one of them, a philosophical observer, Evelyn ; another, an enemy, lady Churchill ; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon ; and the fourth an apologist, her friend Burnet. Each wrote unknown to the other. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanour, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her by her husband. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as I did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity ; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."⁵ Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by

¹ Oldmixon.² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.³ Lamberty.⁴ Mazure.⁵ Oldmixon.

a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: "Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds, just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct; for whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.¹ But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say anything." As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,² weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister's favourite. "She put on an air of great gaiety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, 'How it came, that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?' She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts;' but she added, 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might, perhaps, go too far, because she was obeying directions.'" Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of that unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and lady Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate her glee,³ when she examined into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp on the evening of her arrival, and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose to be assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing-gown, before her women were on duty. "She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the conveniences of Whitehall. She

¹ Conduct of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.

² Burnet's Own Time.

³ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

slept in the same bed where the queen of James II. had slept, and within a night or two sat down to basset. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and she takes nothing to heart." Mary took possession not only of her father's house, but of all the personal property of her step-mother which had been left in her power, among others a cabinet of silver filigree: "It belonged," says Evelyn,¹ "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent"—honestly, would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier, since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one of deep humiliation: strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums seem on that day, which was most inclement, with dismal down-pouring of wet.² All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one. About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13, 1689, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting-house, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy, as described in a letter written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the celebrated lady Rachel Russell.³ "When the lords and commoners had agreed upon what power to take away from the king, my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting-house, and in a short speech desired William and Mary, in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made curtsies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."—"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some reluctance, seeming, perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying regret; but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign king and queen of England, France, and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have done it on that

¹ Evelyn's Diary.

² Clarendon Diary.

³ The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire: I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS. It

was addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and herself Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.

lay, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer.¹ There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire [her mother-in-law], and kissed the queen's hand, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme* pretty. The king was wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence. He is a man of no presence, looks very homely at first sight: yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen [the consort of James II.]. Her room is mighty full of company, as you may guess." At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.²

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to have neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as tending to bring back the corruptions of Rome, no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. William supposed that the primate and Mary would perfectly understand each other, and she had the same idea, and accordingly despatched Dr. Stanley and another of her chaplains to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation-day, to crave for her archbishop Sancroft's blessing. The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's private chapel, observe whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.³

The archbishop's chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to "what royal personages he was to pray for in the service

¹ The young lady, it must be remembered, was the daughter of William lord Russell.

² MSS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

³ Life of Archbishop Sancroft, by Dr D'Oyley. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

for Ash-Wednesday afternoon.”—“I have no new directions to give you,” replied the archbishop. Wharton had resolved to take the oath to William and Mary. He therefore affected to consider this injunction as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him, “that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel.” The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary was, “that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning.” The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. “Tell your princess,” answered the uncompromising primate, “first to ask her father’s blessing; without that mine would be useless.”¹ The political ruse of requiring Sancroft’s benediction, is illustrative of Mary’s wily assumption of godliness; and the response, of archbishop Sancroft’s unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor.

As early as the second day of her reign, queen Mary manifested inimical feeling towards her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labours in the convention; he was ill and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote an epistle, which, doubtless, contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon to deliver to the queen. “She asked my wife,” says Clarendon,² “‘What has he to do with the succession?’” Lady Clarendon assured her ‘that he had acted for her and for her sister’s true interest.’ She moreover asked her majesty, ‘when she would please to see her uncle?’ To which queen Mary replied, ‘I shall not appoint any time.’ Lady Clarendon asked ‘whether she forbade his visits?’ The queen said, ‘I have nothing to do to forbid anybody coming to the withdrawing-room, but I shall not speak in private to him.’ My brother,” continues lord Clarendon, “told me that the new queen had refused to see him; but that he had kissed king William’s hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written.” Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the little daughters of her uncle Lawrence Hyde, earl of Rochester.³

The new queen showed her zeal for church reform, by expelling from her chapel at St. James’s “several fiddlers,” who chiefly sustained the sacred music therein. Her majesty’s religious deportment at public worship gave general satisfaction, but the behaviour of her spouse scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the

¹ Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other’s historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it occurred. These

authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, and lord Dartmouth, in his Notes.

² Clarendon Diary.

³ Ibid.

liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this conduct, by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch congregations. They likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same;¹ but members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanour a whit the better on account of the examples he followed. The queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, not so the hat of her Dutch partner.

King William, thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton-court. It was the custom for presentations to be made to the queen there after divine service: Lord Clarendon writes, "In the evening, March 3, 1689, my brother Lawrence told me that he had been to Hampton-court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen; but it was in the crowd, as she came from the chapel-royal in that palace. He kissed her hand, and that was all."²

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused, and, as well as the queen's uncle lord Clarendon, persisted "that he could not take any new oath of allegiance." Four of the bishops who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their episcopal brethren,³ and several hundreds of the lower English clergy—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Stanhope, and Sherlock—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings and property rather than violate their consciences.⁴ By the great body of the people they were infinitely revered, but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of non-jurors, or non-swearers. Queen Mary gave Sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partisan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name. Her late chaplain, Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly regarding her personal demeanour: he refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, "Bishop Ken is desirous of martyrdom in the non-juring cause, but I shall disappoint him." There was great political wisdom in this observation, yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man, whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Ken. An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. Her majesty

¹ Tindal's Continuation.

² Clarendon Diary.

³ Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough; and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the non-

juring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

⁴ Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawny, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents.

exercised her functions as the “*dual head*” of the church, by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—“That she hoped that I [Burnet] would set a pattern to others, and would put in practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her,” adding a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet’s habiliments.¹ All his *notions* were not popular. Burnet’s inaugural pastoral letter was condemned by parliament to be burnt by the common hangman, the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest—a distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet’s pastoral letter was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace-yard, entitled, “King William and Queen Mary Conquerors.”²

Though Mary had undoubtedly slept at Whitehall ever since the 12th of February, the night of her arrival, when she occupied the exiled king her father’s chamber and bed, she did not obtain possession of the royal state suite, called, “The queen’s side,” till the 29th of that month, several days after her recognition as joint sovereign of Great Britain with William. The lord chamberlain’s books prove that William signed a formal order for her admission by his own sole and separate royal authority, dated in the first year of his reign, directing “the earl of Dorset, his lord chamberlain, to give the queen access to her apartments in his palace of Whitehall,” excepting those which the king’s majesty had allotted otherwise, as marked by him in the margin. Thus the queen’s sovereign rights did not even give her free possession of her own apartments, for a portion of them had by her husband been arbitrarily awarded to some other person. It is not difficult to surmise for whom these were destined by William.³ It is further to be noted, that William, in direct violation of the rights vested in his royal consort as joint sovereign of Great Britain, omitted her name in all the lord chamberlain’s orders and domestic warrants, which, till the spring of 1690, are in his alone, without the slightest allusion to her regality.

The former regalia with which the queens-consort were inaugurated was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state were made for her.⁴ An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation ceremony. The oath was altered decidedly to a Protestant tendency; the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite. The coronation morning (April 11)

¹ MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS.

² MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

³ Lord-chamberlain’s books. At Kensington, Elizabeth Villiers’ apartments were close to the king’s. “Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.”

⁴ Regal Records, by J. Planche, esq., Me-

nin, and above all, the abstract of the coronation-service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation-oath before the alteration was made. King’s MSS. Brit. Museum.

brought many cares to the triumphant sovereigns. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to form the Westminster-hall procession, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception of a few towns. At the same moment lord Nottingham delivered to queen Mary the first letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter, "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband; but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of Wales were living, the curse of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that king William forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having by harsh authority enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction;" and he took the opportunity of declaring, "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."¹ It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him *go as he did*."² These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."³

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was attiring. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent and subdued. Mrs. Dawson was on duty; she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales. The princess Anne, in the midst of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?"—"He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of king James, and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late Duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was the first person who received ye both in my arms."⁴ Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to Anne.⁵ Such conversations as these, occurring as they did at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy,

¹ MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix.

² Ibid.

³ Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke, vol. ii. p. 329.

⁴ Memoirs of James II.; holograph in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

⁵ Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymple's Appendix.

where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once-beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations: "When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of common compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, 'Away with him from the face of the earth!' It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him. Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet too; for this news coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country's liberty, she truly sacrificed her honour, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place."¹

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III. sinks into flat and vapid verbiage, after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains, or value the weight of gold or the lustre of jewels? The strange scene of recrimination between the king and queen of the revolution, must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty, who was present, mysteriously affirms, "that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o'clock," but such were the distractions of that eventful day, "that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one."

The queen, who received the news of her father's landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion, to perform the private devotions considered suitable for her coronation-morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array, she entered her chair, and was carried from Whitehall palace, through the Privy-garden, up Westminster-hall into the large state-room called "the court of wards," where she rested herself while the procession was set in order in the hall. The place of the princess Anne is not noted in any account; in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the

¹ *Memoirs of James II. Stuart Papers, Macpherson.*

mobility. The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of lords, and the peeresses in the Painted-chamber, "where," adds the herald, "their majesties were graciously pleased to be present"—no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees—"for," observes Lamberty, "the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not, by a great number, qualling the procession in the preceding coronation." When the peers and peeresses were drawn up in order, they were conducted four abreast on the court of requests, down the great stone staircase, into Westminster-hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way.¹ William's position, when he moved forward in the procession, was stooping or crouching. It is the remark of a professed admirer² of his who says it could not be the weight of the crown that bowed him, because he stooped as much under the circlet he wore previously in parliament; besides, he seemed cheerful and very brisk; the queen more abundantly so.

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Phaëton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject, nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished; still less was that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, "Instead of acorns, golden oranges."—"Much of the splendour of the ceremony," continues Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of rivers who should have contributed to it. There were but five bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths." In all probability, the alarming news that James II. was then reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal household, and the addition of those who carried the regnant-queen's orb, regal sceptre, and state sword.

At the recognition, both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, "Whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen?" The answer was, as usual, by acclamation. The king was presented by the bishop of London; the queen by Lloyd bishop of St. Asaph. When the first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk, and their majesties were actually kneeling by the altar, the envelope was found there, but the gold was absent! The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord treasurer; the lord treasurer returned the glance; then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering—none were forthcoming. The gold basin was handed to the king, the king was penniless; to the queen, her majesty had no money; the basin remained void. A long pause ensued, which every-

¹ Menin's *English Coronations* (William and Mary), pp. 6-16. Lamoerty

² Rev. R. Davies; *Cam. Soc.*

one began to deem excessively ridiculous, when lord Danby, who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse, and counted out twenty guineas for the king: the basin was therefore not sent empty away.¹ The holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss. The Bible thus presented is now at the Hague: in the title-page are these words, written in the hand of the queen: "This book was given the king and I at our *crownation*. MARIE, R."² Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon, which lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was—for the purpose, as an invective on the queen's father, by name, from beginning to end.³ The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath, according to the recent alterations, "to maintain the Protestant religion as established by law." The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand: they likewise kissed the book together.⁴ When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them: the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect; and the action itself, a diminutive man and a very tall fully formed woman carrying an enormous sword between them, rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts of charges made by the court-jeweller at this time for two new coronation-rings. The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen, Compton bishop of London. The supporters, the bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells, were absent: one was infirm, the other said "he would not come."

Something new and extraordinary happened in every part of the coronation; and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, but when commiserated by her sister, she gave utterance to that well-worn royal repartee, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."⁵

¹ Lamberty's History.

² In Macaulay's England, vol. i. p. 394, this sentence is quoted as an instance of queen Mary's ignorance and want of education. The author does not seem aware of her remarkable series of historical letters to her husband while she aided him to carry on the government in his absence. Although, not always

correct in *modern syntax*, our readers will allow that Mary possessed some genius in literary composition.

³ Menin's English Coronations.

⁴ Lamberty's History. He was present having place as one of Bentinck's secretaries.

⁵ Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts.

The story goes, that the challenge, when given at the banquet, was accepted; for an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked Dymoke's gauntlet up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer, time and place appointed in Hyde-park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual challenge of the champion took place, for Lamberty says, "When the time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute. At last two hours wore away; the pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark: he was the son of James II.'s champion; he made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady, William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster-hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done*." The circumstances under which the challenge was made are thus shown by Lamberty to have been favourable enough for the adventure preserved by tradition. A person unknown, but stalwart in figure, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde-park from two to four the next day. The Jacobite Walk¹ in the park was probably the scene of this bravado, and had the champion accepted the challenge, a general engagement might have ensued. Dymoke, however, did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness.²

Next day the house of commons in full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath: "that the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary." To this address the queen did not reply. Her lord and master huskily and briefly answered, "that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people."³

The royal authority of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation ceremonial. In truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh-castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, Sir James Montgomery, and Sir John Dalrymple of Stair, were the commissioners sent in a post-chaise from the convention⁴ of Scotland,

¹ That there was such a promenade, we learn by Vernon's letter to the duke of Brewhurby, vol. i. p. 89.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

³ White Kennet's History of England.

⁴ The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689; re-edited by J. Maicolm, 1811.

assisted by a procession of those of the Scotch nobility in London who could be induced to attend, to offer the sovereignty of "the ancient realm" to the newly consecrated king and queen of England. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall: they seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy. The commissioners having been introduced by Sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates with a speech, affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality, Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed. The Scottish coronation-oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced it distinctly; Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands. In the course of the recital occurred the words, "And we shall be careful to root out all heretics." Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath." The commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison. Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties, that "obstinate heretics by the law of Scotland can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their movable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort, the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed. The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity. It ran thus: "I do promise and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."

When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to the houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never obtained the privilege of meeting her assembled lieges, although the Gazette enumerates king William's frequent visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary. His custom was to go privately in his barge from the water-stairs, his Dutch guards lining the way; yet never, by any chance, is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall-stairs to Parliament-stairs. The queen never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament excepting by means of deputations carrying addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them was, seated by her husband's side, in that fatal Banqueting-hall where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed, and which was literally stained with his blood. When it is remembered how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of that murder;

how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer; how she had seen her father and mother, in mourning garb and bitter sorrow, seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven,¹ it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially as it has been shown that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.²

A remarkable feature in the state documents of William and Mary, was the perpetual iteration of allusions to the reign of their dear uncle, Charles II. This peculiarity was not lost on the literary Jacobites who lurked in court; the queen was accordingly thus greeted in one of their frequent pasquinades:—

"Your royal uncle you are pleased to own,
But royal father, it should seem, you've none.
A dainty mushroom, without flesh or bone,
We dare not call you, for it seems you are
Great Charles' niece, o' the royal character—
Great James's daughter too, we thought you were.
That you a father had, you have forgot,
Or would have people think that he was not;
The very sound of royal James's name
As living king, adds to his daughter's shame.
The princess Mary would not have it known,
That she can sit upon king James's throne!"³

Dissension very soon ensued between the princess Anne and her sister the queen, "partly arising," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction of William III., that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again. Queen Mary, too, soon grew weary of anybody who would not talk a great deal; and the princess Anne was so silent, that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen." There were likewise other interests at stake; for if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,⁴ for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law in the rever-sionary succession.

Great rewards had been distributed at the coronation among the promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court places; and

¹ Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

² D'Avaux' Ambassades.

³ Selected abstract from Sir Robert Strange's MSS.

Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's

Narrative of the Revolution. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

from this time his wife, whose domination over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough. But the princess Anne found, to her infinite consternation that, whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution had reaped, she herself was likely to be deprived of the liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. William III., when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think now it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum!"¹ Now Anne had been malcontent with her father for not adding ten thousand pounds to this allowance.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. These were ominous hints for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from realizing that promise, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtesy which would render sustenance at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was, indeed, so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things nor in small had he the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen, I cannot say, but he might have done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed, when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."²

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne: when the king dined at St. James's-palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the marshal Schomberg, and some Dutch officers. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, never a word did the monarch speak to them; nor were they invited to eat. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled witnesses of the meal of the Dutch-

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. The amount was really 32,000*l.* allowed by James II.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

men, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had as an aide-de-camp, a young noble cadet named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold van Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. Dillon observed to Keppel, "that he had been present at several royal dinners before he heard the king utter one word to anybody;" and asked, "Does your master ever speak?"—"Oh, yes," replied the young favourite; "he talks fast enough at night over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends."¹ His bottle was not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands-gin. Lady Marlborough went for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king's table. The boy told the truth, which was what her spouse did not; he said, "that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough."—"It is just what he deserves," exclaimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation; "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago." This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favourite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. From the same source—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon, king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any man in England; but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."²

When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favourite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments at Whitehall which had been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II. to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister. When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with her majesty to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred, "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for them." Unfortunately, queen Mary happened to say, "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."³ It appears that king William interposed his authority that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted

¹ Carte Papers.² Ibid.³ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

apartments as well. The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown; a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, having obtained the reversion, refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the arrogant favourite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended in the triumph of the Villiers' alliance.¹ From that hour the hostility became permanent in the minds of the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smouldering under the semblance of good-will.

In June, 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II. Blood had flowed; soldiers, in the name of the queen and husband, were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumours were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy councils at St. James's-palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; it was the *Spanish Friar*, by Dryden, interdicted because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. The queen had probably never read the drama; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the great enmity she subsequently manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night. "The only time," wrote her friend Nottingham,² "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions confused her, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine or hood or anything she could contrive to speak of to her women; every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland; and whenever anything applicable was said, every one in the pit turned *their* heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham, dated June, 1689, given by Dr. Percy to Sir John Dalrymple;

see his Appendix, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch. Nottingham was at that time the queen's confidential adviser, and soon afterwards her lord chamberlain.

at her." Nor could this be wondered at; for a daughter sitting to see a play acted which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the moment when reports were prevalent that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation. The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feels rightly in such cases, and on this occasion took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling. "Twenty things were said, which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis marked at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army. Can I seem pleased to see my royal master exiled, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What right has this queen but lawless force?'"¹ The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration from a manuscript entry at the lord chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation for performing in the Spanish Friar by the queen's command. Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position as to order the cavalier comedy of *The Committee*, and his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by Lamberty, the secretary of his prime-minister Bentinck. This writer says, "that when the roundheads tender the oath of the commonwealth to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, 'Why should we take it, when the king will be restored in a few days?' As the passage was pronounced, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave three rounds of applause." The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed man, his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw allusions to the queen's father from ought in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakspeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion. *King Lear* was condemned root and branch; no one could wonder at that circumstance, but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon *Richard III.* when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakspeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible."—"Not one," replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of

¹ Holograph letter, by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham.

Richard III. was alarming to the court?" "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France,"¹—a speech which proves that bulls are not limited to Irish eloquence. Some historical lines were promulgated about the same period, which explain the apprehension of queen Mary and her master of the revels.

"Oh, we have heard that impious sons before
 Rebelled for crowns their royal parents wore;
 But of unnatural daughters rarely hear,
 Save these of hapless James, and those of ancient Lear.
 Yet worse than cruel, scornful Goneril, thou;
 She took but what her monarch did allow,
 But thou, more impious, robb'st thy father's brow!"²

After such an exhortation, few persons can wonder that the magnificent tragedy of Lear was viewed by Mary's theatrical critic as a Jacobitical libel.

Lord Nottingham, in his news-letter descriptive of the movements of his royal lady at this juncture, continues to narrate—"Her majesty, being disappointed of her second play, amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the hall,³ that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence she went to Mrs. Ferguson's to De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house;' but it seems, that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen." These tours through the curiosity-shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head. "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny—evidently to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead; but obtained not the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenour of her prophecies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.⁴ King William was completely incensed; his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful, but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's.

¹ Colley Cibber's Apology.

² MS. in possession of lady Strange. Few of the relics in that collection of historical songs and poems are later than the year 1692.

³ Either Westminster-hall or Exeter-change, which were two bazaars at that time.

⁴ Lord Nottingham's letter.

In terms not to be repeated here, (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a proficient in the English vulgar tongue,) he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at a *house of ill repute*;" and added, with some little humour, that the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen [Mary Beatrice] had done the same.—More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was, for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames called "the Folly." According to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name.¹ "The censures of the town," wrote Lord Nottingham, "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked another fierce satire, which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the *literati* of the day, and the wits of the court, did congregate. In lines of great power, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne, as the elder and the younger Tullia:—

"In time when princes cancelled nature's law,
In 'Declarations'² which themselves did draw;
When children used their parents to disown,
And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown—
* * * * *

The king removed, the assembled states thought fit
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
Voted him regnant in the senate-house,
And with an empty name endowed his spouse—
That elder Tullia, who some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's trembling corpse a wain;
But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
To crush her father and her king alive,
And in remembrance of his hastened fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball!
She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted in rapine, and enjoyed her sin;
Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups."

As for Marlborough, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire, and a sketch added of his wife:—

"His haughty female who, as folks declare,
Did always toss proud nostrils to the air,
Was to the younger Tullia³ governess,
And did attend her when, in borrowed dress,
She fled by night from Tullius in distress;

¹ Ward's Picture of London.

² The "Declaration" is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his

landing. In it he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

³ The princess Anne.

*A daughter who by letters brought his foes,
And used all arts her father to depose—
A father always generously bent,
So kind, that he her wishes would prevent."*

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table, slept in the obscurity of William III.'s private box at Kensington till George III. opened it to Sir John Dalrymple: even now it is scarcely known. The comparison of the family of Tullius made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs were then not only unpublished but unknown, shows that the writer of this extraordinary poem must have been deep in the hidden archives of the royal family. Count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, might have been the author. Mary II. found him among her courtiers at her accession: he was her relative by descent from the royal line of Stuart; he affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord-lieutenant (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings), to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the Protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly elected sovereigns, enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law prevented him from taking another to them, treated contumeliously the only honest statesman who came in contact with them. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome), was preferred, and off he went, as plenipotentiary, to Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of Sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London-bridge. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavouring to revive the spirit of gaiety which had for ever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton-court, where she awaited her accouchement. Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued; and if the narrative of her favourite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton-court. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner, beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; whilst Mary, luxuriating in her native air and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk under the wall of Hampton-court. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch ladies, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien styled this promenade "Frow-walk." It is deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chestnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, continuing to recreate themselves there, after queen Mary and her Dutch ladies passed away and were forgotten, the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk. In the first year of queen Mary's reign, most of her household were Dutch; but some few of the higher offices were given to English. Her majesty's lord-chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe" (familiarily so called); her equerry, Sir Edward Villiers; her first lady and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby. Madame Stirum, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great dudgeon, because she could not be her first lady in England.¹ The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only to be found in the ephemeral lines of that day, as:—

"HAMPTON-COURT LIFE, IN 1689.

"Mr. Dean says grace with a reverend face,
 'Make room!' cries Sir Thomas Duppa;²
 Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
 And you see him no more until supper."

Supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour proportionably early. Like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry earl of Clarendon, the queen indulged in eating rather more than did her good: her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell. She

¹ Lord-chamberlain's books, and Lamberty. minster-abbey, notices that he was gentle-
² Sir T. Duppa's monument, at West- man-usher to king William.

was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman.

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table. The Gazette of July 24 announced, "This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son, at Hampton-court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three hours; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came into her royal highness's bedchamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom." The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in Protestant principles, was deemed by the queen to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton-court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors: they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.¹ The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, even before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the house of commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise. 600,000*l.* had been voted by the commons as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. One night the queen took the princess severely to task, asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the house of commons?" Anne replied, that "she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied tartly, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends have you but the king and me?" Anne repeated the dialogue to lady Marlborough with more anger than she had ever before been known to express. *King William prorogued the parliament just as provision for Anne was about to be made.² The princess was burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her. During the first two months of the existence of the young prince, his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly. A perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed: the poor infant seems to

¹ Hooper MSS

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. One day, a fine-looking young quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast: she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good. When the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young quakeress complied; the infant duke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.¹

King William went from Hampton-court to Newmarket, October, 1689, in one day: this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground; in the evenings he gambled: he lost four thousand guineas at basset, at one sitting.² The next morning, in a state of exasperated temper, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip, for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a *bon-mot*, declaring "that it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms."³

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel-pits⁴ for the prince's nursery: there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, presented him by the duchess of Ormonde, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, Shetland ponies, which were scarcely larger than good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman. Lady Fitzharding was the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne; she was in the interest of her sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king, yet was considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favour. This lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament for her provision drop; but the earl of Marlborough, who had returned from a campaign in Holland, urged on the measure as if his dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.⁵ The hatred of queen Mary to her sister thenceforth became implacable, though not openly and avowedly as yet. Meantime, Anne was considered not only

¹ Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins: Tracts, British Museum.

² Lamberty. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinck, earl of Portland.

³ Ibid.

⁴ The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven, captain of the guard to

the queen of Bohemia, is preserved in the name of Craven-hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century. It was near the entrance to Porchester-terrace.

⁵ Ralph.

as heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered.

One wintry night the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre; in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was at the same time robbed of a large silver cup. This daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, gaoler of Newgate, or rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty, a branch of one of the queen's toilet-lustres, was found in a darksome hole in Westminster."¹

The saying went throughout the British realm, at the new year of 1690, that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelvemonth, only, the revenue, which James II. had left perfectly clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions. What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry-bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous speculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The war was carried on in Ireland in the same spirit of speculation. The soldiers sent to oppose king James perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the house of commons. William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?"—"Yes, there are many," replied king William with a sigh. "There are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."² This conviction did not prevent king William

¹ Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. William and Mary not only pensioned him with 520*l.* per annum,¹ but, what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England. Oates likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levée to the king and queen. Evelyn mentions, with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, “*Eikon Basilike, or a picture of the late king James.*” It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this evil man occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power. Notwithstanding all the personal favour and riches the king and queen were pleased to shower on Titus Oates, the parliament still refused to remove the stigma of perjury from him.

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in contiguity to those of her majesty. The residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein-gateway, and opened into St. James’s-park. The Portsmouth apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her adopted son without always meeting her sister, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually greeted her.² If her majesty heard that the mother was with the babe, instead of entering she would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew—“a compliment,” as it was called in the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen’s official to the unconscious babe, as he sat on his nurse’s knee; and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne. Sometimes queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.³

Early in the spring king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham’s lease of Kensington-house, for which 30,000*l.* was paid out of the treasury.⁴ Hyde-park then came up to the great walk,

¹ Secret Service-book of William III., who privily paid this perjurer ten pounds every week.—Irish State-papers: the date from Sept. 29 to Dec. 25, 1690.

² *Titus Otes*, upon his allowance of *x*l.** per week, and is for four weeks, commencing on the 9th October and ending on the 6th November 40 0 0”

This payment is regularly repeated through the account, and gives him 520*l.* per annum

³ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Tindal’s Continuation.

which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front to the palace. A wild gravel pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater-road.¹ A straight avenue of trees and drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace.

CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN Mary was brought by William III. to council June 3, 1690, an act of parliament having previously passed, investing her with full regnal powers during the king's absence. William appointed in her presence the junta of nine privy councillors whom he had chosen to assist her.² The president of this cabinet-council was lord Danby, who first practised, systematically, the black art of swaying the English senate by personal bribes. He was now marquis of Carmarthen. His eight coadjutors were lord Pembroke, lord Devonshire, lord Nottingham, lord Godolphin, lord Marlborough, lord Monmouth,³ admiral Russell, and Sir John Lowther. Such were the materials of Mary II.'s government, when, in the prime of life, in her nine-and-twentieth summer, the reins of a divided empire were placed in her inexperienced hands. A most extraordinary story was at the same time circulated concerning her, that she had suffered since her coronation great mental agony on account of her father; and had had recourse to the spiritual aid of her friend, Dr. Tillotson: he, to comfort her, preached a sermon from Matt. xxx. 46, on hell torments. It appears that Tillotson leaned to doubts as to their eternity; but the provoking assertion was, that they were adopted to soothe the queen's despair.⁴

"The day before the king set out for Ireland," says Burnet,⁵ "he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight on his spirits from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy. He said, 'for his part he trusted in God, and would either go through with this business, or perish in it; only he pitied the poor queen—the poor queen!' repeating that twice with great tenderness, and 'wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her;' adding, 'the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him. He was sure he understood *that* better than how to govern England.'⁶ I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of

¹ Knight's London.

² Lord Clarendon's Diary. Sir J. Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ This person is the eccentric hero, who was lord Peterborough, in the reign of queen Anne.

⁴ Life of Dr. Tillotson, by Dr. Birch. The

sermon was preached March 7, 1690. The uproar concerning it lasted some months.

⁵ Harleian MS. No. 6584. British Museum.

⁶ Burnet's Own Time, which thus far varies little from his MSS.

king James's person, for *one*¹ had sent *by me* a proposition to king William, which seemed fair: That a first-rate ship, manned by men on whom king William might depend, and commanded by one that he, William, could trust, should be sent to Dublin, with orders to 'declare for king James.' The commander of the ship offered to be the person who should carry the message to king James, then at Dublin, for he had served him at sea, and was known to him. He knew James's temper so well, that, upon an invitation, he was sure he would come on board, and then they might sail away with him, either 'to some part of Spain or Italy;' for he [the betrayer] 'would not engage in it, unless he was assured king James was not to be made a prisoner.'² When I [Burnet] carried this to king William, he thought 'the thing might, probably enough, succeed.' But he would not hearken to it, 'he would have no hand in treachery; and besides, if king James should go on board with his guards, there might be some struggle with them and the seamen, and in it somewhat might happen to king James's person, in which he would have no hand;' so he would not entertain the notion. I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw in her a great tenderness for her father, and she seemed much touched at the answer the king had made." Would, for the honour of human nature, that this passage were true, but sternly is it gainsaid by the secret proceedings of the pair. A warrant was found,³ a few years afterwards, by lord Dartmouth, among Herbert earl of Torrington's papers, written throughout by queen Mary's great confidant, the earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand of king William, authorising the same admiral [Torrington] "to seize the person of James II., and to deliver him up, certainly not to Spain, or Italy, but to the states of Holland, to be disposed of as they should think proper"—no benefaction of cash is mentioned. The mercies of the Dutch to the admiral-prince who had quelled their flag in so many tremendous conflicts, were not likely to be very tender. The new information gained by studying Burnet's manuscript notation of current

¹ The author has some idea that this "one," unnamed by Burnet, was Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Burnet's MS. leaves the chronology of this remarkable incident in his usual indefinite manner.

² In Burnet's printed history the audacious project is stated, "that king James was to be set on shore in the Catholic states of Spain or Italy, with a present of 20,000*l.*"

³ Lord Dartmouth. Notes to Burnet, vol. iv. p. 82. Torrington's papers were all seized after his defeat at Beachy-head, July 1, 1690. A writer in the Edinburgh Review, finding these facts distasteful to his preconceived ideas of history, has endeavoured, on mere assertion, to invalidate the connection between William and Mary's privy-seal warrant for delivering their father up to the

Dutch and this plan of Burnet for kidnapping him. The Edinburgh Review says the dates disagree. But it will be seen that the date of the warrant must, perforce, be limited between the time James arrived at Dublin, April 1689, and Herbert lord Torrington's defeat at Beachy-head, June 29th, (o.s.) 1690, because Herbert lord Torrington never held any command afterwards. The dates are coincident. Lord Dartmouth is a credible witness; he bore evidence on a matter concerning his own peculiar business, for he was lord privy-seal in the reign of queen Anne, and avowedly spoke from the Torrington papers he found in his own office. Admiral Byng, lord Torrington, did not receive the title till 1721, from George I.

events is worth attention. It has been shown that he claims the *merit* of introducing to William III. the above plan for kidnapping king James II., by enticing him on board one of the ships that had formerly belonged to him; but whether the parricidal warrant mentioned by lord Dartmouth was only drawn at that very time, or had previously existed, it convicts the filial pair of deep hypocrisy, with their tears and pious ejaculating, and "desired prayers." In further illustration of their true feelings may be seen, to this day, the London Gazette printed under Mary's regency, in which exultant mention is made "that the cannons of her husband, pointed against the tents of her father, had beat down many in close vicinity to him."¹

"The queen would not enter upon the government until the king was upon the seas," pursue Burnet's MSS. "She was regular in her private and public devotions to admiration. She was much in her closet, and read a great deal; she *wrought* much [in handiworks], and seemed to employ her thoughts on anything but business. All she did was natural and unaffected; her conversation was natural and obliging, and she was singular for her vast charities to the poor. A vast mass of people of quality had fled from Ireland, and drew from her great marks of her bounty and goodness; nor was she ever uneasy or angry with those who threw objects in her way. But all this was nothing to the public; if the king talked to her of affairs, it was in so private a way as nobody seemed to apprehend it."² William commenced his journey towards the coast of Cheshire³ June 4th, 1690. The day of his departure the queen came to Whitehall-palace, where she ostensibly took up her residence and assumed the reins of government.

After William's departure to Ireland may be observed, for the *first time*, a recognition of Mary's participation in the sovereignty in her own palace, by the alteration in the lord chamberlain's warrants, which then begin to be dated in the second year of *their* majesties' instead of *his* majesty's reign. But never, in the most stormy periods of her regency had the queen the slightest communication with her parliament excepting by commission. She wrote daily to her spouse during the Irish campaign against her father, giving him minute information on all occurrences, political and domestic. The first letter of the series found in king William's box at Kensington is as follows:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM."⁴

"Whitehall, June, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be; yet, being apt to flatter myself, I will hope that you will be as willing to

¹ London Gazette, July 1690

² Harleian Collection, Burnet's original autograph MSS., No. 6584.

³ Diary of Lord Clarendon.

⁴ Dalrymple's Appendix.

read as I to write, and, indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, besides that of trust in God. I cannot thank God enough for your being so well past the dangers of the sea. I beseech him, in his mercy, still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

Mary's next letter to her husband shows her launched on the sea of troubles belonging to her exalted station. She details to her absent lord her refusal to sign the death-warrant of Macguire, the burglar, and her determination of commuting his sentence of death into transportation.¹ "I shall not trouble you," she adds, "with everything the lords said to me at this time; the chief thing was, that they had had the *parson* in examination." A prayer had been ordered by her to be said in all church of England places of worship, for the success of king William's arms against her father in Ireland. Lord Feversham, chamberlain to the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had taken upon him to stop this prayer from being said by "the parson" of the Savoy chapel, because it was under the jurisdiction of Somerset-house, the dower-palace of queen Catharine, whereby king William was deprived of the benefit of the prayers of the protestant part of the dowager's household—conduct which Mary viewed with intense indignation. "I was," she continued,² "*extreme* angry, which the privy council saw, but I shall not trouble you with it. I told them, that I thought there was no more measures to be kept with the queen-dowager herself after this; that is, if it were her order, which no doubt it is. When lord Nottingham told him all I said, Feversham seemed much concerned, and desired to come and throw himself at my feet, and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design. To be short, he came yesterday to my bedchamber, at the hour when there was a great deal of company, (I mean just before dinner); he looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder." Lord Feversham had recently been a prisoner in the Round-tower at Windsor-castle, on the committal of king William. He was a Frenchman, and was, of course, rather hyperbolic in his apology to the fair offended majesty of Great Britain:—"He said 'that he must own it was a very great fault, since I took it so; but he begged me to believe it was done not out of any ill intention, nor by agreement with anybody. He assured me 'the queen-dowager knew nothing of it: that it was a fault, a folly, an indiscretion, or anything I would call it.' I told him 'that after doing a thing of that nature, the best way was not to go about

¹ It must be remembered that the West India islands and North America were, at that time, the penal settlements for convicts.

² Letters of queen Mary to king William, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. from the Kensington box, pp. 115, 116.

excusing of it, for *that* was impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, which I did not expect after the protestations he had made.' Upon which he said an abundance of words: I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them. At last, he spoke *plain* enough. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, and so he hoped I would.' I told him, 'God saw hearts, and whether their repentance was sincere, which, since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I trusted only to actions,' and so I left him. I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the queen-dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. I remember I did say more, 'that if it had been myself, I could have pardoned him; but when it immediately concerned your person, I would not, nor could not.' The queen-dowager sent me a compliment yesterday on a swelled face. I do not know whether I have writ you word of it. Yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done but little good, so that it mends but slowly; and one of my eyes being again sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, that I fear you will make but ill sense of it. Queen-dowager will come to-day to see me, but desired an hour when there was least company, so I imagine she will speak something of herself; and that which inclines me the more to this opinion is, that she has sent for lord Halifax, and was shut up in her chamber about business with him and others the whole morning. I shall give you an account of this before I seal up my letter." Queen Mary was, however, disappointed. Catharine of Braganza came not as a suppliant at her levée, to receive a rating like her lord chamberlain, Feversham. As that nobleman had promised and vowed that *his* queen knew nothing of the offence, Catharine wisely resolved to appear as if she remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair; nor could queen Mary insist that her dowager-aunt knew aught of what was going on in a protestant place of worship which she never attended. At the close of her letter, queen Mary says, "The queen-dowager has been, but did not stay a moment, or speak two words. Since she went, I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well; but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart, but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason; yet your absence is enough, but since it pleases God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease." The next day brought tidings of sufficient import to divert her mind from dwelling on her heart-burnings with the queen-dowager; it was, that a mighty French fleet, which had been long expected to invade England, was seen passing through the Channel. Queen Mary announced this event to her husband, and thus concludes:—"For my own part, I shall say nothing to it, but that I trust God will preserve us—you where you

are, and *poor I* here.”¹ She again repeats, “that her insensibility to fear is so complete, that she attributes it to a defect of character.” William, it seems, had formed no high idea of her valour, for she playfully alludes to his opinion of her cowardice. She nevertheless showed, at this awful crisis, as valiant and steady a spirit as her most renowned sires. Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigour. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants for the arrest of a large number of the discontented nobility, among whom were her mother’s brothers; and strong in her reliance on the middle-classes of England, she reviewed in person the militia called “the London and Westminster trained-bands.” Her next measure was to banish all the Roman catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, a step which met with the enthusiastic applause of her party. She devotes a whole letter to her husband on the subject of the arrests, and manifests as little natural affection at incarcerating, or, as she calls it, “clapping up” her uncle lord Clarendon in the Tower on suspicion, as she did when dispossessing her father of his throne and country. Knowing that the manner in which her uncles treated her advancement implied the severest blame on her conduct, she never forgave them for viewing her queenship with grief and shame, instead of rushing to profit by her power.

She seldom appeared at the privy council board, and then only when there was some measure in agitation which required the weight of her personal influence and *vivâ voce* observations, such as the consignment of her eldest uncle to the Tower. Did she then cast a thought on his devoted attachment to her expatriated sire? or take shame that the love of the brother-in-law and the friend of early youth so far exceeded that of “Mary the *daughter*,” as her Scottish subjects, in the utmost bitterness of satire, ironically termed her? No; for there was but one spot of tenderness in the marble of her heart, and that was exclusively devoted to her husband.

At an early period of her regnal labours, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney-carriages and horses were forbidden to work on that day, or their drivers to ply for customers. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. The queen had constables stationed at the corners of streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers’ ovens on Sundays; but such ridiculous scenes in the streets took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her laws were suspended amid universal laughter.² Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gambings, both in Eng-

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix, printed from king William’s box, Kensington.

² Somers’ Tracts; British Museum.

land and Holland, thought that her majesty might have had mercy on the less culpable Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor.

"I was last night in Hyde-park," wrote the queen to her husband, June 24, (o. s.) 1690, "for the first time since you went: it swarmed with those who are now ordered to be *clapt up*. Yesterday lord Feversham [queen Catharine's lord chamberlain] came to lord Nottingham [queen Mary's lord chamberlain], and told him that he had put the queen-dowager off the Hamburgh voyage, but she would go to Bath. After which he came again, and said, 'that seeing it might be inconvenient to have guards there, she desired to go to Islington;² but lord Marlborough desired an answer might not be given for a day or two, till we heard something of the success of the fleet. Since I have writ this, I was called out to lord Nottingham, who brought me your dear letter, which is so welcome that I cannot express it, especially because you pity me, which I like and desire from you, and you only. As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to Sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton-court will not be the *worst* for it, especially since the French are in the Channel, and at present between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come." The queen alludes to the quadrangle at Hampton-court, which had been demolished by William III., and was then in course of reconstruction by Sir Christopher Wren.

The intense difficulty of her position, surrounded as she was by secret enemies, petulant friends, or partisans solely devoted to their own interest, was really frightful, and if she had had no truer support from the English people than she had from the English court and aristocracy, her cause would have been a desperate one. Queen Mary seems to have placed the utmost reliance on the fidelity of Admiral Russell, though his rough and savage temper, together with his perpetual grasping after money and profit, made him by no means a practicable member of the regency council. Just at this time he had taken some affront—a frequent case; and the queen was forced to court him back to her aid at this awful crisis, by the assistance of his relative, the celebrated Rachel lady Russell. Her majesty continues:—

"And now I have named Mr. Russell, I must tell you that, at your first going, he did not come to me, nor I believe to this hour would not have asked to have spoke with me, had not I told lady Russell one day I desired it. When he came, I told him freely, 'that I desired to see him sometimes, for being a stranger to business, I was afraid of being led or persuaded by one party.' He said, 'that he was very glad to find me of that mind, and assured me that, since I gave him that liberty, he would come when he saw occasion, though he would not be trouble-

¹ Probably to Canonbury-house.

some.' I hope I did not do amiss in this, and, indeed, I saw at that time no one but lord president Carmarthen, and I was afraid of myself. Lord Carmarthen is, on all occasions, afraid of giving me too much trouble, and thinks, by little and little, to do all. Every one sees how little I know of business, and therefore, I believe, will be apt to do as much as they can. Queen-dowager has been to take her leave, in order to going to Hammersmith, where she will stay till she can go for Windsor. I have tired you with this long letter, and it is now staid [waited] for. I shall say no more, but beg you to believe it is impossible to love more than I do : don't love me less."

This was written during the period of anxiety which preceded the impending sea-fight off Beachy-head. Suspicion of lord Torrington, and an earnest desire to interfere in his business as admiral, were the prevalent feelings in the queen's cabinet. Just time enough had elapsed for the English navy to feel the want of the royal admiral, for the harpies of corruption, ever on the alert in an elective monarchy, had done their business so effectually with the well-appointed ships and stores he had left, that a discomfiture had been experienced by the English navy at Bantry-bay the year before, and another disgraceful defeat awaited it.¹ Great jealousies existed between the Dutch admiral Evertzen, and the English admiral, lord Torrington, who was desirous of avoiding an engagement : knowing the miserable state of his appointments, he wished to defend the English coasts from invasion, and this opinion he communicated to the queen, who daily received, to add to her perplexities, anonymous letters ; for every post-day lord Monmouth brought to her in cabinet council letters written in lemon-juice, which he declared his friend, major Wildman, had intercepted. He began to show these letters about four days before king William sailed for Ireland. They contained abstracts of everything that was done by either the sovereigns or their ministers of the junta, of which lord Monmouth was one. They were directed to "M. Contenay, Amsterdam." The marquis of Carmarthen expressed his opinion to king William that the letters were fabricated by lord Monmouth himself, with the aid of major Wildman, in order to breed doubts and strife in the queen's council. Mary intimated the same suspicions to her absent consort.

Lord Monmouth, whose regiment was stationed at Portsmouth, demanded of the queen the command of a ship of the line. Although many of these land officers had greatly distinguished themselves in the

¹ The lamentable state into which the navy had fallen may be judged by the following piteous extract from lord Carmarthen's letter to king William (June 13,) the same year. After mentioning the French naval force, he says, "How ill a condition we are in to resist them, your majesty can judge.

The fleet cannot be at sea for three weeks,—I fear not so soon ; and though vice-admiral Killigrew be arrived at Plymouth, yet his ships are so foul, that he can't avoid the enemy if he should attempt to come up the Channel." It seems he was not even in condition to run away.

mighty naval battles which made James II. sovereign of the seas (Monmouth was then one among them), yet James, in his famous naval regulations, forbade any one to command ships, without such person had, to use his own term, "served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life." His daughter did not observe this excellent rule, and disgraceful naval defeats were the consequences. Monmouth was desirous of taking the whole command of the navy from the admiral who had possession of it, a measure queen Mary demurred upon, not because soldiers ought not to command fleets, but because she doubted Monmouth's fidelity. Her majesty proceeds thus:—

"We had another *lemon letter*, with things so particular that none but some of the nine lords could know them, especially things that were done at our office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind. Before I went out of the room, I received your dear letter from Lough Bricklin; but I cannot express what I then felt, and still feel, at the thoughts that *now* you may be ready to give battle, or have done it. My heart is ready to burst. I can say nothing, but pray to God for you. This has waked me, who was almost asleep, and almost put out of the possibility of saying anything more; yet must I strive with my heart."

Among the other dangers which beset the queen's government, was an angry jealousy felt by many of her subjects, lest the hated earl of Sunderland should have any sway in her council. The precise time when the king and queen thought him sufficiently purified from his late profession of popery to appear at court has never been defined by history. He returned *incognito* a few weeks before the coronation, but was forced to keep much in the background, because the English people were unanimous in their resentment for his betrayal of king James. The public mind was thus expressed:—

"ON SUNDERLAND'S COMING TO COURT

"Who could have thought that Rome's convert so near
The true protestant side of the queen should appear?
Sure his highness¹ forgets both the time and the place
Since this statesman and lord were admitted to grace.

Howe'er, since 'tis plain

He this peer will retain,

We heartily wish, for the good of his reign,
He may serve him as well as he did his last master,
And stick quite as close in the case of disaster.

May this peer, and the rest of the learned and wise
That are left here, our *wan silent* queen to advise,
Prove as true as before—be like Churchill unmoved,
As watchful as Dorset, like Nottingham loved,

As just as Carmarthen,

Who never took farthing,

And as wise as the white dog of lady Fitzharding."

¹ King William, as prince of Orange.

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy-head is the chief subject of the queen's next letter. Again Mary had "to strive with her heart," as she poetically expressed herself, and communicate to her royal lord the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced.

The news of the long-expected battle in Ireland arrived the next day. The victory at Boyne Water obliterated from the public mind the recent defeat of the British navy. The disastrous naval battle occurred on the 30th of June; the land victory took place the very day after, July 1.¹ But the queen did not receive the news until a week had elapsed.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July 7, 1690.

"How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render to God thanks enough for his mercies,—indeed, they are too great if we look on our deserts; but, as you say, 'tis his own cause,' and since 'tis for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear but he will perfect what he has begun. For myself in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beseech him to give me grace to be ever sensible as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I am sorry the fleet has done no better, but 'tis God's providence, and we must not murmur, but wait with patience to see the event. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble. I am now almost so with joy, so that I can't really as yet tell what I have to say to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope in God, by the afternoon, to be in a condition of sense enough to say much more, but for the present I am not."

If novelists or dramatists had been describing the situation of queen Mary, they would, according to the natural feelings of humanity, have painted her as distracted between tenderness for her father, and her love for her husband,—mourning amidst victory for her sire, and alive only to the grief that such unhallowed contests should awaken in the bosom of the woman who had been the indulged daughter of the one antagonist, and was the wife of the other. Such feelings were attributed by ancient tragedians to virtuous heathens of old, and by Shakspeare to the royal heroines of England's earlier day; but no trace of them is to be discerned in Mary's actual letters. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving are the first emotions which burst from her heart in this epistolary *Te Deum*. Towards the end of the letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain, a passage which will be read with intense interest by those who know Mary's situation, but who are utterly in the dark regarding her own opinion of her extraordinary

¹ Old style, by which all English history is dated till the middle of the last century.

position in the world. The queen resumes, after she has given vent to her joy :—

“When I writ the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, soon after I had received yours, and 'tis now four in the afternoon ; but I am not yet come to myself, and fear I shall lose this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am still in such a confusion of thought that I *scarce* know now what to say, but I hope in God you will more readily consent to what lord president wrote last, for methinks you have nothing more for you to do. I will hasten Kensington as much as it's possible, and I will also get ready for you here, for I will hope you may come before that is done. I must put you in mind of one thing, believing it is now the season ; which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. *Every body agrees 'tis the worst in Christendom.* There are now bishoprics vacant, and other things ; I beg you will take time to think who you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now, but I hope you will take care of these things, which are of so great consequence as to religion, which I am sure will be more your care every day, now it has pleased God still to bless you with success.” She gives her husband credit for highly disinterested motives in regard to his piety, and her *naïveté* in expressing it is well worthy of notice.

“I think I have told you before how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myself, but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is, want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for 'tis a great restraint to think and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am one of king Solomon's fools, *who am* ready to burst. I believe lord president and lord Nottingham agree very well, though I believe the first pretends to govern all. As yet I have not found them differ, or at least so little, that I was surprised to find it so, (I mean the whole nine,) for it has never come to put anything to the vote ; but I attribute that to the great danger I believe all have apprehended, which has made them all of a mind.”

Great natural sagacity is shown by the queen in her comments on the unwonted unanimity of her councillors. The whole of her cabinet had so far committed themselves with king James, that they were obliged to unite in one common purpose to prevent his return, which they knew would ruin them. She thus concludes :—“And this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was occome of the late king [meaning her father, James II.], and durst not ask him ; but when lord Nottingham came, I *did* venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to hear he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for *your own sake* ; yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. *Forgive me this.*”

In this last paragraph is comprised all that can, with truth, be urged in Mary's vindication regarding the reports of her alleged parricidal instigations against the life of her father, which had been previously brought to that hapless parent's ears. Her sole defence rests on the passage above mentioned, in which, nevertheless, she can find no kinder mention of him than, *What has become of the "late king?"* and, withal, asks "forgiveness," as if such cold and unnatural expressions were *too* kind towards her unfortunate sire.

William had sufficient generalship to be aware that the battle of the Boyne, if attention had been fixed solely on its physical advantages, was far from decisive of the contest. The praises of his great valour in this battle have resounded through history; yet he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops,—he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command. Surely, the very act of looking such a force in the face was one of superior valour in the ill-armed, and undisciplined, and unpaid militia fighting for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of his only defeat, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." Every one to his profession. The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skilful in equestrian evolutions,¹ or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him. The cavalry tactics of William would have availed him as little on the seas. That mysterious politician, Defoe, in his *Memoirs of Captain Carlton*, first called on Englishmen to notice this point, and remarks the injustice and ingratitude of condemning their greatest admiral as a coward, because he was not successful in an unequal cavalry-skirmish.

The standards and other spoils taken from king James at the battle of the Boyne, were by his daughter ordered to be carried in triumphant procession, and finally hung up in St. James's chapel, as stimulants to her devotions. Great was the indignation of her father's old friends and companions in arms at this proceeding. One of them has preserved its memory in an epigram, entitled:—

"ON SEEING THE COLOURS HUNG IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL.²

"Walking the park I, to my horror, there

Saw what from hardest hearts might force a tear,

¹ Lord Dartmouth, a favourite naval pupil of James, observes that the king had made him renounce the land-service for ever; saying, "If he serves not out his naval apprenticeship, and forgets not his land-fashions, I will trust him with no ship of mine." Lord Dartmouth, in one of his interesting letters to James II., when admiral of the fleet at

the crisis of the Revolution, writes, "I have sent your majesty a despatch by a Scotch sailor on horseback; but what has become of either man or horse I know not, for you well know, sire, that we sailors are not quite so skilful with horses as with ships."

² MS. of Sir Robert Strange.

The trophies of a monarch openly
 Displayed in scorn before each vulgar eye—
 A crime which Absalom did never do.
 Did ever he to every cobbler show
 The relics of his father's overthrow?"

The author then urged king James to hurl his malediction on his daughter, not knowing that the awful denunciation had already mingled with the splendours of her coronation.

After the Boyne battle, Mary had leisure to put a little news in her letters to her regal partner.

"Now," she says, "I shall tell you that I have been satisfied with the sight of lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vain. I met him as I came from prayers, with a hundred people at least after him. I can't represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object, and so strange a one; but what he said was as much so, if it were possible. He called lord president [Carmarthen] by name (and all in general who are in trust) 'rogues,' told me 'I must go back with him to council [privy council] to hear his complaint,' which I think was against lord Torrington. He talked so like a madman that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so with much ado got from him,

"I shall say no more now, but that I am so sleepy I can't see; but I shall live and die entirely
 "Yours."

The unfortunate noble who was thus met by queen Mary with a rabble at his heels, to whom he was addressing his wayward ideas on politics, was Edward, the last earl of Lincoln of the elder line of Clinton. It is plain by this amusing little letter of the queen, that her curiosity had been excited by the reported eccentricities of that peer, but that she did not expect so strange an encounter in her progress to Whitehall chapel. The earl of Lincoln then seated himself in Whitehall gallery,¹ bawling out to every one, "that the queen was shut up by three or four lords, who would not let her appear at the privy council, or suffer her nobles to have access to her,"—"although," as the queen herself observed, "he never asked it all the while." He was evidently incited to torment the whig junta of nine, by whose councils her majesty was implicitly guided, instead of having recourse to the privy council.

Mary, indeed, was placed in a situation of the most exquisite difficulty, which no person could have passed through without imminent danger, excepting one who possessed her peculiar concentrativeness of purpose. Had she felt an atom of kindness to father, sister, brother, nephew, or friend, or even a particle of egotism or personal ambition which was not centered in that other self, her ungracious and ungraceful little partner, she could not have steered the vessel of state steadily enough to have avoided the shoals of the oligarch faction on the one side, and the rocks

¹ The reader must remember that the great palace of Whitehall, the seat of royalty and government, was not yet burnt down.

of Jacobitism on the other. She likewise had to dread the political jealousy of her spouse, however well she might govern, if she put herself too forward in her function of queen-regnant. This dread is apparent in her narrative despatches, where she expresses her reluctance to attend the privy council, and describes a stormy scene raised therein because she had avoided it as much as possible, according to her husband's orders. "Seeing you had left me to the advice of the committee of nine when to go [to the privy council,] I asked them in the morning, 'If they thought it necessary? that, for *my part*, I did not.' Lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' In the afternoon, when the privy council met, all began, it seems, to ask 'if I came?' The lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' Upon which, there were some who grumbled. Sir R. Howard made a formal speech, wherein he hinted many things, as if he thought it not reasonable that I did not come to privy council. He was seconded by the duke of Bolton." That afternoon faction ran very high in the privy council. In the midst of the murmurs on account of her majesty's absence, lord Monmouth and the lord steward [Devonshire] thought proper to leave their seats at the council-board and enter her private apartments, where they began to entreat her to accompany them back, to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected lord Monmouth to be the secret mover of the storm, and dreading the displeasure of her husband if she appeared too often at the more public council, thus expresses herself in the dilemma:—"I was surprised at it, for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing; and lord steward [Devonshire] told me there were many there, who absolutely told him 'they would not speak but before me; that they were privy councillors established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence.' I answered *them* [i.e., Devonshire and Monmouth] at first as civilly as I could, and as calmly; but being much pressed, I grew a little peevish, and told them 'that, between us, I must own I thought it a *humour* [caprice] in some there [of the privy council,] which I did not think myself bound to please; for, should I come now for this, I should at last be sent for when anybody had a mind to it, and that I wondered they, who had heard me in the morning say I *would not* come, should now be so importunate.' But all I could say would not satisfy them, and had not lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have left me so soon. I cannot tell if I did well or no, but I think I did. This was the same day lord Lincoln was here, as I wrote you word before, and he sat in the gallery crying aloud 'that five or six lords shut me up, and would let nobody else come near me,' yet never asked it all the time." The members of the privy council were bent on protecting those Jacobite lords who had been marked down by herself and cabinet council for imprisonment and prosecution. A plot was maturing in Scot-

land which gave great uneasiness to William and Mary, till the leaders lord Annandale and lord Breadalbane, severally visited the king and queen, and made their confessions, to the discomfiture of their colleagues. Lord Rosse, then in London, was one of those betrayed. Queen Mary thus expresses herself regarding his apprehension:—"Another thing happened that I must tell: lord Nottingham had secured lord Rosse, and now desired the privy council that he might be sent to the Tower, as well as so many others. All consented. Duke of Bolton asked 'Why?' Lord Nottingham said 'There *was* informations against him; and more, his own letters to Sir John Cochrane;' upon which all said a warrant should be drawn. But when it came to be signed, duke of Bolton would not he hindered lord Devon by a whisper, and his son by a nod.¹ Lord Montague would not sign it *neither*. If this be usual I cannot tell, but methinks it ought not to be so." Many traces are to be found in Mary's letters of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act; and if we may judge by the glee with which she mentions persons being now "clapt up" who were fluttering in the park but a few hours before, she had some satisfaction in the exertion of this despotism.

Jacobitism was, in the year 1690, so frequent in everyday life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat, and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in active concoction, either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out, after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress, for no one in the seventeenth century was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of 200*l.* in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter-of-fact comedies of the day make these arrests, either feigned or real, incidents for the purpose of removing rivals, or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of Sir George Rooke,² who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of queen Mary's captives, when her majesty was pleased to sign a privy-council warrant for his liberation. "I could easily believe that my lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower but did not think that he would leap from thence into a ball."

Jacobite poetry had formed a powerful means of offence against the

¹ Lord Rosse seems to have married a daughter of Rachel lady Russell, and was in consequence closely connected with the family of Cavendish and their powerful alliances. He is frequently mentioned familiarly in the

manuscript letters in the Devonshire Papers we have studied in MS. by the kind permission of the late duke of Devonshire.

² In the MS. collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

revolutionary government. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when duke of York, from the throne. The first Jacobite songs, "York, our great admiral," and "We'll stand to our landlord as long as we've breath," were decidedly of English composition; but the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite lyrics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos; others bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the reigning royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

"There's Mary the daughter, there's Willy the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Another party-song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary. It was hummed by every voice; and as it was set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although but a burst of audacious doggerel:—

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?¹
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger.
Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him!
The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
To budge we'll make him fain again;
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
King James shall ha'e his ain again!"

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous. The exquisite one, both in words and melody, by Ogilvie of Inverquharity, written after the loss of the battle of the Boyne, "It was a' for our rightful king," is widely known. The following beautiful song, in which queen Mary is alluded to, was composed by the same brave exile. It is the lament of a Jacobite lady for the absence of her lover at St. Germain:—

"I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin.
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.
He's gane with ane² that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ain³ daughter came,
To play sae foul a play.

¹ *Foreigner* is the answer to this quaint question.

² James II. Ogilvie, the sweetest Jacobite poet of his day, was in the Scottish brigade, being one of the officers of the Dumbarton

regiments broke by William III. for refusing to take the oaths to him. Ogilvie fought at the Boyne for James II., and fell at the battle of the Rhine.

³ Mary II.

Oh, gin I were a bonny bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ain true love to see.

Then wad I tell a joyful tale
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody."

At St. Germain's, the window of the room once tenanted by king James juts boldly over a commanding view, as if to invite such winged minstrels—and strongly did it recall this exquisite old melody to the mind of the writer, when standing, in musing mood, within it.

The queen, in full expectation that king William would return speedily from Ireland, found it requisite to apologize to him that his Kensington villa was not ready for his reception. She concludes her letter, dated July 10, with these words: "You don't know how I please myself with the hopes of seeing you here very soon, but I must tell you that it is impossible to be at Kensington. Your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke in the summer, and the air much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders; if not by yourself, then tell lord Portland, and let him write. I see I can hardly end this, but I must force myself, without saying a word more but that I am ever yours—more than ever, if that be possible—and shall be so till death." The next letter was written by the queen from her bed, July 12, at eleven at night, at which hour she was too sleepy to write a long one, having fatigued herself by a visit to Hampton-court, to superintend the Dutch devices disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.¹

"Whitehall, 1690, July 12, N. S., at eleven at night.

"You will excuse me not answering your letter I received yesterday morning (which was writ on Sunday last), when you know I have been this morning to Hampton-court and back again by noon, and ever since have had one or other to speak to me, of which I will give you an account when I have more time. Now I shall only tell you that things go on there [at Hampton-court] very slowly. Want of money and Portland stone are the hindrances, and, indeed, in a time when there are such pressing *necessitys*, I am almost ashamed to speak about it; and yet it is become so just a debt, that it ought to be paid—I mean the privy seal which you passed long ago.

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 141

"I fancy the joy at St. Patrick's church was greater than can be expressed, and wish I had been with you; but though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance, upon which the queen-dowager sent lady Arlington to compliment me. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy I can say no more, but that I am ever and entirely

"Yours."

In the three succeeding days she wrote two more letters to her husband, full of hopes of seeing him quickly, mingled with fears that the French ships—which then rode victors both in the English and Irish Channels, in a manner unprecedented for centuries—should intercept him on his return.

"All my fears," observes the queen,¹ "is² the French ships, which are going to St. George's Channel, and are already at Kinsale. If those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. But I hope the express, which goes this evening to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, will come time enough to prevent any surprise. I am the most impatient creature in the world for an answer about your coming, which I do hope may be a good one, and that I shall see you, and endeavour myself to let you see, if it be possible, that my heart is more yours than my own." "I have been desired," she says to her husband, "to beg you not to be too quick in parting with the confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say that I think you would do very well, if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there; and, indeed, if you would give me leave, I must tell you I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had, should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion and promoting the gospel."³

Unfortunately king William, like all mere military sovereigns, had no endowments to bestow on Christian civilization of any kind. The property she mentions was the private inheritance of her father from the earls of Clare and Ulster. It was given by her husband to his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. Probably it was some intimation of its infamous destination that prompted Mary to make the request that it might be appropriated to the above virtuous use; but her regal partner little thought of any atonement for the excessive miseries inflicted on wretched Ireland during his reign. Far from that, it is to be feared that he was the cause of many atrocities which were perpetrated by his cruel troops. When William was compelled to raise the siege of Waterford, he was asked, "In what manner he should dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners?"

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 138. ² So written.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 141.

—"Burn them!" was his ill-tempered reply. There is too much reason to believe that this peevish expletive was literally obeyed; for nearly one thousand of these unfortunates were destroyed in this inhuman manner, by the place in which they were penned directly afterwards bursting into flames, in which they miserably perished.¹

All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyric. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her majesty's letter to the king, of July $\frac{16}{80}$, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his "thundering long sermon" on the Boyne victory printed. Many passages in these letters, written with unstudied grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected; consequently, Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself and the world believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself as follows:² "I will say no more at present, but that the bishop of Salisbury made a thundering long sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire me to print, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him. I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night; if not, I think I shall not rest. But if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you is equal to my love, which cannot end but with my life."

As the king was still detained in Ireland, Mary's next despatch brought details more particular of the quarrels which pervaded both the cabinet and the privy council, and had for their object the appointment of commanders of the shattered and fugitive navy, then skulking dishonourably in the ports of the Thames. The queen mentions that she had had the vapours in the evening of the 27th of July, having been again worried by the mad lord Lincoln that morning. The term "vapours" requires explanation, as much as any other historical antiquity of a bygone day: we believe it is synonymous with an "attack on the nerves" in the present century. But nervous complaints were classed by queen Mary's court into three separate maladies; these were vapours, megrims, and spleen. Vapours, we believe, veered in symptoms towards hysterics, megrims to nervous headache, while the spleen simply meant a pain in the temper. Pope, in his brilliant court poem, the Rape of the Lock, represents all three keeping watch round his fainting

¹ Porter's History of Ireland.

² Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 142.

A panegyrist of the queen has published some of her letters, but has carefully omitted this passage, as the editor is an admirer of

Burnet. No one ought to touch documents in such a spirit. Letters and diaries ought to speak honestly for themselves; then let readers draw their own deductions, if they are not satisfied with those of the biographer

Belinda, a fair belle of the courts of queen Mary and queen Anne, Mrs. Arabella Fermor by name, from whom the lord Petre of that day had contumaciously, and against her consent, stolen a curl. Queen Mary may be excused, then, for having had one of these feminine afflictions, especially when she had been agitated by conflicting feelings that day—plagued by her council, and beset by a madman withal.

CHAPTER VII.

WHETHER for the purpose of breaking the unanimity of purpose between the reigning sovereigns, or really from motives of personal preference to Mary as the native-born monarch, it is certain that a strong party existed, eager to urge her majesty to acts of independent royalty. It is no slight proof of her conjugal virtue to find her strenuously resisting every temptation to her own separate aggrandizement. For notwithstanding all temptations, very ripe at this present, her next political despatch opens like a love-letter:—

“QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

“Whitehall, Aug. 1, N.S. (July 21, O.S.), 1690.¹

“LAST night I received your letter with so much joy, that it was seen by my face, by those who knew the secret of it, that you were coming. I will not take more of your time with endeavouring to tell you what is impossible to be expressed; but you know how much I love you, and therefore you will not doubt of my delight to think I shall soon see you. But I will not, at this time, tell you anything that can be writ by others.”

“One thing more I must desire to know positively, which is, about Kensington, whether you will go there though my chamber is not ready. Your own apartment, lord Portland’s, Mr. Overkirk’s, and lady *Darby*’s are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else’s lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke, but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I *will ask pardon* when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will go only to *lye* at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you here [*i.e.*, at Whitehall] all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all; for I deserve it, being something in fault, though I have excuses which are not lies. . . . I hope,” concludes the queen, “this long letter may meet you so near, that you may bring your own answer. If not, if you love me, either write me a par-

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix, part II. p. 148.

ticular answer yourself, or let lord Portland do it for you. You see the necessity of it for the public; do a little also for my private satisfaction, who love you much more than my own life."

The succeeding letter is wholly devoted to the personal and private arrangements of the royal pair:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.¹

"Whitehall, Aug. 5, N. S. (July 24, O. S.), 1690.

"LAST night I received yours from Benit-bridge, by which I find you designed to summon Waterford again last Monday. I beseech God give you good success, and send you safe and quickly home. There was an order taken yesterday in council for the prorogueing the parliament for three weeks. I have been this evening at Kensington, for though I did believe you would not be willing to stay at Whitehall, yet what you write me word makes me in a million of fears, especially since I must needs confess my fault, that I have not been pressing enough till it was too late."

King William had certainly written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse, on the subject of Kensington-palace not being ready for his reception. How humbly she asked pardon for his closet at Kensington smelling of paint, has been shown in the preceding letter. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June, to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities—especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable—seem somewhat slavish. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit:—

"The outside of the house [at Kensington] is the *fiddling* work, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *schafolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up. But as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's, and he *ly* in some other rooms; we [*i. e.*, she and the king] may *ly* in your chamber, and I go *throw* the *council*-room down, or *els* dress me there. And as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I must take such time to see company here; and that part of the family which can't *come* there, must stay here, for 'tis no matter what inconveniencys any *els* suffers for your dear sake. I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be. Our being there [at Kensington] will certainly forward the work. I hope this letter will not come to your hands, but

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 150.

that you will be on your way hither before this. My greatest fear is for your closets here; but if you consider how much sooner you come back than any one durst have hoped, you will forgive me, and I can't but be *extreme* glad to be so deceived. God in his mercy send us a happy meeting, and a quick one, for which I am more impatient than I can possibly express."

Although extremely interesting as a transcript of queen Mary's private feelings, and affording an amusing view of her domestic arrangements and expedients, the foregoing narrative presents us with the most faulty specimen of her orthography and phraseology which has been as yet discovered. Those of our readers who are familiar with the literature of the seventeenth century, will consider Mary's letters in general as wonderful productions, not only on account of the good sense and graphic power of expressing what she has to say, whether in dialogue or narrative, but as presenting occasionally favourable specimens of the familiar English of her era. It may be observed, that her majesty was in advance of Steele and Addison, and of the dramatists of her day, who wrote *you was*, instead of *you were*. She generally uses her subjunctives correctly, and her sentences, however hurriedly written, have logical connection in their divisions.

Throughout this mass of her voluminous correspondence, not a word occurs regarding the princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant duke of Gloucester, then twelve months old. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of queen Mary and her sister had not yet burst into open flame: they still observed the decencies of dislike, had ceremonious meetings and formal leave-takings, when courtly etiquette required them. The princess having discovered that Craven-house was too small for her son's nursery, the queen condescended to accompany her to look at Campden-house, situated (as the remains of it are at present) behind Kensington-palace. The princess considered that its vicinity would be convenient for the queen to see her godson and nephew at pleasure, when her majesty took up her abode at the new-built palace; she therefore hired Campden-house for her nursery, at an enormous rental, of Mr. Bertie, the guardian of young Noel, to whom the house belonged. Here the infant duke of Gloucester was established,² and his improved health manifested the salubrity of the site the queen and his mother had chosen.

The queen continued to devote a large portion of her time to epistolary communication with her absent husband. His replies have been vainly sought, yet, from the remaining specimens of his letters, their absence is perhaps no great historical loss, as it is doubtful whether his

¹ The front built by Sir Baptist Hicks, in 1612, was demolished in the commencement of the present century. The old gateway, surrounded by the supporters of the Noel

family, has been demolished since 1848. The whole has now been destroyed by fire.

² Memoirs of the young duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins.

majesty ever wrote a narrative letter in his life. His enormous handwriting spreads far and wide over his paper, as if to prevent the introduction of much matter; and this habit was acquired as an adult, for his hand, in his boyish letters to his uncle Charles, in the State-Paper office, is not quite so large as children's writing in general. Few of his notes consist of more than two or three prettily turned French sentences, from which it is scarcely possible to extract any individual information; in consequence, it may be observed that her majesty was often in great perplexity to know his wishes and intentions. The following letter from the king, written throughout by his own hand, to the earl of Devonshire, then one of the council of nine, belongs to this period. The original is in French: it contains more matter than any other extant from William's pen, excepting the wrathful one relating to Dr. Covell's transgressions.¹ The present document, hitherto inedited, is in answer to "a compliment" on the king's wound, previously sent to Ireland by the lord steward of the household, the earl of Devonshire:—

"WILLIAM III. TO THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.²

"At the Camp of Welles, this July 17.

"I am very much obliged by the part that you take in what concerns my person, and the advantage³ that I have gained over my enemies.⁴ The misfortune that has befallen my fleet⁵ has sensibly touched me, but I hope that it will soon be in a state to put to sea. It will be necessary to chastise severely those who have not done their duty.⁶

"If it had been possible, without abandoning all here, I should have set out as soon as yesterday morning, when I received your despatches; but, without losing all the advantages I have gained, I cannot leave the army for five or six days. Of this I have written to the queen and to the lords of the committee, to whom I refer you, and hope very soon to have the satisfaction of seeing you, and of assuring you of my constant friendship and esteem, on which you may entirely rely.

"WILLIAM, R."

The absence of nomenclature is a curious feature in this epistle of the royal diplomatist. No one is named in it but the queen, although he refers to several persons; no place is mentioned, yet he alludes to the battle of the Boyne, the defeat off Beachy-head, and the court-martial pending at Sheerness on lord Torrington.

From the contents of the royal missive from the seat of war, lord Devonshire concluded that queen Mary would be forced to postpone a

¹ Previously quoted. ² Holograph letter from William III. to the first duke of Devonshire (then earl), lord steward of the household. By favour from the family papers his grace the late duke of Devonshire.

³ Battle of the Boyne.

⁴ King James II. and the Irish.

⁵ Loss of the battle off Beachy-head.

⁶ Court-martial on lord Torrington.

grand ball for which the palace was in preparation. Her majesty meant, by this festival, to celebrate the king's victory of the Boyne, and his return to England. The idea of a ball given by queen Mary in exultation over her father's losses at "the fatal Boyne-water," again exasperated that powerful satirist under whose scourge she had previously writhed. The following historical poem was disseminated in the usual manner; it was previously transcribed in numerous manuscripts, and the copies were scattered in the Mall (Pall-mall) and the Birdcage-walk. It was founded on the report of a terrible vision or dream that gossip reported had visited the queen :—

" At dead of night, after a midnight ball,
In her own father's palace of Whitehall,
The royal Tullia on her pillow lay—
When straight the scene upon a sudden turns,
Her blood grows chill, the taper dimly burns;
A trembling seizes all her limbs with awe,
As her dead mother¹ did the curtain draw,
And thus began :—
' Can quiet slumber ever close thine eyes?
Or is thy conscience sunk too low to rise?
From this same place was not thy royal sire
Compelled by midnight ruffians to retire?
Had he been murdered, there'd been mercy shown;
'Tis less to kill a king than to dethrone.
Where are the crimes of which he was accused?
How is the nation gulled, and he abused?
Night's watchful sentinel here blew his horn,
' I must be gone ' her mother said; ' Farewell!
What you have seen and heard, your sister,² tell.'
Thus having spoke, the vision disappears,
Leaving the trembling Mary drowned in tears."³

For purposes either of her royal pleasure or policy, the queen had been indefatigable in giving balls at Whitehall during the king's absence. The earl of Devonshire, her high-steward, notwithstanding his known taste for these diversions, required a respite. Other troubles annoyed the lord steward—the ladies of the queen's court danced awkwardly, and there were more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the young nobles were fighting in Ireland against the queen's father, some were fighting for him; others were exiled for maintaining his cause, and not a few of the best beaux were incarcerated by the queen's warrants in the Tower. However, her majesty had expressed her particular wish that the daughter-in-law of the earl of Devonshire might be present at her grand celebration-ball of triumph over her father.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from week to week.

¹ Anne Hyde.

² Princess Anne of Denmark.

³ Contemporary MSS. in possession of lady

Strange, date 1690; evidently written before either the burning of Whitehall, or the queen's rupture with the princess Anne.

The defence of Limerick by the Jacobite general, Sarsfield, rivalled in desperation that of Londonderry, in the preceding year, by the Calvinist minister, Walker. An equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege, as king James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The Protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the ungrateful lips of the Orange king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that parson Walker was among the slain in the *mêlée* at the Boyne,"—"Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute king William gave to the memory of the bellicose clergyman to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining further renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill. William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was by no means an easy matter, for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English Channel, but in that of St. George.

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, continued to harass the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary—at least, all that remained of it from the two disastrous defeats that had followed her accession. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries was distant. The elective sovereigns durst not complain of the peculations, which had become systematic; the English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because all the civilians concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly. The consequence was, that few of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take commands which must, perforce, end in disgrace, when the British navy came in collision with the well-appointed ships which Louis XIV. had been raising for the last twenty years.

In order to deprive Sir Richard Haddick, one of her father's old admirals, of her favour, a Dutchman of the queen's household was employed to tell her he railed furiously at everything Dutch. The queen had him called to account for it; and afterwards wrote to the king, that she considered he had cleared himself. She mentioned, that lord Torrington had very earnestly demanded his trial, but added that she doubted whether his acquittal would not greatly incense the Dutch at that time. A scheme she alludes to for the delay of his trial, comes the nearest to unrighteous diplomacy of any portion of these letters; for if the Englishman deserved his acquittal, he had a right to it, whether the Dutch approved of it or not.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 8, 1690.

"I have had no letter from you since that of the 31st, from Chapel-ford: what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I really believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary; but yet I cannot help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river Shannon runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet, night nor day. I have a million of fears, which are caused by what you can't be angry at, and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so *fear full*; and yet one can hardly go without t'other—but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this.

"Lord steward [Devonshire] desires me to let you know he has had a letter from monsieur et madame de *Grammon*, about her brother, Mr. Ham[ilton].¹ They earnestly desire he should be exchanged for lord Mountjoy."

The celebrated family group thus named by queen Mary, were all individuals intimately known to her in her youth. Madame de *Grammon* was the beautiful Miss Hamilton, who married the count de Grammont. He resided some time at the court of Charles II., which (if possible) he made worse than he found it. Mr. Hamilton, mentioned by the queen, was the brother of the lady; he is better known as the witty count Anthony Hamilton, the author whose pen embodied the scandalous reminiscences of his brother-in-law, under the title of *Mémoires de Grammont*. Count Anthony Hamilton was now a prisoner from the battle of the Boyne. He had greatly incensed king William, by his intrigue concerning lord-lieutenant Tyrconnel. A man of delicate honour could not, would not, have accepted the confidence of William, or acted thus; but a few falsehoods more or less broke no squares with the author of the scandalous chronicle aforesaid. Yet it is strange to find count Anthony Hamilton risking at once his life and his honour in the service of James II., whom he had libelled so viciously, and after his ruin too! When Hamilton was brought into the presence of William, a prisoner at the Boyne, he was questioned as to the forces still maintaining the contest. His answer was doubted, when he maintained it by the asseveration, "On my honour!" At this, William turned contemptuously away, muttering, "Honour, on *your* honour!" History leaves the literary soldier in this very bad predicament. No one has ever noticed that queen Mary interested herself so deeply for him, and she continued her letter, excusing herself, however, for interfering in the behalf of a man so thoroughly on her husband's black list, by her sympathy for the sufferings of lord Mountjoy's family. Lord

¹ The queen has throughout written his name, according to her usual abbreviations,

Ham; but his description as the countess de Grammont's brother clearly identifies him.

Mountjoy was then a prisoner in the Bastille, and Louis XIV. offered to exchange him for Hamilton.¹

"I told lord Devonshire that I knew nothing of Ham[ilton's] faults, which I see he is very apprehensive the parliament will take into consideration, if *he* [Hamilton] be not out of their power. But that upon *his* [lord Devonshire's] earnest desire I would let you know it, I would have had him [Devonshire] write it you himself; but he begs me to do it. As for lord Mountjoy, I hope you will consider if anything can be done for him. I can never forget that I promised his son's wife to speak to you, and she really died of grief, which makes me pity her case. His family is in a miserable way, and I am daily solicited by his eldest daughter about him. If you would let lord Portland give me some answer to this, I should be very glad, for I can't wonder at people's desiring an answer, though I am tormented myself."

The queen's humane appeal in behalf of lord Mountjoy's unfortunate children was successful, inasmuch as there appears in king William's Secret-service book a notation of a pittance allowed to them, small in comparison with that weekly paid by him to the perjurer Titus Oates.² There is little doubt but that the united interest of the queen and the earl of Devonshire, to say nothing of that of the fair Grammont, obtained the release of Hamilton, for he soon after re-appeared at the court of St. Germain.

"I have staid," continues the queen, in conclusion, "till I am ready to go to bed, and can now put off the sealing of my letter no longer. I pray God to give me patience and submission. I want the first exceedingly; but I hope all is well, especially your dear self, *who* I love much better than life."

Captain Churchill had, in the succeeding year, been expelled from the house of commons for his peculations, by receiving convoy-money, and had at the same time been deprived of the naval command he abused.³ Churchill was brother to lord Marlborough, and worthy of the brotherhood: his ship had been the first to desert king James. Queen Mary seems to have considered that Churchill's service to her party, by thus leading the race of treachery, covered a multitude of sins. At first, king William stood aghast at the rapacity with which such men as the

¹ Lord Mountjoy was considered the head of the Protestants in Ireland. He was sent to France to demonstrate to James II. how impossible it was for Ireland to resist William and Mary. Louis XIV. seized and sent him to the Bastille; therefore queen Mary had every right to interest herself in his behalf.

² The same summer, there is an entry to the following effect:—

"Lady Mountjoy's children upon our allowance of 3*l.* per week to them 12 0 0"

Extract from king William's Secret-service

accounts, Ireland, with which we have been favoured by Sir Denys Norreys, bart.

³ A petition to the house of commons from the London merchants, presented Nov. 14, 1689, proves that, in the first year of the Revolution, one hundred merchant ships, worth 600,000*l.*, were lost for want of convoys, or by the corruption of the naval captains. Captain Churchill's conduct appeared in such a light, that he was expelled the house four days after.—See Journals of the House of Commons, 1689.

Churchills, and other patriots of the same stamp, flew on the quarry of the public money, which had been so carefully guarded by king James: it seemed as if the revolution had been only effected for liberty of theft. At that very moment queen Mary had suspended the *habeas corpus* law; the Tower and other prisons were full of captives, seized on her mere signature. The summer circuits of the itinerary justices were delayed at her dictum. English soldiers and seamen were subjected to the horrors of the lash, and many millions of debt, besides enormous outlays, had been incurred since her father's deposition. All was submitted to by the well-meaning people, supposing these portentous measures were effected by the united wisdom of parliament. The present system of military punishments can be traced no further back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by lord Dumbarton at the revolution, refused to submit to William after James II. had dismissed them, and unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland; but, unfortunately for themselves, they encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh-castle. William III. caused the regiments to be pursued, and surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the Mutiny bill was brought into parliament by the ministers of William and Mary;¹ the result was, that British soldiers were, whether serving in these islands or abroad, subjected to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries—the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well. When king William was armed with the terrific power given by the Mutiny bill, he broke the loyal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common soldiers among his troops. The most resolute he sent to Flanders, where, if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the Mutiny bill and the Dutch code which had superseded that of St. George.² Stranger innovations even than these took place in this free country. Among the Somers' Tracts in the British Museum there is a complaint, that the government in 1690, not content with instituting a sharp press of men for both army and navy, actually forced women into the service of the camp and into the navy, at the rate of ten for every ship of war, as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses. The atrocities to which such a system naturally gave rise

¹ Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

² It is acknowledged by the government, in a MS. requisition to the council of Scotland, that "these regiments having lost all their men by death and desertion in Flanders, more recruits must be sent." The Scotch tradition is, that resisting these new laws, the soldiers were all tortured to death with the lash. The extract, with other valuable matter, was obtained through the courteous

permission of W. Pitt Dundas, esq. from the royal Records of Scotland, Privy Council-books MS. Edinburgh. The code of St. George is in intelligible language; it may be seen, in the *Fœdera*, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets. Captain Marryat, in one of his brilliant naval sketches, was the first person who traced this anti-national cruelty to the Dutch king.

need no comment, but lead at least to the conclusion, that if the Dutch prince were a liberator, it was not over every class of the British people that his blessings were diffused.

Queen Mary, in her next letter, flattered her husband's known tastes by depreciating Whitehall, the palace of her ancestors:—

“I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well, at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to *this place*, and see nothing but wall and water. I have received a letter from lord Dursley, who I suppose will write of the same thing to yourself, and therefore I shall not do it. I am very impatient for another letter, hoping that will bring me the news of your coming back; it's impossible to believe how impatient I am for that, nor how much I love you, which will not end but with my life.”

“QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

“Whitehall, Aug. 25, 1690.

“This time I write with a better heart than the last, because it goes by an express which must find you out,—may be, the common post will not. I have a paper to send you, which lord Nottingham is to copy, which is what lord Annandale has made Sir William *Lochart* [Lockhart] write, because he was not willing it should be seen in his own hand. I think I writ you word,” continues her majesty's narrative of current events, “or should have done, that he lord [Annandale] sent by his wife to Sir William that he would surrender himself, if he might be sure not to be made an evidence of. Upon which, Sir William drew up conditions that *he should tell all, and then he should be made no evidence*, and has my word to get your pardon. I think I writ you this before; but to be short, he is come in, and I have spoke twice with him. Lord Annandale told me, that after the time the papers were burnt (where-with this ends), Sir James Montgomery proposed sending a second message by the same Simson; but he [Annandale] rejected it as much as he durst, but was afraid to tell him plainly he would not. So having a mind to get out of this, he [Annandale] pretended business at his own house in the country; but his coldness made Sir James Montgomery the warmer in it, and assure him that he would spend his life and fortune in *that interest*” [meaning the interest of her father].

Many private conferences with the queen took place at this time concerning the Jacobite plot, alluded to so cautiously in the above by her. It was concocted by lords Breadalbane, Annandale, and Montgomery, the result was, that Neal, or Nevili Payne, an episcopalian Scotch clergyman, tutor of the young earl of Mar,¹ should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer regarding the secrets of this conspiracy, from which detestable task titled betrayers had bar-

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

gained with the queen to be excused. The queen and these double traitors, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian "fellow of no reckoning," had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited scorn with which he resisted both bribes and torture, and showed to high-born informers how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. The dreadful scenes that ensued certainly belong to this portion of the queen's government; her letters are worded with guarded mystery, but, as the prime minister of Scotland, lord Melville, was at her court in England co-operating with her in guiding the whole affair, and her personal conferences with the noble informers were frequent, it is utterly impossible to acquit her of preknowledge of the atrocities that ensued.¹ In the paper enclosed by the queen² to the king, as the confession of lord Annandale, Nevill Payne is thrice mentioned as being present at the Jacobite meeting at the Globe tavern, near Northumberland-house, Strand: the Jacobites were likewise convened under the Piazzas, Covent-garden. Mary alluded to the mysterious man who encountered her spouse at Chester, whom she distinctly named as lord Breadalbane. A time of terrible anxiety ensued for her, and she mentions with horror how her countenance was watched for news, saying, "It is no small part of *my penance*, but all must be endured as long as it please God, and I have still abundant cause to praise him, who has given you this new advantage. I pray God to continue to bless you, and make us all as thankful as we ought, but I must own that the thoughts of your staying longer *is* very uneasy to me. God give me patience! I hope you will be so kind as to write oftener, while you are away. It is really the only comfort this world affords, and if you knew what a joy it is to receive such a kind one as your last, you would by that, better than anything else, be able to judge of *mine* for you; and the belief that what you say on that subject is true, is able to make me bear anything. When I writ last, I was *extream* sleepy, and so full of my Scotch business, that I really forgot Mr. Harbord."

The queen had sent him to apologize to the Dutch for the defeat of their fleet off Beachy-head. Her message of condolence was not very complimentary to the seamen of her country, who, under the command of her father, had so often beaten them. Indeed, English Mary, in this whole affair, comported herself much like a Dutchwoman; for, in her condolence, she directly accused her countrymen "of cowardice," and said, withal, "she had sent lord Torrington to the Tower."³ She likewise had the Dutch sailors taken care of in the hospitals in preference to the English, which, to be sure, was only right in a strange country. The States, in return, sent most affectionate answers, and a supply of ships. She continues:

¹ Cunningham's History of England.

² The paper is too long and heavy to be inserted here; we must be content with giving our readers the gist of the queen's part in the

affair, as briefly as the records of a conspiracy which fill a large quarto will permit.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 163.

"Harbord wrote to Sir R. Southwell, as he told me, but he has a great deal to say. He pleased me extremely to hear how much people love me *there*. When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me in being so kind to me; that they are so to you, 'tis no wonder. I wish to God it was the same here, but I ask your pardon for this: if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done. To put it out of my head, I must put you once more in mind of the *custos rotulorum* for lord Fitzharding: he thinks his honour depends on it, since it has been so long in his family."

The rest of her letter is taken up with the solicitations of Marlborough that his peculating brother might be made an admiral, and for that purpose be put over the head of a veteran officer, despite of the protestations of the lord president, Carmarthen:—

"Marlborough says, that lord president may write to you about one Carter. 'Tis like enough he will, for he tells me *he is a much older officer, and will quit if others come over his head*, and says, 'all goes by partiality and faction,' as, indeed, I think 'tis but too plain in other things. How it is in this, you are best able to judge. I writ you word before what Mr. Russell said. You will do in it as you please, for I told the commissioners myself that 'I hoped you would be here soon, and that I did not see why this matter should not stay for your coming.' And so I resolve to leave it, if 'tis possible, but could not refuse my lord Marlborough, nor indeed myself, the writing you the matter as it is, though he expects I should write in his favour, which, though I would not promise, yet I did make him a sort of compliment *after my fashion*."¹

What fashion this was, both biographer and reader would equally like to know; but, if we may judge by the preceding words, it was not a very sincere one. Queen Mary, however, evidently desired to appoint Churchill, broken as he was for dishonesty, both by parliament and navy, in preference to the brave Carter, who died a few months afterwards on the deck of his ship in her cause. The confession of Sir John Fenwick, made after her death, names Carter as one of her father's warmest friends; and, at the same time, implicates Marlborough, Russell, and Churchill, as in correspondence with the Jacobites. It is a strange task to compare the letters extant of all these personages: it is like looking into a series of windows, which betray to the observer all that passed in those treacherous bosoms, until death revealed to them the uselessness of their toils and deceits.

The rumour now alarmed Mary vaguely of one of the daring actions performed by Sarsfield, her father's partisan in Ireland. The event was briefly as follows: William had advanced to Limerick on August the 8th, o.s. Three days after the siege commenced, colonel Sarsfield,

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 163.

having got intelligence that the battering cannon and ammunition sent by Mary were expected to arrive in William's camp next morning, went secretly out of Limerick with his forces, placing an ambush among the mountains. When the convoy arrived, he made a sudden attack, spiked the cannon, and exploded the ammunition. The Irish, in their eagerness, blew up with it three barrels of money, which the queen had sent her husband. The uproar alarmed the English camp, but Sarsfield returned safely back to Limerick.¹

The letter she wrote five days after, unveils her feelings of anxious tenderness for her husband, and gives, withal, some amusing family-gossip of the affairs of king William's relatives :—

“QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.”

“Whitehall, Sep. 5 (Aug. 26), 1690.

“I have been just now writing to your aunt, the princess of Nassau, in answer to one which she wrote, to let me know of her daughter being about to marry the prince of Saxenschnach. I believe you will be glad, for your cousin's sake, that she will be disposed of before her mother dies; and I ever heard *it* at the Hague that this young man was good-natured, which will make him use her well, though she is so much older. And for his good fortune, she has enough [good-nature] I believe, to govern him more *gently* than *another cousin of yours does her spouse*.”

Meaning herself and William: with playful irony, she contrasts her own utter submission and devotion to her master with the airs of a governing wife. She then opens her own heart to the object of her love. while her ostensible purpose of sending cannon, and the use to be made of them, are mingled strangely with her honeyed sentences :—

“I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest; and then Saturday, I suppose, you began *to make use of them*. Judge, then, what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do anything without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my *sett* days. I must play twice a-week,—nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me,—at least, 'tis a good constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world. So that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must *grin when my heart is ready to break*, and talk when it is so oppressed I can scarce breathe.”²

Such was the result of the fruition of her ambition! Surely Dante,

¹ Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 447, collated with Kelly's Contemporary History published by the Camden Society.

² Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 166.

³ Ibid., p. 167.

in all his descriptions of torture, whether ludicrous or pathetic, or both combined, does not surpass Mary's "grin when her heart was ready to burst." Like most of the royal race of Stuart, she was born with literary abilities. Happily for herself, she was unconscious of those powers, for the excitability of the brain devoted to literary pursuits is by no means likely to soothe the thorns interwoven in every regnal diadem. The calamities of authors are as proverbial as those of kings, and both had been united in her family. It would be difficult for any professional pen to have given a more forcible or beautiful transcript of human feeling than the following paragraph, which sprang in unstudied simplicity from the queen's mind, written, as it avowedly is, against her inclination, in order to unburden her overcharged heart to its only confidant. She continues :—

"I don't know what I should do, were it not for the grace of God, which supports me. I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live, for his great mercy that I don't sink under this affliction,—nay, that I keep my health, for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain,—*that* would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but *break my brains the more*, and not ease my heart. I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear it for once. I don't remember I have been guilty of the like fault before since you went, and that is now three months; for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass." It is apparent, from this passage, that Mary had been chidden by her spouse on account of the length of these letters. Yet she resumes :—" 'Tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis some satisfaction to believe you will pity me. It will be yet more when I hear it from yourself in a letter, as I am sure you must, if it be but out of common good-nature; how much more, then, out of kindness, *if you love me as well as you make me believe*, and as I endeavour to deserve a little by that sincere and lasting kindness I have for you. But, by making excuses, I do but take up more of your time, and therefore must tell you that this morning lord Marlborough went away. As little reason as I have to care for his wife, yet I must pity her condition, having lain-in but eight days; and I have great compassion for wives, when their husbands go to fight." It is remarkable, that the only person besides her husband for whom, in her correspondence, queen Mary manifests a human sympathy, should be the woman whose pen was most active in vituperating her. Lord Marlborough set off for Ireland on an expedition to reduce Cork and Kinsale, which, it is as well to mention

incidentally, fell in the course of six weeks, and were the first-fruits of his genius in battle and siege. The queen says:—

“I have always forgot to tell you, that in the *Utrecht Courant* they have printed a letter of yours to the states of Holland, in which you promise to be soon with them. I can’t tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midst of my joy when I thought you were coming home, for it troubled me to think you would go over and fight again there.”

And what was worse, indulge at Loo in the society of her rival, Elizabeth Villiers, the companion of his coarse recreations in Holland; which consisted of schnaps, smoking, and more vulgarity than could be ventured upon in the presence of the English court and his stately queen, who, whatsoever were her deficiencies in family benevolence, these letters will prove possessed a cultivated mind; yet, like her ancestresses, the wife of the Conqueror and Matilda Atheling, she was often left to sway a lonely sceptre, while her husband was absent prosecuting his continental wars, and soothing the discontents of his transmarine subjects. The Dutch, in fact, soon began to murmur at the pains and penalties of absenteeism, which is, sooth to say, the curse of pluralities, whether they be possessions temporal or ecclesiastical.

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, owing to the skill and valour of the governor, colonel Sarsfield. After leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches, he raised the siege of Limerick, August 30, and embarked, September 5, for England. His brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him, though not to enter his coach. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King’s-road, near Bristol, September 6, driven in by the equinoctial winds before which the French ships had prudently retired from the dangerous British channels, when the king of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, escaped safely to the other side of the water. The news of his landing drew from the queen the following letter:—

“QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

“Whitehall, Sep. 9, 1690.

“I am going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you. I had a compliment, last night, from the queen-dowager, [Catharine of Braganza], who came to town *a-Friday*, [on Friday]. She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limmericke* is not taken; for my part, I don’t think of that, or anything but you. God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies.” So closes this regnal correspondence: it concludes as it began,

with the expression of ill-will against the unfortunate Catharine of Braganza.

King William arrived at Kensington, September 16, 1690. How affectionately he was received by his adoring consort, may be supposed from her preceding love-letters. The queen met her husband at Windsor, from whence they went to Hampton-court, where they settled for the remainder of the autumn.¹

CHAPTER VIII.

THE abilities of queen Mary, and the importance of her personal exertions as a sovereign, have been as much under-rated, as the goodness of her heart and Christian excellences have been over-estimated. She really reigned alone the chief part of the six years that she was queen of Great Britain. On her talents for government, and all her husband owed to her sagacity, intelligence, and exclusive affection to him, there is little need to dwell; her own letters² fully develop the best part of her character. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom resident more than four months together in England, and would-scarcely have tarried that space of time, but for the purpose of inducing the parliament to advance enormous sums to support the war he carried on in Flanders, where he commanded as generalissimo of the confederated armies of the Spanish and German empire against France, as heretofore, but with this difference, that all the wealth of the British kingdoms was turned to supply the funds for those fields of useless slaughter, the prospect of obtaining such sinews of war having been the main object of William's efforts to dethrone his uncle.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Hooper, the friend and chaplain of queen Mary, held her consort's abilities in as low estimation as he always did his character and religious principles, while he pointed out the great talents of the princess, and said, "that if her husband retained his throne, it would be by her skill and talents for governing. Few gave him credit for this assertion, but all came round to his idea when they had seen her at the helm for some months."³ The king did not

¹ The queen is said to have resided, while the rebuilding of the state-rooms of Hampton-court proceeded, in a suite of rooms called 'the Water Gallery,' the principal structure in which, the banqueting-room, is now in existence, and this communicated with the royal apartments of the queens of England by a subterranean way. The contemporary drawing, representing the original appearance of the banqueting-room, shows that it was

turreted and had a flag-staff, which indicated, by the standard of England, when royalty abode at Hampton-court. Hampton-court Tracts, King's MSS., Brit. Museum.

² More copious extracts from the political historic portion of them will be found in the library edition of this Life: vol. vii. Life of Mary II.

³ Hooper MS., edited in Trevor's William III., vol. ii.

leave her so soon as she had dreaded in the summer, but his stay in England was a mere series of preparations for his spring campaign. Lord Marlborough arrived before the close of the autumn from Ireland, where, in acknowledgment of his brilliant success in reducing Cork and Kinsale, he had an audience of thanks from the king and queen at Kensington. Notwithstanding the flattering reception they gave him, he saw that they remembered with secret displeasure his interference when parliament settled the princess Anne's income.

At St. James's-palace, the princess Anne gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the queen, but the infant died in the course of a few hours. The king left the queen to embark for the Hague at a very dangerous and unsettled time, just on the eve of the explosion of a plot for the subversion of their government. He took leave of her Jan. 6, o.s., 1691, and embarked with Admiral Rooke and a fleet of twelve ships of the line. The queen was left to govern, with the assistance of the same junta of nine, who were called by the discontented "the nine kings." The departure of William was celebrated by some English Jacobite impertinences in rhyme, which were said or sung by more persons than history records; and these lines note what history does not, the increasing corpulence of her majesty.

"The royal dame can fill at once
Her husband's triple throne,
For she is thrice as big as he,
And bears three queens in one."¹

"Ye whigs and ye tories, repair to Whitehall,
And there ye shall see majestical Mall;
She fills up the throne in the absence of Willy,
Never was monarch so chattering and silly.
She's governed in council by marquis Carmarthen
And praises the virtues of lady Fitzharding!
She eats like a horse, is as fat as a sow,
And she's led about by 'republic Jack Howe.'"²

"Republic Jack Howe" was her majesty's vice-chamberlain; he was remarked for his great enmity to king William. The sneer at the queen's praises of the virtue of Elizabeth Villiers, lady Fitzharding, is remarkable in the foregoing lines. Elizabeth Villiers is satirized as "Betty the beauty," an epithet little consistent with Swift's opinion of her charms; he was her friend, but recorded her formidable squint.

The very day after the king's departure, the important trial of lord Preston and Mr. Ashton (a gentleman of the household of the exiled queen Mary Beatrice) took place, for conspiring the restoration of James II. Lord Preston and Ashton were found guilty, on slender evidence, and condemned to death. The daughter of lord Preston, lady Catharine Graham, a little girl of but nine years old, saved her father's

¹ Lansdowne MS., British Museum. MS. Songs, collected for Robert Harley, earl of Oxford.

² MSS. of Sir Robert Strange.

life by a sudden appeal to the feelings of queen Mary. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments at Windsor-castle, where he lately had an establishment as James II.'s lord chamberlain, which in the violent confusion of events, had not been legally taken from his domestics and family. The day after the condemnation of lord Preston, the queen found the little lady Catharine St. George's gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression of the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily, "What she saw in that picture, which made her look on it so particularly?"—"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that *my* father must die for loving yours." The story goes, that the queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child.¹ It is an ungracious task to dispel the illusions that are pleasant to all generous minds. Glad should we be to record as a truth that the pardon of lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of queen Mary; but the real circumstances of the case will not suffer the idea to be cherished for a moment. Lord Preston was only spared in order to betray by his evidence the deep-laid ramifications of the plot, which compromised many of the nobility and clergy; above all, lord Preston's confessions were made use of to convict his high-spirited coadjutor, young Ashton, to whose case the appeal of little lady Catharine² applied as much as it did to her father. Queen Mary, however, expedited the death-warrant of Ashton without any relenting, and he was executed. He died with great courage, and prayed for king James with his last breath. Lord Preston's revelations implicated the queen's uncle, lord Clarendon, who continued under very severe incarceration in the Tower during her regency. This extensive conspiracy was connected with the formidable coalition in Scotland, which the queen had partially detected in the summer, when it will be remembered that Nevill Payne, the Jacobite preceptor to the young earl of Mar, had been arrested by her orders during the absence of king William in Ireland. Her majesty had written, before the return of the king, it seems, several autograph letters to the privy council of Scotland, in which she had made some ominous inquiries as to what had become of Mr. Nevill Payne.³ These inquiries were, to be sure, blended with many pious expressions, and as many recommendations "to praise God," which hints in state-documents, unfortunately, are too frequently followed by some unusual perpetration of cruelty to his creatures. The

¹ Dalrymple's History of the Revolution of Great Britain, &c. There are several minutie we have supplied from traditions, preserved among our northern relatives.

² Lady Catharine Graham afterwards married the representative of the heroic line of

Widdrington, whose fortunes fell in the subsequent northern struggles for the restoration of the house of Stuart, never to rise again.

³ Melville Papers, pp. 582-585

result was, the following infliction on her father's faithful and courageous servant. As it is difficult to abstain from indignant language in such a case, we will only use that addressed to the principal minister of her majesty for Scotland, who was then at court, expediting the business relating to this affair with the queen:—

“ TO LORD MELVILLE.¹

“ Yesterday, in the afternoon, Nevill Payne was questioned upon some things that were not of the greatest concern, and had but *gentle* torture given him, being resolved to repeat it this day; which, accordingly, about six this evening, we inflicted on both his thumbs and one of his legs, with all the severity that was consistent with humanity [such humanity!], even to that pitch *that we could not preserve life and have gone further*; but without the least success, for his answers to all our interrogatories were negatives. Yea, he was so manly and resolute under his suffering, that such of the council as were not acquainted with all the evidences were *bungled* [staggered], and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising to me and others that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours.”

It is some satisfaction to perceive that the narrator of this atrocious scene was ashamed, conscience-stricken, and even bodily sick, at the part he had played as chief-inquisitor in this hideous business, for he adds: “ My stomach is truly so out of tune, by being a witness to an act so far cross to my natural temper, that I am fitter for rest than anything else; but the dangers from *such conspirators to the person of our incomparable king* have prevailed over me, in the council's name, *to have been the prompter of the executioner* to increase the torture to so high a pitch.”

While these appalling scenes were proceeding in London and Edinburgh, the life of the consort of the queen had been exposed to imminent danger from the elements. King William had made the coast of Holland two days after his departure, but found that the fleet in which he sailed dared approach no nearer to the coast at Goree than four miles, for a dense frost-fog was settled over the shore, and wrapped every object in its impenetrable shroud. Some fishermen ventured on board the king's ship, and reported that Goree was not a mile and a half distant; the king, therefore, resolved to be rowed on shore in his barge, into which he went with the duke of Ormonde, and some of the English

¹ Letter from the earl of Crawford, at Edinburgh, to lord Melville, at Mary's court in London. Nevill Payne soon afterwards died of the effects of these cruelties. Great difficulty was experienced by the author of this Life in discovering the situation in life of Mr. Nevill Payne; at last, from Cunningham

the historian's abuse of him as the preceptor to the young earl of Mar, it appears that he was a clergyman of the Scotch episcopalian church. Cunningham himself was preceptor to the duke of Argyle, lord Mar's opponent at Sheriffmuir.

nobility of his suite. In a few minutes the royal barge was totally lost in the fog, and could neither find the shore nor regain the fleet. Night fell, and the waves became rough with a ground-swell. The king lay down in the bottom of the open boat, only sheltered by his cloak; the waves washed over him several times, and the danger seemed great. Some one near the king expressed his despair at their situation. "What! are you afraid to die with me?" asked his majesty, sternly.¹ At day-break the shore was discovered, and the king landed safely at Aranick Haak, and from thence went to the Hague, where he was received triumphantly, with illuminations and all possible rejoicings. It was his first state entrance into his old dominions as king of Great Britain, which the Dutch firmly believed was as much his conquest as it had been that of Norman William in the eleventh century. The earl of Nottingham, the confidential adviser of Queen Mary, who was present, made some remark on the acclamations of the Dutch. William replied, "Ah, my lord! if my queen were but here, you would see a difference. Where they now give one shout for me, they would give ten for her." Perhaps his recent danger had caused his heart to be unusually tender in his conjugal reminiscences.

Those who are observers of historical facts, will readily concur in the remark, that all the changes in our national modes of worship have been effected by queens. Without dwelling on the tradition that the empress Helena, a British lady, planted the gospel in England, it may be remembered that Ethelburga, the wife of Edwin king of Northumbria, and her mother, revived the Christian religion by the agency of Paulinus; that Anne Boleyn caused Henry VIII. to open his eyes to the Reformation; that Katharine Parr's influence preserved the present endowments of our church; that the parliament of Mary I. restored the Roman hierarchy to cruel exercise of power, triumphantly wrested from it by queen Elizabeth. Innovations of a scarcely less important nature were effected by queen Mary II. Evidence of the changes in queen Mary's own mind and conduct, from the days of her youth, when Hooper and Ken were her pastors, has been carefully and painfully collected and laid before our readers, who will, without difficulty, analyse the reasons why decadence and sorrow paralyzed the church of England for nearly a century after the sway of this highly-praised woman. When archbishop Sancroft suffered imprisonment for having resisted the rapid advances of James II. to place the Roman church on an equality with the church of England, all disinterested observers of history will allow that our established religion had attained a degree of perfection not often beheld on this earth; nor were the excellences of her clergy at that period confined to their literary merit, although Hall, Hooker, George Herbert, Taylor, Barrow, Sanderson, and Ken, rise to memory as among the classics of their

¹ *Barnard's History of England.*

century. Recently tried by the persecutions of Cromwell, and still further purified in 1672, by the abrogation of the worst part of the penal laws, the church of England was thus prepared to offer, in the reign of Mary II., that great example of self-denial for conscience' sake, which ought never to be forgotten by history. Mary temporised for upwards of a year, in the astute expectation that the possession of the power, dignity, and splendid revenues of the see of Canterbury, and, above all, that the aversion which old age ever has to change of life and usages, would at last altogether shake the principles of archbishop Sancroft into some compromise with expediency. As she found that this was vain, she declared his deprivation, and warned him to quit Lambeth, February 1, 1691. Six other learned and disinterested prelates of the church of England,¹ with several hundred divines, were deprived by queen Mary on the same day.² Sancroft took no notice of this act, but continued to live at the palace, exercising the same charity and hospitality as before. Bishop Ken remonstrated, and read a protestation in the market-place of Wells, pointing out the illegality of the queen's proceedings. Finding this was unavailing, Ken, who carried away not one sixpence from his bishopric, retired to the charity of his nephew, the rev. Isaac Walton, who gave him refuge in his prebendal house in Salisbury-close. No successor had as yet been appointed to the see of Canterbury. Archbishop Sancroft observed, "that he had committed no crime against church or state which could authorise his degradation, and that if the queen wished for his place at Lambeth, she must send and thrust him out of it by personal violence." He, however, packed up his beloved books, and waited for that hour. Thousands of swords would have been flashing in the defence of the venerable primate if he would have endured the appeal to arms, but passive resistance he deemed the only proper demeanour for a Christian prelate of the Anglican church. A dead pause ensued. Queen Mary was perplexed as to the person whom she could appoint as primate. Her tutor, Compton bishop of London, had the ambition to desire this high advancement; but his extreme ignorance, his military education, and the perpetual blunders he made in his functions, rendered his nomination impossible.

The queen was, at this important juncture, earnestly solicited in behalf of her eldest uncle, Henry lord Clarendon, by his friend Katharine, the dowager lady Ranelagh, and his brother, her uncle Lawrence, earl of Rochester, particularly, for some relaxation in the severity of his duration in the Tower. Attainder and trial for high treason were now

¹ Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and Lake, bishop of Chichester, supplied the places of Lloyd of St. Asaph, and Trelawny of Bristol, and thus the number of the "sacred seven," who had equally resisted the corruptions of Rome and the innovations of dissent, was

completed.

² D'Oyley's *Life of Sancroft*. Some say seven hundred clergy, others four hundred. Further information on this important point is afforded by *Palin's History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717*.

hanging over the head of Clarendon, whose health, moreover, was sinking under the depression of solitary confinement. Meantime, lady Ranelagh had previously negotiated the armistice between the queen and her uncle Rochester, through the agency of Burnet. The executor of Burnet¹ claims much credit for the generosity of that person, as the queen's uncles always disliked him; yet there was a mixture of policy in the interference, as, to use Burnet's own phraseology, "'twasn't decent" for the people to see one of the queen's uncles in durance in the Tower, and another in estrangement and impoverishment, because they beheld the exaltation of their sister's daughter with horror. Had they been brothers of the queen's step-mother, such conduct might have been expected; but that the brothers of her *mother* should afford such examples, left on her cause a glaring reproach, which could not too soon be removed. During the earl of Clarendon's hard confinement, his more complying brother thus writes of him: "Such a petition might be presented with a better grace [to the queen] if he were once out of the Tower on bail, than it would be while he is under this *close confinement*."² Again the brother strove to awaken some compassion in the heart of the queen, by pathetic reminiscences of their illustrious father, the grandsire on whose knees Mary had been reared at Twickenham. It is doubtful whether the unfortunate lord Clarendon was liberated from the Tower until after the death of his old friend, admiral lord Dartmouth, committed to the Tower by queen Mary the day after the date of the above letter. Dartmouth died of grief and regret, after a few months' durance; and when the queen at last liberated her eldest uncle, he was commanded to hold himself a prisoner within the limits of his country-house.

The principal part of Whitehall was reduced to ashes, presenting only heaps of smoking ruins, April 3, o.s., 1691, as William sailed up the Thames on his return from Holland. The conflagration commenced in the Portsmouth apartments, which had been the original cause of the enmity between the queen and her sister Anne. It was occasioned by linen igniting in the laundry. The Jacobite writers accuse king William of setting fire to Whitehall, because he could not bear to inhabit the former palaces of his uncles, likewise to exclude the public, who claimed, by prescription too ancient to be then controverted, the right of free entrance while their sovereigns sat in state at meat, or took their diversions. The demolition of Hampton-court, the desolation of Greenwich-palace, and the desertion of Whitehall for Kensington, were quoted by the malcontents. The conflagration of Whitehall certainly originated by accident, for queen Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, nearly lost her life in the flames. The Portsmouth suite, contiguous to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, was in flames before the queen could be awakened, and she was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress into St. James's-park.

¹ Life of Burnet.² Ibid.

Here new adventures befell her, for colonel Oglethorpe and Sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James's, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of Whitehall, and telling her "that her filial sins would come home to her."—"She was notoriously insulted by them,"¹ repeats another manuscript authority. "The long gallery was then burnt, most of the royal apartments, with those of the king's officers and servants." Calamy uses these words, speaking of Sir John Fenwick: "He had taken several opportunities of affronting queen Mary in places of public resort."² Many invaluable portraits and treasures belonging to the ancient regality of England were consumed with Whitehall-palace.

Since Dr. Tillotson had responded so notably to his memorable experiment at Canterbury, king William had marked him for the highest advancement in the church of England. Dr. Tillotson was perfectly willing to receive this appointment; nevertheless, some obstacle, stronger than the conventional refusal of episcopal promotion, seemed to deter him: at last he spoke, saying, "that he was married; that there had previously been but one married archbishop, and never an archbishop's widow; and as he had no provision wherewith to endow his wife, he considered, in case of her widowhood, it would be an unseemly sight if she left Lambeth to beg alms."³ The king replied, "if that was his objection, the queen would settle all to his satisfaction, and that of Mrs. Tillotson." Accordingly, after a long interview with queen Mary, Dr. Tillotson declared "he was ready to take the place of archbishop Sancroft, as soon as her majesty found it vacant." But Sancroft persisted in his assertion, "that if the queen wanted Lambeth, she must thrust him out of it." King William left her majesty *solus* to encounter all the embarrassments of the archbishop's deprivation and of the new appointment, as he sailed for Flanders, May 11, 1691. The queen nominated Dr. Tillotson to the primacy the last day of that month. She sent a mandate, signed by her own hand, warning Sancroft to quit Lambeth in ten days. He did not obey; but finding that the emissaries of the queen had positive instructions to expel him from his palace, June 23, he took a boat at the stairs the same evening, and crossed the Thames to the Temple, where he remained in a private house till August, when he retired to end his days at his native village in Suffolk.⁴ There was but one pen in the world capable of calumniating Sancroft:

¹ Birch MS. 4466, British Museum. * Diary of Mr. Sampson, p. 43. Another contemporary manuscript repeats the same circumstances of the danger and distress of the queen, of which, no doubt, more detailed particulars exist in private letters, in the unpublished archives of different noble houses.

² Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 388.

³ Dr. Birch's Life of Tillotson. Never-

theless, the queen's promise was so little remembered, that if it had not been for the friendship of Robert Nelson, the nonjuror and Anglican author, who presented her petition to Halifax, poor Mrs. Tillotson, who was left destitute, must have starved; for Tillotson did not live long enough to gather funds from Canterbury.

⁴ Biographia Britannica.

that pen belonged to Burnet. He has accused the apostolic man of having amply provided for himself from the revenues of Canterbury; but long before Burnet's books were printed, the circumstances in which Sancroft lived and died were well known to the world. In truth, the deprived archbishop went forth from Lambeth, taking no property but his staff and books; he had distributed all his revenues in charity, and would have been destitute if he had not inherited a little estate at Suffolk. To an ancient residence, the place of his birth, at Fressingfield, where his ancestors had dwelt respectably, from father to son, for three centuries, archbishop Sancroft retired to live on his private patrimony of fifty pounds per annum. On this modicum he subsisted for the remainder of his days, leading a holy and contented life, venerated by his contemporaries, but almost adored by the simple country-folk of Suffolk for his personal merits. The use to which Sancroft put his savings has been revealed by a biography strictly founded on documents, the modest voice of which has, in our times, put to open shame his slanderer. From it we learn, that Sancroft began to devote his savings, when he was only dean of St. Paul's, to amplifying some of those miserable livings which too frequently fall to the lot of the best of the English clergy. The vicarage of Sandon, in Hertfordshire, was thus endowed. Seven livings were augmented by this practical Christian before queen Mary hurled him from his archbishopric: he likewise wrote earnest letters to his rich clergy, recommending them to "aid their poor brethren's livings." One glorious light of our church, Isaac Barrow, followed the example of his friend. Our church has reason to bless Sancroft daily, for his self-denial and charitable exertions set the example to the great "Bounty of queen Anne."¹

When Dr. Tillotson vacated the deanery of Canterbury to become primate, William sent the queen, from Holland, three names, as those from whom he chose the deanery to be supplied—thus usurping the ancient functions of the chapters of old;² a fact in utter contradiction to the assertion that he permitted his queen to exercise entirely the function of head of the church of England. Mary *did* venture to exercise the limited choice he allowed, so far as to appoint Dr. Hooper dean of Canterbury. The king supposed that his enmity to her former almoner was sufficiently known to his submissive partner; for it became

¹ Burnet *must* have known these facts. In his printed history he accuses Sancroft in one page of enriching himself, and on the page opposite he is condemned for poverty. The attack on Sancroft for enriching himself does not occur in Burnet's manuscript: there he only reviles and despises him for miserable poverty. It is possible that the contradictory statement was introduced by Macky "the spy," his executor.

² The heads of chapters, after sitting in convocation in their chapter-houses, presented

three names to the king, praying him "to name from these churchmen (either of whom the church considered worthy of the office) the one most agreeable to his grace." The monarch did so, and forthwith received homage for the temporalities. It was not considered courteous of the chapter or chapters to give the monarch less choice than three. Sometimes there were six; the larger the number, the more subversive was the custom of faction deemed.—Brakelonde's Chronicle of St. Edmund's Bury: Camden Society.

evident, that although he had put Hooper's name on the list, it was only to give that divine the mortification of being rejected by her. William's rage was extreme when he found that he was thus taken at his word. The countess Zulestein wrote to Mrs. Hooper, "that their royal mistress would be bitterly chid on her husband's return." Indeed this, the worthiest appointment made in her reign, cost Mary many tears: "that was too often her case in England," continues our authority, "but in Holland it was daily so." When the queen obtained the liberty, as she supposed, for this appointment, she sent for Dr. Hooper, by lord Nottingham, to Whitehall, and forthwith nominated him to the deanery. He was greatly surprised, and begged to know which of his livings, Lambeth or Woodhey, she would be pleased he should resign. "Neither," replied the queen. But the conscientious Hooper refused to retain pluralities,¹ and he laid down Woodhey, worth 300*l.* per annum, before he quitted the royal presence. Queen Mary was glad to give it to another of her chaplains, Dr. Hearn; she required of her old servant to inform her plainly, "why it was that Tillotson was looked upon as a Socinian?" Dr. Hooper attributed the report to the great intimacy between him and Dr. Firmin,² who was often seen at his table at Lambeth.³

The calamity of fire seemed to pursue king William and his royal consort. The queen had scarcely welcomed the king on his return to their newly-finished palace of Kensington, when an awful fire broke out there, about seven in the morning, November 10, 1691; it wrapped in flames the stone gallery and the adjacent apartments. When the roar of the fire became audible, William, believing a treacherous attack on his palace was in progress, called loudly for his sword,⁴ but soon found that the foe was better quelled by buckets of water. When convinced that the fire was accidental, Mary descended with the king, as soon as they were dressed, into the garden, when they stood for some hours watching their foot-guards pass buckets of water, until by their activity the conflagration was subdued.⁵

The differences which subsisted between the royal sisters, Mary and Anne, in the winter of 1691, became more publicly apparent, owing to some awkward diplomacy that the king had set his consort to transact relative to prince George of Denmark. On his majesty's departure from England in the preceding May, the prince had asked permission "to serve him as a volunteer at sea;" the king gave his brother-in-law the embrace enjoined by courtly etiquette, but answered him not a word. George of Denmark took silence for consent, prepared his sea-equipage, and sent all on board the ship in which he intended to sail; but king

¹ Dr. Hooper was a married man with a family; his example was therefore the more admirable. It must be remembered, that his daughter was the mistress of his journal.

² He was the leader of the Socinians in London.

³ Manuscript account of Dr. Hooper. Trevor's William III.

⁴ Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

⁵ Defee's Tour through Great Britain.

William had left positive orders with queen Mary, "that she was not to suffer prince George to sail with the fleet; yet she was not openly to forbid him to go." The queen required lady Marlborough to accomplish this diplomacy without letting her mistress know the reason; who said, "she could not undertake to say anything to the princess, and conceal her reasons for speaking; yet if she were permitted to use her majesty's name, she would say whatever was desired by her."¹ But this did not accord with her majesty's views. Lawrence Hyde, earl of Rochester, her younger uncle, had been prevailed upon, to the indignation of her imprisoned uncle, his elder brother Clarendon, to take the oaths to her government,² and become one of her ministers. Rochester, who had been the particular object of the revilings of the princess Anne and her favourite, was at this time sent by queen Mary to explain her pleasure, "that prince George of Denmark was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, which measure was to appear to be his own choice." Prince George replied to this rather unreasonable intimation, "That there had been much talk in London respecting his intention; and as his preparations were very well known, if he sent for his sea-equipage from on board ship, as the queen desired, without giving any reason for such caprice, that he should make a very ridiculous figure in the eyes of everyone." His representation was undoubtedly true; and it was as true that the king and queen would not have had any objection to his incurring contempt by his obedience, in the eyes of the English people. The queen, finding that the prince of Denmark would not submit to the intervention of her will and pleasure in private, was obliged to send her lord chamberlain, Nottingham, in form, positively to forbid his embarkation.³ "The queen and princess lived, in appearance," continues lady Marlborough, "as if nothing had happened, all that summer. Yet lord Portland, it was well known, had ever a great prejudice to my lord Marlborough; and Elizabeth Villiers, although I had never done her any injury, excepting not making my court to her, was my implacable enemy."⁴

The princess Anne, instigated by the restless ambition of her favourite, had thought fit to demand the order of the Garter as a reward due to the military merit of lord Marlborough in Ireland. The request had been made by letter to her brother-in-law.⁵ The queen refused. It has been stated that there was something of contempt in her manner of so doing, which exasperated the favourites of her sister into a degree of rage that led them to conspire the downfall of her consort and herself from the sovereignty. Lord Marlborough, in the same year, wrote to his former master, James II., declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace, for the remembrance of his crimes against him." He

¹ Conduct.² Diary of Lord Clarendon.³ Conduct.⁴ Ibid.⁵ Dalrymple's Appendix. See the correspondence.

made unbounded offers of his services, and finished by assuring him, "that he would bring the princess Anne back to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement." Marlborough was then one of the council of nine carrying on the government. The perils of the queen's position were therefore great. James II., however, did not give much encouragement to this treason, and drily answered to Marlborough "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

Meantime, the queen's regency was agitated by plots, which were ramifications of that of lord Preston. She signed warrants for the arrest of the deprived bishop of Ely and lord Dartmouth; she likewise molested the deprived primate, by sending a commission to his cottage in Suffolk to inquire into his proceedings. One of her messengers could not refrain from tears, when he found that the venerable archbishop himself came to the door to answer his knock, because his only attendant, an old woman who took care of his cottage, happened to be ill. The queen's enmity, likewise, was exceedingly great to William Pen, an entire stop was put to his philanthropic exertions in the colony of Pennsylvania, and the good quaker was forced to hide his head and skulk about London, as he did in the persecution of his sect before the accession of James II. He wished to have an interview with the queen. "He could," he said, "convince her of his fidelity to the government, to which he wished well, because the predominance of her father's religion must be ultimate destruction to his own. The personal friendship was warm which he bore 'to James Stuart;' but he loved him as such, and not as king. He was his benefactor," he said; "he loved him in his prosperity, and he never could speak against him in his adversity."¹ But let him say what he would, William Pen was a persecuted man as long as queen Mary lived. The government, in the summer of 1691, had been accompanied with a series of circumstances calamitous enough to daunt the courage of a more experienced ruler. Disastrous and bloody battles had been fought in Flanders, and great slaughter of the English troops ensued, without the satisfaction of victory. Corn was at famine price; the country gentry and merchants were sinking under a weight of taxation, such as never had been heard or thought of in the British islands. The fleet had returned covered with disgrace; English seamen were overcome, merely by the horrible provisions and worthless ammunition which the corrupt ministry had provided for their use. All these tremendous difficulties had the queen to surmount, but her correspondence is not available for the history of this summer. It is known that she sojourned in her palace without a friend—nay, without an object of affection. She had no affections except for her husband, and he was absent, exposed to a thousand dangers. She had no female friend among her numerous

¹ This expression is in his letters in the Pepys' Collections.

ladies, for in her voluminous correspondence which has been opened to the reader, where she has entered into the feelings of her own heart with minute and skilful anatomy, she has never mentioned *one* person as a friend. Indeed, her panegyrist, Burnet, in his curious manuscript narrative, observes, in the enumeration of her other "valuable qualities," that the queen never had a female friend. Her majesty certainly was, in 1691, in the most utter loneliness of heart. She was on ill terms with queen Catharine, and the cold, distant communication of mere state audiences which took place between herself and her sister, the princess Anne, was ready to break out, from the quietude of aversion to the active warfare of hatred that soon ensued.

The queen wrote to lady Russell,¹ in reply to an application of that lady for the disposal of the auditorship of Wales, worth 400*l.* per annum, for Mr. Vaughan her son. "I am sure that the king will be as willing to please you as myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing as, it may be, others do, that I lead at present. Besides the pain I am almost continually in for the king, it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither happy nor pleasant; but I see one is not ever to live for one's self. I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought; but I must be content with what it pleases God, and this year I have had good reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news of which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we had some ill to expect from other places. But I trust in God that will not be, though it looks as if we must look for little good either from Flanders or sea. The king continues, God be praised, very well; and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle were over—I wish it as heartily as Mr. Russell himself."

While the fleets of England and France were threatening each other, the Jacobites were active. On the other hand, those persons whose prosperity depended on the permanence of the revolution, indefatigably infused in the queen's mind suspicions of all who were not their friends. Thus instigated, the queen sent for Dr. Hooper one day to chide him for his undutiful conduct to archbishop Tillotson. "I have been told," she said, "that you never wait on him; neither does Mrs. Hooper visit Mrs. Tillotson, as she ought to do." Dr. Hooper proved to the queen "that he had paid all the respect, and so had his wife, at Lambeth-palace that was proper, without proving intrusive." The queen smiled, and said "she did not believe the report was true when she heard it." The mischief-maker who had approached the ear of majesty then ventured somewhat further, and subsequently informed queen Mary that, of all places in the world, the apostolic Hooper had been figuring at a

¹ Bibl. Birch, 4163; Plut. cvi. D, p. 42. Dated 1691, July 30.

great cock-match at Bath, which it was supposed was a general muster for the Jacobite gentry of the west of England. When Dr. Hooper was questioned on this matter by queen Mary, he replied, very quietly, "that it was true he had been at Bath some months that year, on account of the disastrous health of his wife, who was all the time in danger of her life." The queen graciously interrupted him to ask, "How Mrs. Hooper was then?" When dean Hooper had replied, he resumed the discussion, affirming "that he had never heard a tittle of the cock-match at Bath, or of the meeting of the Jacobite gentlemen there." The queen then informed him of some minor malicious reports; among others, an accusation that he always travelled on the Sabbath, "It is true," replied Dr. Hooper, "that I am often on the road on the Sabbath, but it is in the pursuance of my clerical duty. I travel with my wife journeys of several days to Bath. I always rest the whole Sunday, and attend both services—easily ascertained, as I usually preach for the minister where I tarry." The queen then told him, in a very gracious manner, "that she had never believed what he was accused of, but she would always let him know his faults, or rather, what he was accused of." Her majesty concluded by "letting him know" that her informer was Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.¹ Burnet was noted for his propensity to scandalous gossip, in the promulgation of which he little heeded the conventional decencies of time and place; as, for instance, lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, told lord Dartmouth² that he had heard bishop Burnet scandalize the duchess of York before her daughter, queen Mary, and a great deal of company, according to the well-known passage of slander printed in his history—with this difference, that when speaking, he did not conceal the name of the person with whom he affirmed she was in love: this was Henry Sidney, created by William III. earl of Romney, and given an enormous grant of 17,000*l.* per annum. If lord Jersey could hear Burnet hold forth on this subject, the queen could do the same, as that noble was one of her household, whose duties placed him near her chair.

King William arrived safely at Kensington, October the 13th. The queen was for a time relieved from the heavy weight of the regnal sceptre, but she had to endure the bitterest reproaches, because she had purposely misconstrued his intention by the promotion of Dr. Hooper to the deanery of Canterbury. The lords and commons almost simultaneously moved "that addresses be presented to her majesty at Whitehall,³ giving her thanks for her prudent care in the administration of

¹ Hooper MS., in Trevor's William III., p. 473.

² Dartmouth Notes to Burnet, vol. i. p. 394; note and text. In the latter, Burnet expressly declares that Anne Hyde, duchess of York, induced her husband to become a Roman

catholic at the time when she received the sacrament according to the ritual of the church of Rome.

³ MS. Journals of the House of Lords, from the library of E. D. Davey, esq.

the government in his majesty's absence." The new archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tillotson, was requested by the lords to draw up the address. The house of lords also requested lord Villiers (newly raised to the peerage as viscount, and then lord chamberlain to the queen) "to attend her majesty presently, to know what time her majesty will appoint for this house to attend her with the address." After some delay, the drawing-room at Whitehall was appointed. This room must have been the withdrawing-room adjoining the well-known Banqueting-hall at Whitehall, which had been spared by the flames that had recently devastated nearly the whole of the palace.

The king had obtained some information on the subject of Marlborough's correspondence with James II. He attributed to his treacherous betrayal the failure of an attack made on Brest by the English fleet in the preceding summer.¹ "Upon my honour," replied Marlborough, "I never mentioned it but in confidence to my wife."—"I never mention anything in confidence to mine," was the reply of king William. The cynical spirit of this answer bears some analogy to the temper of king William. The anecdote is widely known, yet the utter impossibility of the assertion, to one who knew that Mary held the reins of government on the most confidential terms with her husband, makes it doubtful that the king ever made use of any such words. William could make repartees which were not only rude, but brutal, to the queen; neither was his truth unsullied; yet he possessed considerable shrewdness, and was a man of few words. Such characters seldom make remarks which are at once absurd and self-contradictory. Whatsoever might have been the real version of this angry dialogue, it led to the result that Marlborough took the step he had hinted to James II., and under his influence, and that of his wife, the princess Anne was induced to pen a penitential epistle to her father². It was in these terms:—

"Dec. 1st, 1691.

"I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission, and to beg you will be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recall what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late—of being less suspected

¹ There were two attacks on Brest in this reign, both abortive; the one here mentioned, in which there was a great slaughter of the English, and another in 1694, when general Tollemache was killed, and a hundred of his men. There is documentary evi-

dence that Marlborough betrayed the last.—Dalrymple's History.

² James II.'s *Memoirs*, edited by J. S. Clarke, 1691, Likewise Macpherson's *History* vol. ii. p. 609, for the letter.

of insincerity than perhaps they would have been at any time before. It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession, if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and as easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon. I have had a great mind to beg you to make *one compliment for me*; but fearing the expressions which would be properest for me to make use of might be, perhaps, the least convenient for a letter, I must content myself, at present, with hoping the bearer will make a *compliment for me to the queen*."

Now the bearer in whose hands this letter was deposited for conveyance (as some say, by the princess Anne herself), was the last person likely to fetch and carry with suitable grace the affected verbal trash called *compliments* by the fine ladies of that day. He was a bluff, stout Welshman, captain Davy Lloyd, one of James II.'s veteran sea-commanders. Davy held the daughters of his old master in the utmost contempt, which he did not scruple to express, at times, without any very refined choice of epithets. Both queen Mary and king William were soon apprized that some such epistle was compounded, long before it reached the hands of James II. Lady Fitzharding, it has been noted, was the spy¹ of her sister Elizabeth Villiers, in the family of the princess Anne; and by her agency, king William knew accurately, within a very few hours, all that passed at the Cockpit. The princess Anne rather encouraged than suppressed the daring imprudence of her favourite lady Marlborough, and they would vituperate the reigning monarch with the most virulent terms of abuse.² Thus all the elements of discord were ready for violent explosion, which actually took place on the evening of January 9, 1692, when a personal altercation ensued between the queen and the princess Anne, whose partiality for the Marlboroughs was the subject of dispute. No particulars, however, transpired, excepting what may be gleaned from subsequent letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough. From these it appears that the queen threatened to deprive her sister of half her income. The princess Anne well knew that parliament having secured to her the whole, such threats were vain, since, if the wishes of her sister and her spouse had been consulted, she would have been in possession of neither half of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed her by her country. The princess Anne had just received her payment of this allowance, and had settled on the Marlboroughs an annuity from it of 1000*l.*,³ circumstances which had probably added to the exasperation of the queen, who considered that the whole of that sum was torn from the ways and means of her husband to carry on his war in Flanders.

¹ This fact is pointed out by Coxe, in his *Life of Marlborough*.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Conduct*.

The next morning, it was the turn of lord Marlborough to fulfil his duties as one of the lords of the bedchamber to king William, who secretly resolved to expel him from his service, and to make the manner of his doing it very disagreeable to him. Marlborough commenced his waiting-week without the least remark being made; but after he had put on the king's shirt and done his duty for the morning, lord Nottingham was sent to him with an abrupt message, "that the king had no further wish for his service, and that he was commanded to *sell* or *dispose* of all his employments." Everyone was immediately busied in guessing his crime; it was, however, generally supposed to be making mischief between the princess and the king and queen. The king and queen further desired "that he, lord Marlborough, would absent himself from their presence for the future."¹ The anguish that the princess Anne manifested at this disgrace of her favourite's husband was excessive: she greatly exasperated the king and queen by her tearful eyes and sad countenance when she visited them. The princess's anticipations of still harsher measures probably led to her depression of spirits, since she received an anonymous letter before the end of January, which warned her that the next step taken by the government would be the imprisonment of lord Marlborough. The letter likewise gave her a really salutary warning respecting the treachery of lady Fitzharding, and that "all the tears she had shed, and the words she had spoken on the subject of lord Marlborough's disgrace, had been betrayed to the king" by that household spy. Neither king William nor his consort dared openly accuse the Marlboroughs of having abetted the princess Anne in a reconciliation with the exiled king; they well knew that such an avowal would have led a third of their subjects to follow their example. The silence of the king and queen on the real delinquencies at the Cockpit, emboldened lady Marlborough sufficiently to accompany her mistress to court on the next reception-day at Kensington, about three days after the disgrace of her husband. On the morrow queen Mary forbade the repetition of lady Marlborough's intrusion in a letter to the princess Anne. In one dark hint she embodied all the information her majesty chose to give her sister regarding the cause of the disgrace of her sister's favourites and guides. She proceeds, however, to say that, "seeing that you brought lady Marlborough hither last night, makes us resolve to put *it* off no longer, but tell you *she must not stay*, and that I have all the reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her as the strangest thing that ever was done."² The queen's excessive self-praises of her own kindness to her sister are remarkable enough; they are founded on the fact that, in consideration "for her condition," she did not reprove the princess publicly, and expel the intruder she brought with her, as her majesty thought they deserved. "But now I must tell you," resumes

¹ Letter of lord Basil Hamilton to his father, the duke of Hamilton.

² Conduct.

queen Mary, "it was very unkind in a sister, would have been very uncivil in an equal; and I need not say I have more to claim, which, though my kindness would never make me exact, yet, when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you. 'Tis upon that account I tell you plainly lady Marlborough must not continue with you, in the circumstances her lord is. I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it."

In those days the whole court sat down with such solemnity to gamble, that the queen, appointing a call on her sister, stipulates, "I shall come *before you play*, because you know why I cannot make one.¹ At some other time we shall reason the business calmly, which I will willingly do, or anything else that may show it shall never be my fault if we do not live kindly together. Nor will I ever be other, by choice, than

"Your truly loving and affectionate sister,

"M. R."

The princess Anne, after she had read her sister's letter, summoned her uncle Rochester to her assistance. That nobleman, from a thorough appreciation of the turbulence and treachery which were united in the character of lady Marlborough, had, in her outset of life, strongly advised James II. to exclude her from the household of his daughter Anne;² but the indulgence of the father yielded to the supplications of his child. When lord Rochester came to the Cockpit, at the entreaty of the princess Anne, she put in his hand a letter, the production of a consultation with her favourite, for it was not in the style of the princess herself.³

The epistle is dated on the birthday of Anne. Very positively she affirmed to the queen therein that she would never part from her friends. When lord Rochester had perused it, the princess Anne requested that he would take it to her majesty, to which the uncle put a positive negative. He had hoped that the end of the controversy between his royal nieces would have been the removal of such a fosterer of strife as lady Marlborough had proved herself to be, and he would not carry a letter which forbade that hope. He then withdrew from the conference, strenuously advising the queen to send lady Marlborough at once from the Cockpit to her house at St. Albans. The letter was sent to her majesty that day, who returned as answer a mere official message, carried to the Cockpit by her lord chamberlain Nottingham, warning lord and lady Marlborough to abide no longer at the palace of Whitehall,⁴ a measure which was the first step her majesty took on the advice of lord Rochester. The princess Anne considered that her sister had no more right to dictate what servants she should retain in her residence of

¹ This was because the queen did not choose to sit down to the basset-table with lady Marlborough.

² Ralph's History.

³ Conduct.

⁴ Cox. Ralph.

the Cockpit, than in any other private house, since it had been purchased for her by their uncle Charles II. after it had been alienated from the rest of the palace of Whitehall, in common with many other buildings appertaining to that part of the vast edifice which abutted on St. James's-park. But the Cockpit, the Holbein-gateway, and the adjoining Banqueting-house were, at that period, all that were left of the once-extensive palace. When the queen's message of expulsion from the Cockpit was delivered to lady Marlborough, the princess Anne took the resolution of withdrawing from it at the same time, and announced her intention to her sister in a very belligerent epistle.¹ The approaching accouchement of the princess rendered all harshness to her odious in the eyes of every one. One of the royal palaces had usually been appointed for her retirement at such times, but as the queen had thought proper to expel her favourite friend from her own private residence, the princess affected to consider that she should then be too much at the royal mercy. It was the policy of the princess Anne to give herself, as much as possible, the semblance of injured distress, and the appearance of having been hunted out of house and home at a period dangerous to her life. Before leaving the Cockpit, she sent a request to the duchess of Somerset, to lend her Sion-house for her residence during the ensuing summer. This lady was the wife of a kinsman of the princess, commonly called the proud duke of Somerset;² she was the heiress of the great Percy inheritance, and, as such, the possessor of the ancient historical palace of Sion. William III., whose activity in petty instances of annoyance is singularly at variance with his received character for magnanimity, immediately sent to the duke of Somerset, and endeavoured to induce him to put a negative on the request of the princess Anne.³ But such mighty English nobles as Somerset and his consort, the Percy heiress, soon proved to the foreign monarch how independent they were of his influence. The duchess of Somerset forthwith sent an affectionate message to the princess Anne, declaring "that Sion-house was entirely at her service." Before the princess left her residence of the Cockpit for Sion-house, she thought proper to attend the drawing-room of their majesties at Kensington-palace. In this interview, the princess made her majesty "all the professions imaginable, to which the queen remained as insensible as a statue."⁴

The massacre of Glencoe occurred February 14, 1692. It is but justice to queen Mary to observe, that this atrocity did not disgrace the period when she swayed the regnal sceptre; neither is her signature appended to the detestable warrant perpetrated by her husband, which authorised the slaughter, in cold blood, of upwards of a hundred men,

¹ Conduct.

² He was the representative of Katharine Gray and of course a prince of the English

blood-royal from the younger sister of Henry VIII.

³ Conduct.

⁴ *Ibid.*

women, and little children, of her subjects. An historian¹ especially partial to the character of William III., considers the inquiry into the massacre of Glencoe as a grievance, and with much *naïveté* observes, that the said inquiry was "remarkably troublesome to many *respectable* people." The Scotch parliament pronounced it "a barbarously murderous transaction." After this opinion, the "respectable people" concerned in it put a stop to the further trouble this decision might have given them, by producing the following warrant:—

"WILLIAM R.²

"As for the McDonalds of Glencoe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to *extirpate* that set of thieves.

"W. R."

This extermination, which was extended in intention to the Frasers,³ and other clans in the Highlands, must have originated in the mind of William himself, as is evident by the wording of the warrant. A Scotchman would have spoken with more certainty of the localities of his country.

The princess Anne withdrew to Sion about the beginning of March, taking with her lady Marlborough, on whom she lavished more affection than ever. As an instance of ill-will, king William gave orders that his sister-in-law should be deprived of the guards by whom she had been attended since her father had given her an independent establishment. The princess lost her guards just as she had the most need of them, for the roads all round the metropolis swarmed with highwaymen; her carriage was stopped, and she was robbed, between Brentford and Sion, soon after her establishment there. The adventure was made the subject of many lampoons, and great odium was thrown on the king and queen, on account of the danger to which the heiress-presumptive was exposed through their harshness. The act of depriving the princess Anne of the usual adjuncts of her rank, was a parting blow before her persecutor left England for his usual Flemish campaign. The king resigned the sole government, for a third time, into the hands of his queen, and bade her farewell on the 5th of March. He sailed with a wind so favourable, that he reached the Hague on the succeeding day, and from thence went to Loo.

¹ Cunningham.

² Lord Stair proved, that when William III.'s signature was doubly affixed, as in this warrant, the execution was to be prompt and urgent.

³ A document nearly similar is in possession of Lord Lovat, in which William III. thus

enjoins the extermination of upwards of a thousand persons in cold blood. Others are mentioned as extant, and this leads us to the surmise that all the Scotch chieftains friendly to the Whigs were thus incited to the work of extermination.

CHAPTER IX.

QUEEN MARY was again left, surrounded by difficulties. There were few persons in the country but anticipated the restoration of her father. Anne had written, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II. containing these words, was intercepted by the king. Thus, the dangers surrounding the career of queen Mary were truly appalling; but she was not, in 1692, altogether a novice in the art of government; she had weathered two regencies, each presenting tremendous difficulties. It was strongly in her favour that Marlborough, instead of sharing her most intimate councils as a disguised friend, was now an unmasked enemy. While giving queen Mary every credit as a wise and courageous ruler, what can be said of her humanity, when called to the bedside of her suffering sister, who sent Sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion-house with her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of her accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary did not think fit to see Sir Benjamin Bathurst, and took no notice of this piteous message.¹ After many hours of great suffering and danger, the princess Anne brought into the world, April 17, 1692, a living son, who was named George; but the miserable mother had the sorrow to see it expire soon after its hasty baptism. Lady Charlotte Bevervaart, one of the princess Anne's maids of honour, was a Dutchwoman, and on that account considered as the more acceptable messenger, was despatched from Sion-house to announce to queen Mary the death of her new-born nephew.

Queen Mary entered the chamber of her sick and sorrowful sister, attended by the countesses of Derby and Scarborough. The princess Anne was in bed, pale and sad, but the queen never asked her how she did, never took her hand, or expressed the least sympathy for her sufferings and her loss. Her majesty was pleased to plunge at once into the dispute which had estranged her from her sister, to whom she exclaimed in an imperious tone, as soon as she was seated by the bedside, "I have made the first step by coming to you; and I now expect that you should make the next by dismissing lady Marlborough." The princess Anne became pale with agitation at this unreasonable attack; her lips trembled as she replied, "I have never in my life disobeyed your majesty but in this one particular; and I hope, at some time or other, it will appear as unreasonable to your majesty as it does now to me." The queen immediately rose from her seat, and, without another word, departed. Prince George of Denmark led her majesty to her coach; while so doing, the

¹ Conduct.

queen repeated to him precisely the same words which she had addressed to the unfortunate invalid in bed. The queen retained sufficient conscientiousness to be shocked, on reflection, at her own conduct. She was heard to say, on her return to Kensington, "I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair, that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets." Yet the queen's uneasy remembrance of this harsh interview arose from remorse, not repentance, for the cruelty she regretted was comprised in the last words she ever uttered to her sister. Thus the three persons of the protestant branch of the royal family in England were irreconcilably divided during life, two against one. Lonely as they were in the world, they were at mortal enmity with every other relative who shared their blood.

Queen Mary had received a letter, in the same April, directed by the hand of her exiled father, and written throughout by him. It was a circular addressed to her, and to those members of her privy council who had been most active in raising the calumny that disinherited his unfortunate son. This communication announced that his queen expected her confinement in May, and invited them to come to St. Germain's to be present at the expected birth of his child, promising from Louis XIV. freedom to come and go in safety.² Such announcement must have been sent in severe satire, rather than in any expectation of the invitation being accepted.

A dangerous fever attacked Anne after her sister's visit, and she hung for several days on the very verge of the grave. Long before convalescence, she underwent fresh alarm: by her majesty's orders lord Marlborough was arrested, and hurried to the Tower.³ Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing, all day long, notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion in order to visit and assist her husband. She addressed lady Marlborough as Mrs. Freeman, the assumed name they had previously agreed upon when intriguing for the revolution. Anne terms herself, as usual, Mrs. Morley:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

[May 16, 1692.]

"I hear lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it, for methinks 'tis a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me, though how they can do that, without making you a prisoner, I cannot guess.

"Let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me, so I can

¹ Conduct.

² King James's Journal. Evelyn's Diary.

³ Ibid.

have the opportunity of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman, and I swear I would live on bread and water between two walls without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she proves false to you."

Invasion was threatened daily, and the queen can scarcely be blamed for securing so slippery a person as lord Marlborough until the expected naval battle was decided. Meantime, the princess Anne resolved to write to her sister, queen Mary, and determined to send the letter by the hands of one of the prelates, Stillingfleet bishop of Worcester. Anne's policy in writing to the queen is explained in one of her confidential billets to lady Marlborough. She anticipated that the queen would debar her from court, and she wished it to be spread far and wide that she had desired to visit her sister, and had been forbidden. As the best plan for promoting this end, she sent for the bishop of Worcester.¹ The next morning, he actually came to Sion before the princess Anne was dressed. On her interview with him, he willingly undertook the commission of delivering the letter of the princess to the queen, but praised her majesty so very warmly, as to induce disgust in her sister's mind. The princess, who gives this narrative in her letters to her dear lady Marlborough, adds this extraordinary conclusion to her narrative: "I told the bishop of Worcester that you had several times desired you might go from me; but I beg again, for Christ Jesus' sake, that you would never more name it to me. For, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me—and should you do it without my consent (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of heaven)—I will shut myself up and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind." It is difficult to credit that this rant was written by a royal matron who was considered under the guidance of religious principles, and was, moreover, married to a prince to whom she was much attached.²

The bishop of Worcester returned not a little scandalized at the reception which the queen had given to her sister's letter. The reply which her majesty sent to the princess Anne by him was couched in these words:—

"QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

"I have received yours by the bishop of Worcester, and have little to say to it, since you cannot but know that as I never use compliments, so now they cannot serve. 'Tis none of my fault that we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise; and I will do no more. Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble,³ for be assured 'tis not words can make us live together as we

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 74-76.

² *Ibid.*

³ By coming to court, where the queen did not mean to receive her.

ought. You know what I required of you ; and now I tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with,¹ or you must not wonder that I doubt of your kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me, nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things do not hinder me from being very glad to hear that you are well, and wishing that you may continue so, and that you may yet, while it is in your power, oblige me to be your affectionate sister,

“MARIE, R.”

The politics of Anne are unveiled, by her own hand in the letter she wrote to her confidante, when the answer of the queen settled their projects :—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH.

(*Under the designation of Mrs. Freeman.*)

“May 22 [1692], Sion-house.

“I am very sensibly touched with the misfortune that my dear Mrs. Freeman has in losing her son,² knowing very well what it is to lose a child ; but she knowing my heart so well, and how great a share I bear in all her concerns, I will not say any more on this subject, for fear of renewing her passion too much. Being now at liberty to go where I please, by the queen's refusing to see me, I am mightily inclined to go to-morrow, after dinner, to the Cockpit, and from thence, privately, in a chair to see you. Some time next week I believe it will be time for me to go to London, to make an end of that business of Berkeley-house.”³

In shameless contradiction of her voluntary assertion to the queen, that although she thought herself ill-used, she would hide it as much as possible, occur the following passages :—

“The bishop [of Worcester] brought me the queen's letter early this morning, and by that letter, he said he did not seem so well satisfied with her as he was yesterday. *He has promised to bear me witness that I have made all the advances that were reasonable ;* and, I confess, I think *the more it is told about that I would have waited on the queen, but that she refused seeing me, is the better, and therefore I will not scruple saying it to anybody when it comes in my way.*

“There were some in the family [the household of the princess], as

¹ Dismissal of lady Marlborough.

² Alluding to the death of lady Marlborough's first-born son, an infant.

³ This marks the time exactly of the commencement of Anne's residence at Berkeley-house. She went direct, in February, to Sion, and from thence to Bath, and passed the winter of 1692-3 at Berkeley-house, which

was her town-house till after the death of her sister. It was (as is evident from the MS. letters in the possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire) situated on the site of the present Devonshire-house. The noble old trees, which are plentiful in that neighbourhood, are relics of the grounds of the princess Anne.

soon as the news came this morning of our fleet beating the French, that advised the prince [George of Denmark] to go in the afternoon to compliment the queen; and another [of her household] asked me 'if I would not send her one?' But we neither of us thought there was any necessity of it then, and much less since I received this arbitrary letter. *I don't send you the original*, for fear an accident may happen to the bearer, for I love to keep such letters by me for my justification. Sure never anybody was so used by a sister! But I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself withal in this business; but the more I think of all that has passed, the better I am satisfied. And if I had done otherwise, I should have deserved to have been the scorn of the world, and to be trampled upon as much as my enemies would have me. Dear Mrs. Freeman" [concludes this remarkable missive], "farewell! I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you. For, if it be possible, I am every day more and more

"Yours.

"P.S.—I hope your lord is well. It was Mr. Maule and lady Fitzharding that advised the prince and me to make our compliments to the queen."

It is evident that this letter contained a copy of the queen's letter to the princess Anne; and the spirit of the whole communication prompted lady Marlborough, nothing loth, to make it as public as possible, in which the princess justified herself by producing the original. Such intrigues added greatly to the dangers by which queen Mary was beset at this difficult period of her government—dangers which can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the falseness of too many who were, perforce, trusted by her with important offices. The naval victory alluded to by the princess Anne in her letter to lady Marlborough, on which the faction in her household advised her to send the queen "a compliment," was the celebrated one of La Hogue, where the English navy regained some of the credit they had lost since the Revolution. It was a victory gained almost against the will of the commanders, Russell and Carter, by the tenacious valour of the seamen they commanded. The correspondence of admiral Russell with James II. has been matter of history for nearly a century. Queen Mary knew it well; but she, moreover, was aware that most of the superior officers in the fleet were positively resolved not to strike a blow against her father, their old master, who was then at La Hogue, waiting the result of the mighty preparations that France had made in his behalf.

Queen Mary met the danger with the high spirit arising from her indomitable courage and great abilities. She sent to the officers of the

fleet, "that much had been told her of their disaffection, and she had been strenuously advised to take their commissions from them ; but, for her part, she was resolved to rely on their honour. She felt convinced that they would not at once betray her, a helpless woman, and the glory of their country at the same time : she trusted the interests of both implicitly in their hands." If king William had been governing England at the time, the protestant cause had been lost ; but the reins of sovereignty were held by a queen whose manners were soft and popular, and who created a strong sympathy among all classes. What the queen felt, meantime, may be guessed by those who have read her correspondence of the year 1690, where she analyzes pathetically her system of enclosing hermetically the agonies of her suspense in the recesses of her own heart.

Admiral Russell had promised James II. to avoid fighting, if he could do so without loss of the honour of the British navy. If Tourville, he said, would be content to slip out of port in a dark night, and pass him, he would not keep too sedulous a look-out for him, especially if he had king James on board ; but if he came out of port in open day, and defied him, then an action must take place, and, with the eyes of Europe on them, the fight would be in earnest. King James was far from considering this arrangement unreasonable, and the same was signified to Tourville, the French admiral, who thought more of his own personal glory than the interest of James II. He refused to pass in the manner Russell indicated, although he might have done so without the least imputation on his valour, since the united English and Dutch fleets were so much superior to him in force, that his hope of victory must have been mere desperation. He came out of port in bravado, on the 16th of May, in his flag-ship, and a battle ensued. When once engaged, admiral Russell and his coadjutor Carter (who was a Jacobite without concealment) did their duty to their country. Carter was killed by some French bullet not aware of his affection to his old master. This victory was decisive against the Jacobite cause. No formidable effort, from that time, was made for James II. Many of his most ardent friends (among others, the celebrated dean Sherlock), out of a sense of duty to their country, took the oaths to William and Mary. When the English fleet arrived at Spithead, without the loss of a single ship, queen Mary promptly sent 30,000*l.* in gold to be distributed among the common sailors, and gold medals to the officers. There is a tradition, that after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new palace of Greenwich was ordered by queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen ; and that from this circumstance the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into a hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea, for veteran soldiers.

At the awful crisis of the battle of La Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," were singularly becoming to her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of majesty, and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and on her throne in the fatal Banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained-bands and artillery companies in person.¹

The portrait illustrating this volume² is by the Dutch artist Vander-vaart. The queen is represented at morning service in the royal gallery; for the round windows are the entresols of the interior of the Fountain-court, Hampton-palace, and thus they are seen from the chapel-royal there. She is sitting half enveloped in the velvet curtain of the royal closet; part of the curtain, with the heavy gold fringe, is flung over the front of the gallery on which her elbow leans. Her hand is supported by the large Spanish fan, closed, which ladies used when walking, instead of a parasol, until the end of the eighteenth century. The queen's singular habiliments give a correct idea of the morning dress which ladies in England wore from 1687 to 1707, and certainly is not inaptly described in the *Spectator* as "head-clothes:" it superseded the use of the bonnet or hat, and seems a Dutch modification of the ever-elegant Spanish mantilla-veils. It is a cornette head-dress of three tiers made of guipure point, piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up from the roots and set on end, excepting some curls ranked as love-locks, serving as basements to the lace structure. Broad lappets, or side-veils border the cheeks, and fall as low as the elbows, they are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. The brocade robe is stiff-bodied, very high; the sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; they widen as they descend, and turn up with cuffs from the elbows, to show the sleeves of the chemise, which sustain rich ruffles of guipure-point, meeting stiff long gloves of leather, that mount too high to permit any portion of the arm to be visible. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A large magnificent cluster of diamonds on the chest, and a throat-necklace of enormous pearls, are the only jewels worn with this costume.

There were dark traits mixed with queen Mary's government, such as the fate of Anderton, the printer, who was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defence, in spite of the browbeating insults of judge Treby from the bench. He was accused of printing Jacobite pamphlets; there was no real evidence against him, nothing but forced deductions, and the jury refused to bring in a verdict

¹ Smollett's *History of England*.

² See frontispiece, from a painting by Vandervlaet.

of high treason; they were, however, reviled and reprimanded by judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, but most reluctantly. The mercy of queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable, and he suffered death at Tyburn under her warrant, the man protesting solemnly against the proceedings of the court. "The judge," he declared, "was appointed by the queen, not to try, but to convict him." He forgave his jury, who expressed penitence for his death, and came to the gallows' foot to tell him so. If these circumstances be as the historian has represented,¹ England, after the revolution, had small cause to congratulate herself on her restored liberties, and juries were composed of more pliant materials than in the case of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. William and Mary, who had reversed the sentence of Algernon Sidney, and signed the Bill of Rights, were not remarkably consistent. Perhaps they meant to limit liberty merely to partizan members of the house of commons, and the responsible representatives of large masses of money and land.

The historical medals of the reign of William III. and Mary are a most extraordinary series: many of them quaint, absurd, and boastful, seem as if meant to out-do the vainglorious inscriptions of Louis XIV. One struck in Holland, in commemoration of the events of this year, is unique among such artistical productions, for no other medals either Christian or pagan, ever thus commemorated a scene of torture. "It is," says the obsequious historian,² "the more remarkable, as the ancients never represented such subjects on their medals." It represents the horrible death of Grandval, who was accused and convicted of conspiring to kill William III., and executed in Flanders at the English camp, according to the English law of treason.³ This tender testimonial was plentifully distributed in Great Britain under Mary's government, and is to be seen in bronze still, in old family cabinets. It presents William in wig and laurel on one side of the medal; the reverse is ornamented with the executioner standing over the half-animated corpse of Grandval, knife in hand. Fires burn at the head and feet of the victim, in one of which his heart is to be consumed: the front of the scaffold is adorned with the inscription of the crime. On the right side are three stakes; on one is the head, on the two others the fore-quarters of the miserable wretch: the other side is decorated with the gallows, and the other quarters. August 13, 1692, the day of the butchery, is beneath.⁴ Detestable as these executions might be, they were legal. The monarchs reigning in England were justified in permitting them; but to celebrate them in such commemorations is unexampled, and infinitely

¹ Smollett.

² *Medallic History of the four last Reigns*—William, Mary, Anne, and George; with prints of the Medals: p. 23, plate 14.

³ Toone's Chronology.

⁴ The author has been shown one of these extraordinary medals in silver, by W. D. Haggard, esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., extant in his valuable collection at Hammersmith.

disgraced the epoch. Moreover, on other of the Williamite medals, every kind of grotesque absurdity is represented as befalling the enemy. Several were struck on the escape of William from the fog off Goree; he is seen in the boat, in wig and armour, pointing to two gothic towers commanding the port. Towards the end of Mary's life she is represented in these medals as enormously fat, with ponderous triple chins; in general, the reverses represent her in the character of a lioness crushing serpents, or valiantly aiding her husband king William, who, in the semblance of a lion, is catching and mauling, not only the Gallic cock, but several of his hens, making their feathers fly about very absurdly. A droller series of caricatures on themselves were never perpetrated, than these medals illustrating the regnal history of William and Mary.

Meantime, we must return to the penitential letter written by Anne to her father, which, although dated in the preceding December, had been travelling by circuitous routes several months before the bearer reached James II. in Normandy. At the town of La Hogue, not far from the ancient port of Barfleur, James II. had encamped with the army which the ships of Tourville were intended to convey to England. The king had expressed, in his Journal, great distrust of the affected repentance of his daughter Anne and her advisers. He observed, "Former treachery made such intentions liable to suspicion; yet Marlborough put so plausible a face upon his treasons, that if they were not sincere, they had, at least, a specious appearance. They had this reason, above all others, to be credited; they were out of favour with the prince of Orange [William III.], and reaped no other benefit from their past infidelities than the infamy of having committed them. Such were the very natural reflections of the outraged father, when Captain Davy Lloyd, his old sea-comrade, who had been entrusted with the penitential letter of Anne, brought it to him the day after the battle of the Hogue. Notwithstanding the cool shrewdness of the above remarks, the old king's parental tenderness yearned when he read the letter of his favourite child. As captain Lloyd left the presence, king James observed to some friend who stood by him, "That his daughter Anne was surely better than her sister Mary." Captain Lloyd, over-hearing this remark, reopened the door he had closed, put in his head, and, in an exclamation garnished with a rough seaman's oath and rude canine comparison, let his master know his opinion, that both were alike in principle. Captain Davy Lloyd was an intimate friend of admiral Russell. He had had several secret interviews with that admiral—and, as some say, with the princess Anne herself—on Jacobite affairs before he brought the letter to her father. A few words which the princess let fall regarding her own selfish interests, probably occasioned his well-known burst of indignation, when he heard her father mention her with fondness.¹ When

¹ Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.

impartially considered, the conduct of Anne was far less excusable than that of her sister; nor is her guilt against her country to be palliated. If the princess had had any real conviction of the religious principles she professed, she would have endured far severer mortifications than any William and Mary had the power to inflict on her, before she would have disturbed the settlement whereby a protestant religion was secured the predominance in England. Supposing James II. had been restored in 1692, there would have been far more danger from the encroachments of Rome than before the revolution took place.

From some unexplained caprice, admiral Russell refused a title with which queen Mary was desirous of investing him. Her majesty had recourse to the intervention of his venerated relative, Rachel lady Russell; the following fragment of the royal correspondence on this subject has been preserved:—"I confess myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered me from answering your letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer, to which you referred me. I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still. I could not press him further on a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter."¹

When queen Mary had surmounted the most formidable of the difficulties which beset her regnal sway in the eventful summer of 1692, she had once more leisure to descend from the greatness of the firm and courageous monarch to the pettiness of the spiteful partisan, and to devise new annoyances for the mortification of her sister. According to the narrative of lady Marlborough, it was the earnest endeavour of queen Mary to prevent the nobility from paying the princess Anne the accustomed visit of ceremonial on her convalescence, when she left her lying-in chamber. For this purpose, the queen intimated to all her courtiers, both lords and ladies, that those who went to Sion-house would not be received at court. The queen (if the Marlboroughs may be believed) herself condescended to intimate this resolution to lady Grace Pierrepont, who replied, "That she considered that she owed a certain degree of respect to the princess; and if her majesty declined receiving her for paying it, she must submit to her pleasure and stay away from court." Lady Thanet was not so high-spirited, but she sent her excuse to the princess, lamenting the prohibition of her majesty.²

The princess, when her health permitted the journey, left Sion-house, and went, for the restoration of her shattered constitution, to try the waters of Bath. Thither the indefatigable ill-nature of the queen pursued her. The report of the honours with which the mayor and corporation of Bath received Anne, enraged her majesty. The mortifications were but trifling which the queen had the power to inflict, yet she did ner worst, and condescended to order letters to be written to the mayor

¹ Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

² Conduct.

of Bath, a tallow-chandler by trade, to prevent the respect that his city thought due to the heiress-presumptive of the crown.¹ The mayor of Bath, and his brethren the aldermen, were sorely troubled and perplexed therewith. At last they communicated the queen's prohibitory mandate to Anne, who is said to have smiled at the paltry manifestation of her august sister's ill-will, yet desired the corporation to omit all mark of distinction to herself in future, as she would not, on any account, wish that the city of Bath, so friendly to her, should incur the ill-will of their majesties on her account. In consequence of this reply, the mayor and corporation, who had been accustomed to attend her royal highness in procession to the abbey-church every Sunday, discontinued that mark of attention for the future.² Anne's manner of treating the withdrawal of such honours as a corporation could bestow, is told in an affectionate note which she wrote to her favourite after they came out of the abbey-church. From it may be learned, that lady Marlborough was more startled and disturbed at the loss of the corporation-homage than her mistress :—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.”³

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

‘Dear Mrs. Freeman must give me leave to ask her, if anything has happened to make her uneasy? I thought she looked to-night as if she had the spleen, and I can't help being in pain whenever I see her so. Yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed at. And if *they* imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, *they* will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things *they* do will every day show more and more what *they* are, and that *they* truly deserve the name your faithful Morley has given them.”

The pronoun *they* perhaps pertains to the sovereigns William and Mary; as for the name the princess had given them, there is no further information afforded. The names of “Caliban” and “monster” were appellations the princess very liberally bestowed on her brother-in-law king William at this juncture; but in neither of these, nor in others not quite so refined, could his royal partner claim her share. The princess Anne was an adept in the odious custom of giving nick-names—a proceeding to which only the lowest minds condescend. Before the Marlborough published her letters, she expunged the abusive epithets found in them which were meant to designate king William, yet the blanks remain—very easily to be restored.

The place of residence of the princess Anne was called in that city the

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

History of Bath, by the rev. Richard Warner.

³ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough

Abbey-house, a mansion now demolished, but which was then inhabited by a Dr. Sherwood, the most celebrated physician in the west of England. The princess was his patient as well as his tenant: he caused a private communication to be made between the Abbey-house and the King's bath for her use. After the princess returned to Berkeley-house, Piccadilly, she wrote to her favourite one of her Caliban letters:—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.¹

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

“I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home; and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, that if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life; for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up, and never see a creature. You may see all this would have come upon me, if you had not been, if you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all, when she began to pick quarrels. And if they, king William and queen Mary, should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds (per annum), have I not lived on as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty (it is true, *the king*² was so kind as to pay my debts); and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make, and be glad of that pretence to do it? Never fancy, dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince too, it would have been so, for *Caliban* is capable of doing nothing but injustice, therefore rest satisfied that you are no ways the cause. And let me beg once more, for God's sake, that you would never mention parting more—no, nor so much as think of it; and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart. P.S.—I hope my dear Mrs. Freeman will come as soon as she can this afternoon, that we may have as much time together as we can. I doubt you will think me very unreasonable, but I really long to see you again, as if I had not been so happy this month.”

The letter is without date; but there are withal some allusions to the imprisonment of lord Marlborough in the Tower, and subsequently to his release on bail, which circumstances caused lengthened absences of his lady from the side of her adoring princess. The queen kept lord Marlborough as long as possible either incarcerated in the Tower, or under the restraint of bail. It was Michaelmas term before his bail was exonerated; afterwards, he took up his abode in the household of the

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² This was her father, James II.; it is confirmatory of some preceding anecdotes

Blanks are left for Caliban in the printed book, the information is given in the Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

princess Anne. A new struggle then commenced, regarding the residence of this obnoxious pair in the household of the heiress. In this, a party against them in the princess's establishment at Berkeley-house took ardent interest. Lord Rochester, the uncle of the royal sisters, again went and came from the queen, with proposals respecting their dismissal; Mr. Maule, the bedchamber gentleman of prince George, undertook to sway his master, and Sir Benjamin Bathurst and lady Fitzharding the princess. Lord Rochester hinted to his niece, that if she would dismiss lady Marlborough, in order to show a semblance of obedience to the queen, her majesty would permit her to receive her again into her service. The princess seems to have caught at this compromise, for she sent lady Fitzharding to her sister to know if she had rightly understood their uncle's words; for if there was no mistake, she would give her majesty "satisfaction of that sort." This compliance was so far from giving queen Mary satisfaction of any kind, that she fell into a great passion, and declared to lady Fitzharding, "that she would never see the princess again upon other terms than parting with lady Marlborough—not for a time, but for ever." And Mary added, with imperious voice and gesture, "she was a queen, and would be obeyed:" this sentence, according to lady Fitzharding's testimony, her majesty repeated several times with increasing haughtiness.¹

Lady Marlborough again proposed retiring of her own accord, which proposition, as she well knew, would draw from her fond mistress an agonizing appeal by letter not to forsake her, in this entreaty the compliant prince George joined.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"In *obedience* to dear Mrs. Freeman, I have told the prince all she desired me; and he is so far from being of another opinion, that, if there had been occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you will never mention so cruel a thing any more. Can you think," continues the princess, "either of us so wretched that, for the sake of 20,000*l.*, and to be tormented from morning to night with knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to *Caliban*, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done? But suppose that I did submit, and that thing could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity now would all reasonable people despise me? How would that *Dutch monster* laugh at me, and please himself with having got the better? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind?" It is sickening to find Anne and her accomplices talking of virtue to one another, each knowing that they were betraying their country from private pique and self-interest, just as they had previously betrayed a father and benefactor. She proceeds, after this burst of undeserved self-praise—"No, my dear Mrs. Freeman! never believe your faithful Mrs. Morley will ever submit. She can wait with patience for a sunshine day, and if she does not live to see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again." Namely, when her young son, the duke of Gloucester, had arrived at man's estate—"a sunshine day" neither he nor his mother were ever to behold. Meantime, the young duke lived at his nursery-palace of Campden-house, from whence he was frequently taken to wait upon her majesty, who made a marked difference between her treatment of this child and of his parents.

The queen and her ladies, protected by their black masks, and escorted by lord chamberlain and lady Derby, often made excursions from her palace, and it was the custom to bring home very rich fairings, either from the May fair, or from the July fair, likewise called that of "St. James." This circumstance is mentioned in a lively letter of lady Cavendish¹ to her lord, descriptive of some such excursion² to the St. James's fair, performed on foot, one of the guards of the fair bevy having been a certain Sir James, one of the vice-chamberlains. "I went but once to the fair; Sir James gallanted us thither, and in so generous a humour, that he presented us all with fairings: the queen's fairing alone cost him twenty guineas. None of us but Mrs. Allington had the grace to give him a fairing. On our return, we met my lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham, in the cloisters of St. James's-palace. He addressed himself extremely to the aforementioned lady [Jane Allington], and never left her all the time we stayed there; which, indeed, was not long, for our two *gouvernantes*, lady Derby and Sir James, were impatient to be gone, so I had not time to choose a fairing."

Some of queen Mary's subjects were desirous that she should turn her attention to the reformation of female dress. In her zeal for moral improvement, she had talked of the sumptuary-law she designed for the suppressing the height of cornette caps, the growth of top-knots, and above all, the undue exaltation of the *fontange*, a streaming riband floating from the summit of the high head-dresses, first introduced by the young duchess de Fontange, the lovely mistress of Louis XIV. These were the favourite fashions of the times, but her majesty was infinitely scandalized "that the proud minxes of the city" and the

¹ Daughter of Rachel lady Russell.

² Devonshire Papers, copied by permission

of his grace the late Duke of Devonshire, July

1846

lower ranks should wear such modes. Nevertheless, two pictures of her majesty, as well as her wax effigy in Westminster-abbey, are decorated with the obnoxious *fontange*. The costume she projected for her female subjects (if the periodicals of her day be correct),¹ was the high-crowned hat in which the Dutch *frows* and *boorines* are seen in the pictures of Teniers and Ostade. This was really an old English costume; it had become a general fashion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and was adopted by the fanatics of the Cromwellian era: it lingered among the old people at the end of the seventeenth century. The day was gone by when queens could with impunity impose sumptuary laws, and fulminate penalties against exaggerated ruffs and unreasonable furbelows, regulate the length of rapiers and shoe-ties, the amplitude of trains, and prescribe the rank of the wearers of cloth, satin, velvet, and gold tissue. It was a laughable mistake, moreover, to impute moral virtue to a qucer-shaped hat; and had the queen known anything of the history of the past, she would have been aware that the original introducers of the sanctified steeple-crowns were considered by their contemporaries as presumptuous vessels of wrath, and were vituperated as much as her "city minxes" who flaunted in cornettes and top-knots after her gracious example.

From some fragments of correspondence between her majesty and Rachel lady Russell, it appears that lady was an incessant applicant for places and pensions; but that the queen perpetually referred her to the king, not daring to dispose of anything, even in her own household, without his sanction. The king followed the bad fashion brought in from France at the restoration, of selling court places.² This mode Rachel lady Russell either could not, or would not, understand: queen Mary was too diplomatic to enter into full explanation, and the lady sought other means of making more powerful interest. For this purpose she applied to archbishop Tillotson, whose answer gives some view of the queen at this period of her reign. "On Sunday morning, August 1, 1692," wrote the archbishop to lady Russell, "I gave yours to the queen, telling her that I was afraid it came too late. She said, 'Perhaps not.' Yesterday, meeting the queen at a christening, she gave me the inclosed to send to your ladyship, and if I could but obtain of your severe judgment to wink at my vanity, I would tell you how this happened. My lady-marchioness of Winchester being lately delivered of a son, spake to the queen to stand godmother; and the queen asking 'whom she thought of for godfathers?' she said, 'only the earl of Bath, and whatever others her majesty might please to name.' They agreed on *me*, which was a great surprise to me, but I doubt not a gracious contrivance of her

¹ London Spy, 1699.

² According to Evelyn, king William ordered Marlborough, on his dismissal, to sell

his court places directly. It is pretty certain he had never bought them.

majesty to let the world know that I have her countenance and support. If it please God to preserve my good master [William III.] and grant him success, I have nothing to wish in this world but that God would grant children to this excellent prince, and that I, *who am said not to be baptized myself*, may have the honour to baptize a prince of Wales. With God, to whose wisdom and goodness we must submit everything, this is not impossible. To his protection and blessing I commend your ladyship and hopeful children. Reading over what I have written, puts me in mind of one who, when he was in drink, always went and showed himself to his best friends; but your ladyship knows how to forgive a little folly to one so entirely devoted to your service as is, honoured madam.

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"JO. CANT."¹

The elation of the archbishop was not with drink, according to his somewhat unclerical jest above quoted; but, rather because he just felt himself in secure possession of the see of Canterbury, and had not yet experienced the thorns that lined his archiepiscopal mitre. It is a curious circumstance, that, in connection with this incident, he should name one of the great objections urged against his primacy by the non-juring church—that he had never been baptized, at least according to the ritual of the church of England. The fact remains dubious, for he does not clear the point, since irony is not assertion. The report that Tillotson had never been baptized, gave rise to a bitter Latin epigram,² which has thus been paraphrased by some Jacobite:—

"EPITAPHIUM ECCLESIE ANGLICANÆ.

"*Hic jacet Ecclesia Anglicana,
Semi mortua, semi sepulta, &c.*

"Here lies the widowed Anglican church,
Half buried, half dead, and left in the lurch;
Oh, sick and sorrowful English church!
You weep and wail and sadly search,
To hide from the mocking enemy,
The utter shame of your misery.
Let not Rome know
The depths of your woe,
By fanatics bit, from the land of fogs,
Beset and choked by a plague of frogs.
Oh, sorrowing, shuddering Anglican church!
Speak not of your Head or Archbishop;
For that schismatic primate and Hollander king
Are still in want of christening!"

The truth of this epigram aggravates its sting. William's hatred to the English church, and his irreverence during divine service, have been recorded by Dr. Hooper, and even by his admirer, Tindal.³

The extraordinary burglary which had been committed about eighteen

¹ Birch's Life of Tillotson.

² Cole's MSS.; British Museum.

³ Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

months previously, in that division of the royal dwelling-rooms called the queen's side, at the palace of Whitehall, had probably some connection with the order of council issued by the queen during her regnal government in the autumn of 1692, when she issued that remarkable edict by proclamation, offering "40*l.* per head for the apprehension and conviction of any burglar or highwayman."¹ The queen was singularly unfortunate in all her legislation by proclamation. The above reward, which speedily obtained the portentous appellation of "blood-money," acting in woful conjunction with her husband's enthusiastic recommendations "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt,"² completed the demoralization of her most miserable people. If a premium be offered for the production of any article, be sure an abundant supply will forthwith ensue; and, to the consternation of humanity, this "blood-money" speedily occasioned a terrific number of convictions and executions, while, at the same time, the evil the queen meant it to suppress increased at the rate of a hundred per cent. The most dreadful effects of her mistake in legislation³ unfortunately continued in active operation for almost a century after her death, and how long it would have scourged and deteriorated the English is unknown, if the powerful pens of Gay, Swift, and Fielding had not drawn some attention, in the course of years, to the horrid traffic carried on by the thief-takers, their informers, and the gaolers, all acting under the fatal stimulus of blood-money. Thus the evil received some check; yet no one seems to have reasoned on its enormities until the present era,⁴ for it was scarcely subdued until the establishment of the new police. A long retrospect of human calamity is thus opened up to one direful error in legislation, emanating from an order in council, authorized by Mary II. in her capacity of queen-regent and queen-regnant. It must have been carried against her own private conviction of its folly and mischievous tendency. The same vigorous reasoning power which led her to plead earnestly with her cruel husband to bestow the Irish confiscations for the purpose of erecting and endowing schools over that miserable country, must have brought her to the conclusion that blood-money, treacherous gaolers, and thief-takers acting in unison with a prison discipline formed after the nearest idea of the dread place of future perdition, were not likely to cure her people of crime.

¹ Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

² The MS. Journals of the House of Lords repeatedly mention, in the years 1692 and 1693, the visits of William III. to the House for this unwise purpose, which, judging by facts, we firmly believe the worst of our native sovereigns would have eschewed. The king's personal tastes, and his desire to induce the consumption of a taxable article, were the causes of this conduct.

³ Lord Mahon's History of England from

the Peace of Utrecht enters into the statistics of crime in this woful century with power and rectitude of purpose. Those who wish to see its results will do well to read his account of the Fleet and other prisons in the reign of George I.

⁴ Colquhoun on Crime. Likewise the admirable and practical treatises of the late Captain Maconochie on employment and reclaiming of convicts.

Much of the crime and sorrow of the present day, and, indeed the greatest national misfortune that ever befell this country, originated from the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers as imbibers of ardent spirits. In fact, the laws of England, from the early Plantagenets, sternly prohibited the conversion of malt into alcohol, excepting a small portion for medicinal purposes.¹ Queen Elizabeth (and the act, it is said, originated from her own love of temperance) strictly enforced this statute, and treated the infringement of it as a moral dereliction; and those were the times when breaking laws made for the health and happiness of the people were not visited by fines, which were easily spared from fraudulent Mammon profits, but by personal infliction on the delinquents. The consummation of all injury to the people was the encouragement that king William III. was pleased to give to the newly-born manufactories of spirituous liquors. Strange it is, after noting such stringent laws against converting food into "fire-water," that a sovereign of Great Britain could come repeatedly to his senate for the purpose of earnestly recommending to legislators its encouragement; yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face in manuscript journals of parliament.² What would have been said of James I., if in addition to his worst fault, that of intemperance, he had pursued a similar course of proceeding?

The alteration of the wise restrictive law of Elizabeth was not done in ignorance; more than one noted literary character belonging to church or law remonstrated. These are the words of Whiston:—"An act of parliament has abrogated a very good law for discouraging the poor from drinking gin; nay, they have in reality encouraged them to drunkenness, and to the murder of themselves by such drinking. Judge Hale earnestly supported the restrictive law, and opposed its abrogation, declaring that millions of persons would kill themselves by these fatal liquors."³ The prediction of the legal sage has indeed been fearfully verified, owing to the acts of this unpaternal reign. It is, perhaps, the most urgent duty of a regal biographer to trace the effects of laws emanating from the sovereign in person—orders of council, for instance, where a monarch hears and even partakes in the discussion, and perforce must be instrumental towards the accomplishment of any enactment. Had Mary made so little progress in the high science of statistical wisdom as not to trace the cause she instituted to its future tremendous effects?⁴ Yet her letters prove that her intellect was brilliant.

Such were the fruits of the enactment of an unpaternal government, where men were looked upon as likely to afford "food for powder" as

¹ Stowe's London. Statutes at large; British Museum. The law is in the drollest Saxon English, appearing among the Norman-French law dialect.

² MS. Journals of the House of Lords, in

the library of D. E. Davey, esq., Grove, Yovford.

³ Whiston's Autobiography.

⁴ The reward known as "blood-money," gave rise to an organized crew of human

probable recruits, rather than worthy members of society. What with the temptations of the newly permitted gin-shops; the temptations of the thief-takers (themselves stimulated by rewards for blood); what with the mental bewilderment produced by the wrangling of polemic-preachers on the "sinful nature of good works," and the angry jealousy of the revolutionary government regarding the influence of the Anglican church on the minds of the poor, the populace of England, wheresoever they were congregated in towns, were steeped to the very lips in guilt and misery. To curry favour with English traders too, king William openly boasted of his endeavours to crush Irish manufactures, and by that means ruined a number of the most worthy of that portion of his subjects. "I shall," said he, in one of his speeches to the English commons, "do all that in me lies to crush the woollen manufactures of Ireland."¹ Poor Ireland! her virtuous efforts for employing her starving population were thus despotically doomed to annihilation by the unfeeling foreigner who had been entrusted with the sovereignty of the British empire! Dearly and deeply have her children cause to rue the success of William's ruthless determination to inflict evils, for which wiser and better rulers are anxiously seeking to provide remedies.

King William returned to England, September the 29th, having, as usual, lost a bloody and hard-contested battle, and two or three towns in Flanders, the earth of which country was in his reign literally saturated with British blood. The last battle this year was that of Steinkirk, only now remembered on account of an obsolete fashion. One of the young princes of the blood in the French army tied his Mechlin-lace cravat in a hurry carelessly round his neck like a scarf, with long ends. The mode became universal, and king William, although vanquished, wore it himself till his dying day. It mattered little who lost, or who won in Flanders; a certain quantity of human blood was shed very formally on that fighting ground every campaign by the regimental sovereigns William and Louis, until the wealth of both their states was exhausted. The great body of the people in each country were wofully and miserably taxed to sustain the warlike game, realizing the clever observation of Louis, when discussing the termination of the war: "Ah!" said he, "the last guinea will carry it." The fleets of England would have been quite sufficient for the defence of this country,

fiends called thief-takers: the plan followed by these villains was, for one of them, under the semblance of a professional robber, to entice two persons to join him in robbing one of his confederates; which confederate, taking care that the instigator should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the pro-

perty of which the party in the plot had been robbed, found all in train for successful conviction of the two tempted wretches, whose death secured the payment of the queen's reward. See Knight's London, Maitland's London, and Colquhoun on Crime.

¹ Dr. Playfair's *Family Antiquities; Ireland*.

but they were miserably neglected, although it seemed more natural for a Dutchman to understand and practise marine warfare.

Directly the king arrived, his brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, sent him, in the phraseology of the day, "a compliment," which was, in truth, little otherwise than a complaint of the queen's behaviour, saying, "that his wife and himself, having had the misfortune to receive many public marks of her majesty's displeasure, he did not know whether it were proper for him to wait on his majesty as usual." Neither the king nor the queen took other notice of this message than sending an order to Dr. Birch, the clergyman of the newly-built church of St. James's, which was attended by the princess Anne, forbidding him from having the text placed in her pew on her cushion. The doctor was a particular partisan of the princess Anne, and refused to deprive her of such a trifling mark of distinction unless he had a written order for that purpose. Their majesties declined sending such a document, and the princess, thanks to the affection of Dr. Birch, remained every Sunday in triumphant possession of her text at St. James's church. Dr. Hooper had set the example of resisting all attempts to deprive the princess of the distinctions of her rank, when she attended divine service in the west of England.

When William was in England, the queen seemed wholly occupied in needlework and knotting. Her panegyrists mention that she was oftener seen with a skein of thread about her neck, than attending to affairs of state. Sorry praise is this for a queen-regnant; yet it had the good effect of inducing harmless employment among the ladies of her court, and, of course, conduced to the encouragement of industry among her female subjects of the imitative middle classes. "Her majesty," says a contemporary,¹ "did not disdain to busy her royal hands with making of fringes, or knotting, as it was then called. She was soon imitated, not only by her maids of honour, but by all ladies of distinction throughout the kingdom, and so fashionable was labour of a sudden grown, that not only assembly-rooms and visiting [drawing] rooms, but the streets, the roads—nay, the very playhouses were witnesses of their pretty industry. It was considered a wonder that the churches escaped." The wonder was the greater, because the Dutch and German ladies of the era always took their knitting to sermons. It were pity that queen Mary, when she made this handicraft the rage, had not introduced the construction of something useful and beautiful. Some of the knotted fringe made after the royal example survives to the present day, in a vast old Japan chest well known to the author. It is made of white flax thread, and is as ugly, heavy, and tasteless an article as can be imagined. Those who have read queen Mary's letters, and noticed her almost agonizing struggle to obtain command of her countenance, will

¹ Tindal's Continuation.

have a clue to her devotion to the useless industry of knotting fringe ; the eyes that were fixed on the shuttle could not betray the inward emotions of the soul to watchful bystanders. The sedulous attention of the queen to the production of " thread fringes " is satirized in the verses of Sir Charles Sedley, who combines in the little poem a much severer sarcasm on the expensive and disastrous Flemish campaigns of her husband.

" Oh, happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory ;
While he by his valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.

Blest we, who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads ;
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound ;
The fringe that this campaign has wrought,
Though it cost the nation but a groat
Thy conquests will surround."

Sir Charles Sedley was at this period one of the courtiers at Berkeley-house ; he was no Jacobite, for he was full of indignation at the insult offered to his honour by James II.'s seduction of his daughter. James II. had, in the opinion of the outraged gentleman, made his wrong still more notorious, by creating Catharine Sedley countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley became one of the most earnest promoters of the revolution ; and after queen Mary was on the throne, he said, " I have now returned the obligation I owed to king James. He made my daughter a countess ; I have helped to make his daughter a queen,"—who certainly was destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. The countess of Dorchester, who was found lady of the bed-chamber at the revolution, on its successful completion had the audacity to come to court, and present herself before the queen when she held her first drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion, on which the bold woman exclaimed, " Why so haughty, madam ? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him." Lady Dorchester had just been concerned in the Jacobite plot of Preston and Ashton, on account of which the queen had profusely shed blood, and imprisoned her uncle. Lady

¹ Catharine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice of Modena. These lines were, it is probable written just after queen Catharine returned to Portugal.

Dorchester contrived to escape all bad consequences, and even dared defy her majesty, whose displeasure was merely occasioned by the political sins of the bold woman, for king William obliged her not only to receive, but to live with a woman as notoriously evil. The queen, for some reason best known to herself, suffered lady Dorchester to intrude her speeches upon her regarding matters of taste. Her majesty wished to rival her uncle's Lely room of beauties at Hampton-court; but her artist, Kneller, who could paint a plain man in an ugly wig, or a masculine woman in whalebone armour and a cornette cap, with startling verity, was no hand at a beauty. The costume was tasteless, the ladies were grim, the artist truthful; consequently, queen Mary's "beauty-room" was a failure throughout. The duchess of Somerset, whose ardent ringlets are really marvels of art, is absolutely the belle of the collection. Worse results ensued than the perpetrating of a score of plain portraits. There are always handsome women at an English court, and the real beauties were almost in a state of insurrection, because the queen had given the palm of loveliness to her frights. The queen was surprised at her sudden unpopularity with the female nobility, and lady Dorchester spoke her oracular opinion on the measure: "Madam," she said, "were his majesty to order portraits of all the clever men in his dominions, would not the rest consider themselves treated as blockheads?"¹

At the same Christmas occur some notices illustrative of Anne's residence at Berkeley-house, in a witty address to the bellman of St. James's, written by some Jacobite, concerning a series of squibs, casting ridicule on the frequent arrests of her subjects, which were ordered by Mary II. during the years of Anne's retirement from court.

"THE BELLMAN OF PICCADILLY'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK."²

"Welcome, great princess! to this lowly place,
Where injured loyalty must hide its face;
Your praise each day by every man is sung,
And in the night by me shall here be rung.
God bless our queen! and yet I may, moreover,
Own you our queen in Berkeley-street and Dover."

Appended to these verses is the following droll parody on queen Mary's orders in council, during her long suspension of the *habeas corpus* act: "The earl of Nottingham's orders to Mr. Dives, late clerk of the council, were as follows: 'Ye are to take a messenger (king's and queen's official messenger), and to find out the dwelling-house of the bellman of Piccadilly; and when you meet with him, search his fur cap, his night-cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses ye find upon him ye are to bring to me. Privately acquaint him, if he never heard of it, with the

¹ Cole MSS., Brit. Mus. There is the same incident, with little variation, in the *Tour of a German Artist in England*, vol. 1. p. 95.

² Collection of popular Songs, for the earl of Oxford; Lansdowne Papers.

reasons of her majesty's displeasure with the princess, of which I herewith give a minute in writing. Ye are to charge him, on pain of forfeiture of his employment, that he do not proceed to sing such verses about these streets without our license. Ye are to charge him not to pay the ceremony to the princess, in his night-walk, as he usually does to the rest of their majesties' subjects that are not under their majesties' displeasure. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess; for since her guards are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or guarded by night. Any one is to rob her who may choose to be at the trouble. Ye are to acquaint him that his majesty's displeasure is so great against the princess, that his government designs to stop her revenues, and starve her, as well as many other Jacobites, into humble submission. Ye are to go from him to Dr. Birch, and charge him to introduce no ceremonies of bowing, as he will answer to his grace at Lambeth (it being contrary to his [archbishop Tillotson's] education). Lastly, acquaint both the bellman and the parson that her majesty expects exact compliance, as a mark of their duty; but as for waits, fiddlers, and others, her orders are sent to Killigrew about them."¹

A settled, but more quiet hostility was now established between the royal sisters during the remainder of queen Mary's life. The princess Anne, divested of every vestige of her royal rank, continued to live at Berkeley-house, where she and her favourite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against queen Mary and "her Dutch Caliban," as they called the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germain's, where her sister, lady Tyrconnel, the once beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossiped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively and deliberately mischievous. He sent word to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. But, in most instances, James II., in utter distrust of his falsehood, refused to act on his intelligence. He well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young duke of Gloucester, and not the restoration of the prince of Wales, was the object of the party at Berkeley-house.

England was once more placed under the regnal sway of the queen, in March, 1693. As the king meant to embark for Holland from Margate, he requested her majesty to bear him company to the coast. When they arrived at Margate, the wind turned contrary, on which the king chose to wait at Canterbury till it was fair. The queen, who meant to have returned that night to London, resolved to go there with him; "for," adds the Hooper manuscript, "the king's request was too high a

¹ Harley's Collections, Lansdowne Papers.

favour to be refused. Though her majesty had no other attendance than lady Derby and Mrs. Compton, who were in the coach with her and the king, the royal party drove to the largest house in the city. The mansion was owned," says our authority,¹ "by a lady of great birth and equal merit, but by no means an admirer of the king. She had received notice of the approach of the king and queen, and she not only fled from her house, but locked up or carried off every possible convenience there. All was wanting that could make the house habitable. Queen Mary said to her vice-chamberlain, who was one of the representatives of Canterbury in parliament, 'Look about anywhere for a house, for I must remove from this to pass the night.' Mr. Sayers told her majesty, that he believed 'the deanery was the next largest house in Canterbury. — 'Oh,' said the queen, 'that is Dr. Hooper's. Why did not I think of it before? I will go there.'" Her majesty actually arrived at the deanery before fires could be lighted, or the least preparation made for her; but there she staid some days, and passed the Sunday at Canterbury after the king had sailed from Margate. Dean Hooper was then at his living of Lambeth, and did not hear that her majesty had been at his house until it was too late to go down.

The queen returned to London, and directly she arrived dean Hooper waited on her, to excuse his absence from the deanery at her majesty's visit, who then gave him an account of her sojourn under his roof: "It was impossible," she said, "that you should know I was there. Yours is the cleanest house I ever was in; and there is a good old woman there, with whom I had a great deal of discourse. The people were very solicitous to see me; but there grew a great walnut-tree before the windows, which were, besides, so high, that I could not gratify them." This little trait casts some light on Mary's inclinations. Her majesty continued the description of her sojourn at the deanery: "I went to Canterbury cathedral in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Battely (once chaplain to archbishop Sancroft). In the afternoon I went to a parish church, where I heard a very good sermon by Dr. Cook; but," added the queen, "I thought myself in a Dutch church, for the people stood upon the communion-table to look at me."² Dean Hooper told the queen "that she had condemned the walnut-tree and the windows at the deanery," for her majesty intimated "that she should come again to Canterbury on the like occasion." She never did so; yet dean Hooper gave orders to sash the antique windows, and cut down the walnut-tree. "Some little time after the visit of queen Mary to the deanery at Canterbury, the queen sent for dean Hooper again, and led him to her dressing-room, where she showed him some pieces of silver stuffs and purple-flowered velvets. These, her majesty told him, 'if he approved,' she would give to Canterbury cathedral, as she observed the

¹ Hooper MSS., printed in Trevor's William III.

² Ibid.

furniture to be dirty ; but as there was not enough of the figured velvet, she had sent to Holland to match it.' The queen, when all was ready, despatched a page of her backstairs to the cathedral (who always arranged matters regarding her gifts) with the rich velvets. The altar at the cathedral was furnished with her new figured velvet, and a breadth of the gold stuff, flowered with silver, let in. The archbishop's throne was covered with plain velvet : the fringe for the whole was a tufted one of gold, silver, and purple ; it alone cost the queen 500*l*."¹

The queen was considered as the protectress of public morals, which were, indeed, at the lowest ebb. In that capacity she exerted herself to suppress an offensive exhibition at Southwark fair, representing the great earthquake which subverted Port Royal, in Jamaica²—a convulsion of nature which was alarmingly felt all over the continent of Europe, and even in London. It had, withal, nearly cost king William his life,³ he being then in his camp at Flanders at dinner in an old deserted house, which shook fearfully before his majesty could be induced to rise and quit it, and fell directly he issued from under its roof. In her attempted reforms among the lower classes the queen was far from successful. The reason was, as Dr. Johnson observes, "she was not consistent, because she was a 'requenter of the theatre of that day, and a witness of its horrible profaneness.'" Certain it is, that "the idle and vicious mock-show of the earthquake," as it is called by a contemporary,⁴ "was not replete with a thousandth part of the vice coolly exhibited in the atrocious comedies of her era, of which she was the constant and delighted spectatress. She never willingly omitted being present at the representation of the "Old Bachelor," of Congreve, a preference which obtained for her the honour of an elegy from the pen of that dramatist at her death." But the author whom her majesty honoured with her especial patronage, was an ill-living and loathsome person, named Thomas Shadwell, a suborner, deep in the iniquities of Oates's plot. The writings of this man were at once foul and talentless ; his memory only exists by the fact that queen Mary deprived Dryden of the laureateship, and bestowed it on Thomas Shadwell. She did worse ; she went to see the plays of this odious author, for in most of them there was a passage of adulation prepared for her. Thus, in the "Volunteers ; or, the Stockjobbers," one of the female characters observes, "Would you have me set my heart on one who may be lost in every rencontre?" She is answered by her lover, who offers the example of queen Mary, in these words, "Does not our royal mistress do the same, and bear it with a princely magnanimity?" This is, perhaps, the only passage which can be quoted out of the last production of Mary's laureate. It is useless to

¹ Hooper MSS., vol. ii. p. 476.

² An earthquake sank the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, and destroyed 3,000 persons, Sept. 8, 1692.—Evelyn, Toone, &c. The

shock was felt in England.

³ Life of Edmund Calamy.

⁴ Evelyn. Bell and Daldy's duodecimo ed

aver that the taste of her era was gross, for was it not her duty to lead that taste, and to reform what was so deeply objectionable in it? Why could she not have "put down," as well as the poor puppet-show at Southwark fair, the vicious plays of Shadwell, instead of encouraging them by her royal presence? All the writers of her age did not agree with her in this detestable predilection. Collyer, a nonjuring divine, who had been deprived of his benefice at the same time that the queen ejected archbishop Sancroft, represented to his country, in a well-known essay, the infamy into which the drama had fallen, and its bad effect on the happiness of the community. In time his moral lessons were heeded, but not by queen Mary, for Collyer was "not among *her* friends." The queen ordered for her dramatic regale, in the winter of 1693, the *Double Dealer*, one of Congreve's plays. The actor Kynaston, who had figured on the theatre in her majesty's youthful days, was now to perform before her as "lord Touchwood." He was taken ill, and the notorious Colley Cibber, who had only distinguished himself by his awkwardness, was permitted to perform the part in the presence of royalty.

William III. usually bears the blame of persecuting Dryden, and encouraging Shadwell; but the deed was done in his absence, and he cannot be accountable for the tasteless preference, since it would be very difficult to prove that he ever read an English book. The fact that Shadwell had been a tool of Oates in his plot, was probably the cause of his favour in the eyes of the Dutch monarch, since the only literary persons he ever patronized were those implicated with that perjurer, and the pensions and gifts bestowed on them were apparently more from necessity than choice. William and Mary were, like all monarchs whose resources are consumed by foreign warfare, poor and parsimonious: difficult would it be to discover any disbursement to a literary person, with the exception of Shadwell, their most loathsome laureate. This person likewise received an appointment as one of their historiographers. Or what he founded his claims to be considered an historian we have not discovered, but he wrote, besides his unseemly comedies, long panegyrics in rhyme on the perfections of queen Mary, and another on William's success in 1688. Dryden felt himself more aggrieved at the transfer of his laurel to so dishonourable a brow as that of Shadwell, than at the loss of his pension: he attributed both misfortunes to the queen's hostility. He was old, sick, and poor, and dependent on his pen for bread; yet the queen condescended to act as his personal enemy. About a fortnight ago," so wrote the unfortunate author to his publisher, Jacob Tonson,¹ "I had an intimation from a friendly letter, that one of the secretaries (I suppose Trenchard) had informed the queen that I had abused her government—these were the words to lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to

¹ Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Dryden*.

fall upon my plays, which he assures me he is now doing." A more serious visitation of her majesty's displeasure awaited poor Dryden, when, in the time of destitution, his play of "Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero," was interdicted, on account of its alleged Jacobite tendency. Cleomenes bears little reference to the relative situations of the parties, save that he, Cleomenes, with his faithful consort are in exile, and suppliants to a foreign power for aid in their reverse of fortunes to deliver Sparta from a foreign yoke. Queen Mary, however, who then exercised the whole functions of the crown in the absence of William, commanded the lord chamberlain to prohibit the representation of the play. Dryden addressed an agonizing appeal to the queen's maternal uncle, the earl of Rochester. The daughters of this literary nobleman, who were the first-cousins of her majesty, and great admirers of Dryden's genius, likewise pleaded for him very earnestly. The queen had taken these young ladies into favour since their father had been induced to acknowledge her title, and thus urged, her majesty took off her interdict, and Cleomenes was performed.

The queen, having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent for the illustrious Henry Purcell and the rev. Mr. Gostling, belonging to the chapel-royal; also for Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a fine voice, and was celebrated as a lutanist. The vocalists sang several melodies by Purcell, while that great composer accompanied them on the harpsichord; but queen Mary became weary of Purcell's exalted style, and before his face inquired if Arabella Hunt could sing the old Scotch ballad of

"Cold and raw the wind doth blaw."

The lady sang it to her lute; the mightiest composer that England ever boasted sitting, meantime, unemployed at his instrument, not a little mortified at the queen's preference of a ballad, the words of which might not only be considered vulgar, but something worse. Supposing, however, that it was the air with which her majesty was so much pleased, Purcell adapted it to her next birthday ode, sung by Mr. Gostling.¹ The queen had been accustomed to hear Mr. Gostling's performance in her earlier days, when he used to join in duets with her royal uncle Charles II., who sang the tenor, while her unfortunate father, then the gay and gallant duke of York, accompanied them on the guitar.

The young duke of Gloucester lived at Campden-house when his royal aunt kept court at Kensington, he was therefore taken daily there: her majesty usually gave him audience whilst superintending the progress of her workmen, who were fitting up and finishing the interior of the palace. The infant duke took much interest in watching these proceedings, and usually made up his mind to become a carpenter,

¹ Hawkins' History of Music. Ancient Scotch Music; Maitland Club

a smith, or a painter, according to the prevalence of the operations he beheld. The queen seemed fond¹ of him, and took pleasure in hearing him prate. She presented him with a box of ivory tools, on account of the predilection he showed to handicrafts. The gift cost her twenty pounds, which was rather pompously announced in the Gazette. The child had thriven pretty well at Campden-house, but his speech and intellect were far more advanced than his physical strength, for at four years old he was scarcely able to walk without support,

The queen's regency lasted until the 27th of October, when king William arrived at Harwich. The results of the naval war under her majesty's guidance at home, and the regimental war conducted by king William in Flanders, had been dreadfully disastrous. The naval defeat at St. Vincent—that cape whose name has since been so glorious in the annals of British marine warfare—had taken place in Mary's regency; twelve English and Dutch men-of-war were destroyed by Tourville, who thus revenged himself for the loss he had sustained the preceding year at La Hogue, likewise by the plunder of the rich Turkey fleet. King William had lost another hard-fought and bloody battle in Flanders,—that of Landen. The defeat of admiral Benbow, when bombarding the Breton town of St. Malo, was the last disaster in queen Mary's regency; the naval captains who were to have supported Benbow, probably out of dislike to the government, refused to fight, and a darker shade was cast on the British name than that of defeat—executions for cowardice. These disasters were very freely commented upon in the speech from the throne, wherewith the king opened parliament, November 7. The loss of his battle he acknowledged, but he attributed it to insufficiency of money-supplies. The naval defeats he likewise admitted, and said they should be inquired into. The people of England were aghast at the enormity of taxation; they groaned under their burdens, and manifested such a tendency to mutinous faction, that after long contests in parliament, the king declared in privy council, “that as they seemed better satisfied with the government of the queen, he would leave her to rule them, and retire wholly to his native country.”² This threat was, of course, a very alarming one to a devoted wife like Mary but his majesty was induced to think better of his resolution, and in place of abdication, to try the effects of a change of administration, composed of personages belonging to the old nobility, to whom appertained such vast hereditary estates, that they would be inaccessible to the corruption practised by the dishonest prime-minister who had at various times during the last twenty years governed England, under the oft-changing epithets of Sir Thomas Osborne, lord Danby, marquis of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds. It was this man who had exalted

¹ Lewis Jenkins' *Life of the Duke of Gloucester*

² Dalrymple's *History of the Revolution*.

Mammon into the supremacy of which the king and church had been deprived at the revolution.

The venerable primate of England, William Sancroft, died November 23, 1693, in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were, sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics.¹ The queen gained little more from her inquiries than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. His tomb, which occupies a sheltered nook between the eastern wall of the porch and the church of Fressingfield, is distinguished by mitre and pastoral staff, and nobler far, the following inscription written by himself—"William Sancroft, born in this parish, afterwards, by the Providence of God, Archbishop of Canterbury, at last deprived of all which he could not keep with a good conscience, returned hither to end his life."

A poet of his native county has nobly illustrated the retreat of Sancroft. His words, however beautiful and touching, do not exaggerate the truth:—

"He left high Lambeth's venerable towers,
For his small heritage and humble bowers.

* * * * *

Now with his staff in his paternal ground,
Amid his orchard trees he may be found,
An old man late returned where he was seen,
Sporting a child upon the village green.
How many a changeful year had passed between!
Blanching his scattered hair, but leaving there
A heart kept young by piety and prayer,
That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,
'Be not for me afflicted: it is well,
'It was in my integrity I fell.'"²

"Sancroft had died a year before, in the same poor and despicable manner in which he had lived for some years." This sentence is in Burnet's own hand in his manuscripts; it is likewise in his printed history. But just opposite, on the next page of the latter, appears the self-contradiction of these words, when lauding Tillotson for dying poor: "So generous and charitable was he in a *post*, out of which Sancroft had raised a great estate." Thus Sancroft is despised for his poverty in one page, and taunted with his riches in the next.

¹ D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft.

² These lines are by the rev. John Mitford; the last words embody an answer which the

venerable Sancroft made to his chaplain when on his deathbed.

CHAPTER X.

THE new prime-minister, destined to be president of the queen's council when she again reigned alone, was Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been permitted to take his seat as premier earl of England on a very doubtful renunciation of the Roman catholic religion, in which he had been educated. Scandal feigned that he was the object of queen Mary's passionate affection. This gossip arose from the reports of "one Jack Howe," her dismissed vice-chamberlain, who was in 1693-4, purveyor of scandal to the princess Anne's inimical little court. Lord chamberlains and vice-chamberlains have always been very formidable personages as connected with slander in regard to queens, either as the subjects of gossip tales, or the inventors of them. There is a story afloat concerning the successor of Jack Howe. Queen Mary did not often indulge in badinage or playfulness. One day, however, the queen asked her ladies, "What was meant by a squeeze of the hand?" They answered, "Love."—"Then," said the queen, laughing, "vice-chamberlain Smith must be in love with me, for he squeezes my hand very hard." Among many other circumstances, which contradict the report that queen Mary bestowed any undue partiality on lord Shrewsbury, is the undoubted fact, that the vacillations of that nobleman regarding his acceptance of office, were settled by the negotiations of her husband's female favourite and Mrs. Lundee, a woman almost as dishonourably connected with Shrewsbury.¹ Thus was the appointment of a prime-minister of England arranged in a manner equally disgraceful to king William and to himself. Shrewsbury's political intrigues with a woman deservedly abhorred by the queen were not likely to recommend him to her majesty. Neither is the description of lord Shrewsbury as "a charming man, wanting one eye," very attractive.

The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt, the queen. The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley-house as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden-house, adjoining Kensington-palace. The princess had suites of apartments at Campden-house for her own use, and occasionally resided with her son,² although the *entrée* at Kensington-palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley-house; these consisted of plain joints of meat,

¹ Coxe's Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury. See the letters to and from Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Lundee, pp. 18-30.

² Lewis Jenkins, a Welsh usher to the little duke's chamber, kept memoranda of his office. His memoir has, however, thrown that light on the residence and daily life of queen Mary and her sister for which it is vain

to search history. The localities of Jenkins' narrative of small facts are often quoted as in the bedchamber, cabinet, or sitting-room of the princess Anne at Campden-house; likewise it preserves the fact, that she resided at Berkeley-house until she took possession of St. James's-palace.

to which an apple-pie was added as dessert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants as an early indication of love of war; and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age. Anne had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the Garter, and soon, afterwards sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue riband vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary did not take the hint respecting the coveted Garter, but bestowed on her little nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird. He very calmly said, "that he would not rob her majesty of it."

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain: very little was known regarding its cure, or even its nature, by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke,"—a peruke for an infant born in July 1689! It was then only Easter 1694. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, he continues,¹ "The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour; his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full; his legs proportionable to his body made him appear very charming, turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." People concluded it was occasioned by the over care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured, pleasant man, would often rally them about it; and Dr. Radcliffe, in his accustomed manner, denounced it to Mrs. Lewin, his sub-governess."

Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was young Gloucester's tutor. "After due consultation with the prince her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements; the princess and prince of Denmark, therefore, ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habiliments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day." Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet,

¹ Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester.

with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him—no wonder! Whereupon Mr. Hughes, his Welsh tailor, was sent for, and the little duke ordered a band of urchins from the regiment of boys, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish his tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was, to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden-house,¹ this horse having been placed there for the castigation of military offenders. Now tailor Hughes had never been at Campden-house, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welshman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explanation was then entered into, and the Welsh tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness. The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins "why he was not so?" The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother: her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, "It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welsh interpreter."² It seems always to have been a custom in the royal family of England since the era of Edward I., to propitiate the principality by appointing some Welsh persons as servants of the princes of Wales, and by employing Welsh tradesmen for their households.

Just before the campaign in 1694, the little duke had a grand field-day in Kensington-gardens, king William condescending to look on. The infant Gloucester very affectionately promised him the assistance of himself and his whole troop of urchins for his Flemish war: then turning to queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas, as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of his young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed in his household, or between his parents, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards. Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birthday, April 30. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood

¹ Lewis Jenkins' *Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester*.

² *Ibid.*

with the king. The young duke asked the queen "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said queen Mary, "or it will fall."—"Let it fall, let it fall," said the young duke, "and then you must be off to London"—a true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden-house.

William III. went to visit his infant nephew at Campden-house the following Sunday. It was in vain that lady Fitzharding lectured her charge, and advised him to make the military salute to his royal uncle; not a word would the boy say on that subject, until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own. Three cannons were fired off, and lamentation made by the little duke that the fourth was broken. King William promised to send him a new one, but forgot it. The child then, of his own accord, thanked him for coming to see him, and added: "My dear king, you shall have both my companies, with myself, to serve you in Flanders"—meaning the urchins forming his regiments.¹

Whether queen Mary approved of the new administration, it would be extremely difficult to discover. Her consort, who best knew her mind, once warned her minister "not to take it for granted that the queen was of his opinion every time she did not contradict him"—a hint illustrative of the diplomatic reserve of her character. The abstinence from contradiction into which she had been schooled, from girlhood, by the waspishness of her partner, caused her to be given credit for a host of virtues to which she had small claims. Among others, she had led her chamberlain, lord Nottingham, to imagine that, in case of widowhood, it was her intention to restore her father to his throne.² It is startling, indeed, that so dutiful a spouse should have suffered her thoughts to stray towards the independent state of widowhood. King William thought proper to warn his ministry not to offend the queen as lord Halifax had done, who had infinitely disgusted her by his jests on her father in her presence; "And on this account," added king William, "the queen at last could not endure the sight of lord Halifax."³

A report has arisen that queen Mary was accustomed to supply her father with money in his exile; this has solely sprung from a false statement of Voltaire. We have found that the unfortunate king sent a fruitless request to Whitehall even for his clothes;⁴ we have found that his indignant subjects recognised trifling property that had belonged to him, or to his queen, in the possession of his daughter; we have found the greedy inquisition that daughter made about the beds and toilets at Whitehall, assuredly to see whether the basins and ewers and other fur-

¹ Lewis Jenkins' *Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester*, p. 15.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Evelyn. Bell and Daldy's duodecimo ed.

niture of solid silver, had been removed ;¹ but we cannot find a single trace, or even an offer, of any restitution from his private estates.²

King William embarked at Margate for the old Flemish fighting ground, May 6, and the summer of 1694 brought its usual anxieties to the heart of the queen in the shape of lost naval battles. The defeat of the expedition against Brest took place in June; general Tollemache and sixteen hundred men were left dead on the French coast they had been sent to invade. There is some excuse to be offered for the utter abhorrence in which queen Mary held lord Marlborough, when it was found, from the most incontestable documentary evidence,³ that he betrayed his countrymen to their slaughter by sending information to France of the projected attack, with many base protestations of the truth of his intelligence, and some reproaches that his former master, king James, had never on any other occasion availed himself of his information. The present intelligence cost Tollemache his life, for to that general Marlborough bore peculiar malice; it likewise caused the destruction of many hundreds of unfortunate soldiers, who had given him no offence.

"I was in waiting at Campden-house," says Lewis Jenkins, "when told the news that there had been an attempt to land men in Camaret-bay, which was ill-advised; for the French had had notice of our design, and general Tollemache and a great number of brave soldiers were killed or wounded; for the enemy were strongly entrenched near the bay, the king of France having posted his *arrière ban*⁴ everywhere near Brest. We, who were in waiting, were talking of it to one another before the little duke of Gloucester. We thought he was busy at play, and did not attend to what passed; but when my lady governess Fitzharding came in the afternoon, and began to tell the young duke the sad news, he stopped her, by repeating the story as exactly as if he had been taught it."

The queen expedited the legal completion of her best good work, the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, a few days before the return of her husband. The letters-patent for this foundation are dated October 25, 1694. It was destined for the use of those seamen of her royal navy who, by age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further

¹ They were afterwards coined into half-crowns by king William.

² The pretence on which Voltaire has hung his falsehood, was the chicanery (to use the very term of secretary Williamson, who practised it) regarding the 50,000*l.* which had been granted by the English parliament in payment of the dower of the queen of James II., at the peace of Ryswick, and was supposed, both by the people of France and Great Britain, to have been paid to the unfortunate queen; but when the parliamentary inquiry took place, in 1699, into the peculations of Somers' ministry, it was proved that the

queen's dowry never found its way further than into king William's pocket. From that moment the supply was stopped, amidst vituperations of the house of commons that nearly amounted to execrations. So shallow an historian as Voltaire took it for granted that the dower *had* been paid, and that James II. subsisted on it, because the charge was in the English budget of supply.

³ Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. Coxe, the apologist for Marlborough, is obliged to own his hero guilty of this infamous act.

⁴ Feudal militia.

service at sea. There was afterwards established a liberal naval school for their children.

The queen had less funds than good-will to become a most munificent foundress;¹ she was forced to limit her benefactions to the grant of a deserted palace, and the simple permission of existence to this great charity. Nevertheless, there was no little intellect in the act of projecting and instituting such an establishment as Greenwich Hospital, and appropriating a palace, in which her husband delighted not to dwell, to so noble and beneficent a purpose. She did not intend wholly to desert it; "I mean," she said, "to retain the wing, builded by my uncle Charles II., as a royal reception-palace on the landing of foreign princes or ambassadors: likewise the water-stairs, and approach to the same." The beautiful structure in the lower park (to this day called 'the Queen's house'), which was built by Charles I. for his queen, Henrietta Maria, it was the intention of queen Mary still to retain as a royal villa, for her own occasional retirement; she told Sir Christopher Wren "that she meant to add the four pavilions at the corners, as originally designed by Inigo."² With this resolution, her majesty ordered a 'head-road' to be left from the landing-place, leading to the small palace." Thus Mary had planned to dwell occasionally at Greenwich, perhaps for the purpose of watching, in the true spirit of a foundress, over the noble hospital she had designed to raise around; such were her plans when looking forward to a long vista of years, not knowing how few weeks were really to be her own.

For several months the queen had been in imminent danger from the machinations of a knot of dark conspirators among her guards, of whom the chief plotter, Sir George Barclay, was lieutenant-general. He had been a violent revolutionist, but on some recent affront connected himself with the Jacobite interest. By means of his coadjutor, captain Williamson, he had, under feigned names, sounded king James regarding an assassination of William III. This scheme the exiled king forbade with detestation. Sir George Barclay then affected to adopt, in his own name, another plan. He wrote, "that he and Sir John Friend hoped, by a stratagem, to seize 'the prince and princess, of Orange,' and bring them to his majesty, their father, at St. Germain's." So it was possible that the daughter might have been dragged across the seas into the presence of her father.

Queen Mary condescended to encourage a spy and tale-bearer in the family of the princess, her sister; this was the quakeress-nurse of her nephew, who had been given the offices of breakfast-woman and dry-nurse, after he had been weaned; nothing, however, could satisfy her.

¹ One of the landing places at Greenwich is still called Garden-stairs. The name is almost the only vestige that remains of the ancient palace and convent there.

² Life of Sir Christopher Wren. Hawksmoor's Account of Greenwich Hospital. He was deputy-surveyor.

She would be mistress over everybody, and would complain of every individual to the lady governess [Fitzharding], who was heard to say "that if the quakeress Pack was a year longer at court, she would be too much for all there." Lady Fitzharding soon found out that this woman had insinuated herself into favour with the queen, and particularly with the ladies who were not on friendly terms with the princess Anne, and busied herself with carrying tales out of the establishments at Campden and Berkeley houses to her majesty. Such conduct was inconvenient to lady Fitzharding, who had undertaken the same office, thinking it safest to play a double game, and be well with both the queen and the princess. The quakeress-nurse, finding that her practices were suspected at Campden-house, requested to retire, under plea of ill-health. The princess Anne consented, and gave her an annuity of 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely had the nurse withdrawn from the healthy air of Kensington to Deptford, when she caught the small-pox. Whilst she remained very ill, the duke of Gloucester sent every day to hear how she was. None of the household at Campden-house had the least idea of her danger. One morning the duke of Gloucester was asked, "Whether he should send, as usual, to know how his nurse was?"—"No," he said, "for she is dead." "How do you know, sir?" asked his attendant. "That is no matter," replied the young duke; "but she is dead." Mrs. Wanley, one of the women, then observed "that the young duke had told her yesterday, that he knew Pack would die next day." The child was right; his nurse had actually died just before the discussion took place. This coincidence occasioned no little consternation in his household, for they said it was impossible that the child, or any one else, could have learned the fact by natural means. Perhaps her majesty had heard this marvellous tale, for she led the way to it, by asking him next day, "If he were sorry that his nurse was dead?" The child replied, "No, madam." And this most unsatisfactory reply was all the queen could elicit from her little nephew on the subject.

The queen had anxiously expected her husband from Holland; he was detained by the French fleet. He arrived, however, at Margate on the 12th of November: his queen met him at Rochester, and they travelled together to Kensington.¹ The king opened his parliament next day. After voting thanks to the queen for her courage and firm administration, the parliament proceeded to impeach her favourite prime-minister, then duke of Leeds, for the infamous corruption of his government; likewise Sir John Trevor, the late speaker, for receiving bribes himself, and for distributing them in the house of commons. In the course of these inquiries the names of her majesty's immediate attendants, if not her own, were compromised. All that need be said here is, that queen Mary in her letters, displays no tendency to any un-

righteous acquisition of the public money. On the king's return parliamentary inquiry took place, but she was spared the confusion of finding proved the foul deeds of which her palace-servants and ministers were capable.

Whilst these troubles and disgraces were impending, a disaster occurred which greatly agitated and distressed queen Mary. She was at Whitehall chapel, November 24, when the service suddenly ceased: archbishop Tillotson, who was officiating before her majesty, was silenced with a stroke of paralysis; he never spoke again, but died a few days afterwards. He had grown excessively fat and corpulent. Notwithstanding his florid and exuberant condition, his friends considered that his life had been wasted by the sorrow and dejection which his elevation had brought on him.¹ Just as archbishop Tillotson expired, a lady came into the apartment where her majesty was sitting, and said, she believed "that all the dignified clergy had come to court that day, to show themselves." The queen replied, "There is one I am sure is absent, which is the dean of Canterbury." Some of the company observed, "that not one was missing." A lady of the queen's household, who knew dean Hooper, went out to see; she returned and said, "He is not there."—"No," replied the queen, "I can answer for him. I knew he was not there."

Again was queen Mary made responsible in the eyes of all England for the choice of the primate of the English church; once more it fell on a man who had not been educated as a divine: this was Dr. Tennison, bred to medicine. The nomination did not please all queen Mary's courtiers; among others lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers. He reminded her majesty, "that Dr. Tennison had been much contemned for preaching a funeral sermon, and at the same time pronouncing a high panegyric over a woman so infamous as Nell Gwynne, for the lucre of fifty pounds, provided in her will." "What then?" replied the queen. "No doubt the poor woman was penitent, or, I am sure, by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."² Queen Mary might have defended Dr. Tennison far better, by mentioning his conduct of Christian heroism in Cambridge during the horrors of the plague, when he acted both as physician and clergyman. The advancement of Tennison to Canterbury was induced by his controversial sermons against the Roman catholics.

Since her majesty had witnessed Tillotson's mortal stroke, she had neither appeared well, nor in spirits. She was with the king residing at Kensington-palace, with the intent to pass the Christmas in retirement. She became seriously indisposed on the 19th of December, took some

¹ Life of Tillotson.

² Biog. Brit. Mistress Nelly was in the enjoyment of 1500*l.* per annum, which had been secured to her by James II.—Clarendon

Diary, Appendix, p. 654. It is said, that out of gratitude she turned papist, but recanted when times changed.

remedies, and declared herself well the next day. Her remedy was a noxious spirituous cordial, which she usually took in large doses when ill, against which her faithful physician, Dr. Walter Harris affirms¹ he had vainly warned her, explaining to her that it was many degrees stronger, and more heating, than the usual strength of brandy; and that it might be fatal to a person of her corpulence and sanguiferous complexion. After swallowing this stimulant, it can scarcely excite surprise that her illness returned in the course of a few hours. How truly queen Mary anticipated the result, may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish the public, at any future time, to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of great consideration towards "people whom these papers would have committed, if seen after she was no more." Queen Mary was certainly anxious that these documents should not commit her memory, and took a sure way of depriving biographers of them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises are raised regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington in a December night, and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying important papers? What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of queen Mary on that awful night, thus alone—with her past life, and with approaching death! Strange contrast between an unfortunate father and a fortunate daughter: James II. preserved every document which could cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life itself;² Mary II. destroyed all in her power which could give the stamp of certainty to her personal history. The queen finished her remarkable occupations on that night by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered, excepting in case of my death," and locked it in an ebony cabinet, in which she usually kept papers of consequence.

As might have been anticipated, queen Mary was exceedingly indisposed on the day succeeding these agitating vigils. Her disorder was, however, some two or three days afterwards, supposed to be only the measles, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the identity of her malady her physicians could not agree—Dr. Radcliffe declaring that she would have the measles, and Dr. Millington the small-pox.³ Burnet affirms, that the fatal turn of her malady was owing to Dr. Radcliffe, in remarkable words, which are not to be found

¹ Dr. Harris's Letter on Queen Mary's Case of Small-pox united with Measles.

² There can be little doubt that the box which James risked his life to preserve when the Gloucester was sinking, contained his

memoirs as far as they were written, and the vouchers on which they were founded.

³ Ralph's History, p. 539, and Dalrymple's Mems.

in his printed history: "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my own profession," says Burnet's MS., "and so will say no more of the physician's part but that it was universally condemned; so that the queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician; but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called when it was too late: all symptoms were bad, yet still the queen felt herself well."¹ Radcliffe's only mistake was, taking the small-pox for the measles; but this is an idle charge, since the proper treatment for the one eruptive disease would by no means render the other mortal. The truth was, the queen was full and large in person, somewhat addicted to good living, both in regard to food and wine: she likewise drank rich chocolate at bed-time. Small-pox, and even measles, are dangerous visitations to patients of thirty-two with similar habits. Nor is Dr. Radcliffe answerable for the queen's high-fed condition and luxurious habits, as he was not her household physician,² and therefore not bound by his duties to give advice in regard to dietary temperance. The domestic physicians were the traitors, who had failed to counsel the queen on the regulation of her appetites.

While this desperate malady was dealing with the queen, her sister, the princess Anne, and her ambitious favourite, lady Marlborough, were startled from the torpor they had long suffered at Berkeley-house, into a state of feverish expectation of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The princess Anne was then in a dubious state of health herself, for dropsical maladies impaired her constitution. She flattered herself with hopes of an increase to her family; in consequence, she confined herself to the house, and passed the day constantly reclining on a couch.³ Thus the princess was prevented by the infirmity of her health from visiting the sick bed of her sister, from whose chamber there is every reason to believe she would have been repulsed. Although queen Mary was in a very doubtful state on the morning of the 22nd of December, king William left Kensington, and gave his royal assent in the house of lords to the important bill for passing triennial parliaments. It is supposed his foresight led him to this measure; since, in the case of the queen's death, and the conse-

¹ So written. Burnet's MSS., Harleian, 6524.

² Dr. Radcliffe was considered the most skilful physician of his day. He really was a Jacobite: he attended the revolutionary sovereigns very unwillingly, and studied to plague them with vexatious repartees.

Nevertheless, they all insisted on receiving his medical assistance. He has been separately blamed for killing queen Mary, king William, the duke of Gloucester, and queen Anne, either by his attendance or his non-attendance.

³ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough

quent weakening of his title to the crown, he could not have yielded this concession with equal dignity.¹

No regular intercourse took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley-house, and all the intelligence that passed in either household was conveyed by the ex-official of tattling servants of the lower grade: laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered, as late as Christmas-day, when Lewis Jenkins was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress. "As I loved the queen much," says Lewis Jenkins, "I was transported with hearing she had rested well that night, and that she had not the small-pox, but the measles. She pleased the people by her obliging deportment, and had, besides, plenty of money to give away, which proved a powerful persuasive with many for loving her. I went into the duke of Gloucester's bedchamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me 'what I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the small-pox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near, for nature was prevented from working her course.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone, imagining that the child could not hear our conversation, as he was playing with George Wanley. His highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I hearing this, asked him 'where he learnt that expression?'—'Lewis, *you* know,' said his highness. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!'—'Yes,' rejoined the queen's nephew; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."² The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley houses, the princess Anne thought it time to send a lady of her bedchamber with a message, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the happiness of waiting on her, she would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard." This message was delivered to the queen's first lady, being lady Derby, who went into the royal bedchamber and delivered it to her majesty. After some time, lady Derby came out again, and replied to the messenger of the princess Anne, "that the king would send an answer the next day." Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, there was thus opportunity, for this message was sent some time before her death. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the usual formal court notation. from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess;³ not a

¹ Ralph's History, p. 535.

² Lewis Jenkins' History: Tracts, Brit. Museum.

³ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

single expression indicative of human feeling or sisterly kindness was added.

As the queen's illness fluctuated, the princess Anne and lady Marlborough became ungovernably agitated with their hopes and fears; and as they could obtain no intelligence which they could trust, they at last resolved to despatch lady Fitzharding to Kensington-palace, where she undertook to see the queen and speak to her. Accordingly, charged with a dutiful message to her majesty, the lady Fitzharding "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not;" and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, to express "in how much concern the princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out "Thanks," and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.¹ Lady Fitzharding had means of knowing the private feelings of the queen towards the princess, because her majesty was surrounded by the Villiers brothers and sisters. The real tendency of the mind of the king, as well as that of the queen, was likewise known to lady Fitzharding through the communication of her sister Elizabeth, his mistress; and if we may credit the testimony of the Marlborough, she reported that her majesty was most inimical to the princess Anne to her last gasp. Without giving too much belief to a witness of lady Marlborough's disposition, it may be observed that the whole bearings of the case tend to the same conclusion. Another contemporary lady of the household affirms, that the queen "was sinking fast into unconsciousness when lady Fitzharding forced herself into her bedchamber, and that the single word she spoke was indeed all she was able to utter."

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. Dr. Walter Harris, who sat up with the queen from the seventh night of her illness, in his letter extant, describing her symptoms of the dreadful martyrdom she suffered, attributes these terrific eruptions to the hot doses she swallowed on the first attack of the disease. A frightful carbuncle settled just over the heart; and small-pox pustules, which he compares to the plague-spots, are mentioned by him, with other evils which the queen endured, too terrible for general perusal. When these alarming indications appeared, her physicians declared to her husband that there remained no hopes of her life. He received the intelligence with every sign of despair. He ordered his camp-bed to be brought into the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day, while she struggled between life and death. It is possible that he was desirous of preventing anything that she might say respecting the events of her past life. Our authority, however, declares that his demeanour was most affectionate, and that "although greatly addicted to the pleasures of eating, he never tasted

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

food during three successive dreadful days.”¹ He stifled the noise of his asthmatic cough so effectually, that the queen, now and then starting from her lethargic doze, asked “where the king was? for she did not hear his cough.”² “When the desperate condition of her majesty,” says Burnet, “became evident to all around her, the new archbishop Tennyson told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully, without he acquainted her with her danger. The king approved of it, and said, ‘that whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.’ The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said ‘she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour: she had nothing then to do, but to look up to God and submit to his will.’ She said ‘that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king;’ and she gave orders to look carefully for a small escritoire she had made use of that was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king. Having despatched that care, she avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both.” When it is remembered, that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her at the time of her memorable vigil in her cabinet at Kensington, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly terms with her husband, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness. “The day before she died,” continues Burnet, “she received the sacrament: all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her—God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth.”³ “The queen, after receiving the sacrament, composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said that she was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to say something to the king, but could not go through with it. She lay silent for some hours, and then some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break.”⁴ The queen’s mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary, and the nature of them certainly indicates that somewhat remained on her mind, of which she had not spoken. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with archbishop Tennyson, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary

¹ Inedited French MS., in the Bibliothèque du Roi, of which the above is a translation. No. 1715.

² True and Secret History of the Kings and Queens of England, by a Person of Honour. From the library of his royal highness the

late duke of Sussex. The copy, with the loan of which I was favoured by S. W. Strickland, esq., of Palace-gardens, contains many MSS., all unfavourable to William and Mary.

³ Burnet’s History of His Own Time.

⁴ Ibid.

communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman is always listening to what I want to say. She lurks behind that screen; make her go away. That woman is a great disturbance to me."¹ The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but an unreal phantom, the coinage of her wandering brain. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware of, fancied that, instead of describing this spectre to archbishop Tennyson, she was confessing her filial sins to him. A contemporary of queen Mary uses these remarkable words, when mentioning the interview: "But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennyson, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures which, in these weak unguarded moments, might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret unto the last day."² The story, however, of the phantom that perplexed queen Mary's last moments, was told by archbishop Tennyson himself."³ It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour; that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first. Queen Mary breathed her last, between night and morning, on the 28th of December, o.s., 1694,⁴ in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord chancellor commanded the great seal to be broken, and another made on which the figure of William III. was impressed *solus*.⁵

A Roman-catholic priest,⁶ who was a spy of the Jacobites, had been roaming round Kensington, watching for intelligence during the awful three days while Mary II. struggled between life and death. He had the opportunity of receiving the earliest news of her demise, probably from lord Jersey, who was secretly of his religion. The priest departed before dawn on the night of the queen's death; he meant to take his speediest course to St. Germain's, but he fell ill of a violent fever at Abbeville, probably the result of his nocturnal perambulations in Hyde-park or Kensington-gardens in December. This intelligencer of Mary's demise remained himself between life and death for three days. At last he recovered sufficiently to despatch a messenger to James II. at St. Germain's, who sent, forthwith, one of his gentlemen to hear his tidings.⁷ The report of the illness of Mary II. had been current in France for several days, but in the absence of authentic intelligence all

¹ Ralph, vol. ii. p. 540.

² MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, No. 1715.

³ Kennet.

⁴ This is old style. The French date her death January 7, 1695.

⁵ MS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi.

⁶ Dangeau.

⁷ An inedited MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French, marked 1715.

sorts of rumours prevailed; among others, "that she had recovered, and that William III. was dead." The right version of the tidings spread over France when king James's messenger returned from the priest's sick-bed at Abbeville, January 13, *N.S.* When the news was confirmed of the death of Mary, her father shut himself up in his apartments, and refused all visits; he observed the mourning of solitude and tears, but he would not wear black for her death.¹ James II. likewise sent to Louis XIV. to request him not to wear mourning for his daughter, and not to order a court-mourning. Otherwise, she was so nearly allied to the king of France, as she was the grand-daughter of his aunt, that this order would have appeared, although it would have been a great absurdity considering the deadly war subsisting, which seemed more personal than national, between the families of Orange, Stuart, and Bourbon. Some of the old nobility of France claimed kindred with the house of Orange; among others, were the dukes de Bouillon and Duras, who thought fit to assume mourning: they were sternly commanded by Louis XIV. "to put it off."² The duke de St. Simon blames the royal order as a petty vengeance. This acute observer is among the few writers who do justice to the great abilities of Mary in government; at the same time, he bears the testimony of a contemporary, "that she was much more bitter against her father than her husband was." The conduct of James II. was influenced by the horror which he felt at ascertaining that his once-beloved child had expired without any message or expression of sorrow and regret at the sufferings which she had been the means of causing him. He observes, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration," but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed he says, "the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child, whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes as if they were the highest virtues by the mercenary flatterers around her. Even archbishop Tension reckoned among her virtues," adds king James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent in consideration of her religion and her country; and that, even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were answerable for it, not she."³ When king James heard this reported speech, he cried out, "Oh, miserable way of arguing! fatal to the deceiver and to the deceived. Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension."

Archbishop Tension delivered to William III. the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lec-

¹ Dangeau.² Dangeau, and St. Simon.³ *Memoirs of James II.*, edited by Stanier Clarke.

ture to his majesty on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took this freedom in good part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all intimacy with her. The queen's letter expressed to her husband the great pain which his connexion with her rival had always given her.¹ True to the person forbearance which is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never complained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after her own death had taken place; but whether she could be considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her husband when she left written reproaches, exposing him at the same time to the schooling of a stranger² of rude manners on so delicate a subject, may be questioned. It ought to be reckoned among the other pains and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the admonitions and exhortations of the dissenting-bred clergy whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, he having avowedly not the best opinion of their disinterestedness of conversion. For Burnet he always manifested loathing, which was uncontrollable—a feeling in which, we have seen by her letters, his lost queen fully participated.

"I confess," pursues Burnet, "that my hopes are so sunk with the queen's death, that I do not flatter myself with further expectations. If things can be kept in tolerable order, so that we have peace and quiet in our days, I dare look for no more. So black a scene of Providence as is now upon us, gives me many dismal apprehensions."³ As to any reconciliation of the princess Anne with the queen, it is improbable that Burnet believed it took place, since the Harleian Collection contains three different copies of the queen's death from the bishop's pen; and although he speaks as an eye witness from beginning to end, he does not mention the name of the princess. Indeed, the odd and abrupt manner in which that assertion is introduced into his printed history, many pages after its natural date, gives the whole incident a very suspicious aspect. The words are thrust among the current events far into another year; they are *à-propos* to nothing connected with chronological order, and are as follows: "The queen, when she was dying, had received a kind message from, and had sent a reconciling message to, the princess, so that breach was made up. 'Tis true the sisters did not meet; 'twas thought that might throw the queen into too great a commotion."⁴

While preparations were making for the queen's funeral, a great

¹ Shrewsbury MSS., edited by Coxe.

² That archbishop Tennison was a personal stranger both to the king and queen, is especially noticed by Burnet. Tennison's appointment had been so recent, on the death of his predecessor, archbishop Tillotson, that when he officiated at the queen's deathbed, it was the first time he had conversed with either. Most general readers are too well acquainted

with this point to need such explanation: it is for the benefit of the Edinburgh reviewer who has blamed us for a blunder, because he himself had never noted the difference between the names of Tillotson and Tennison.

³ Burnet's MSS., Harleian Collection.

⁴ Burnet's *Own Time*, edition 1823, with Dartmouth's, Onslow's, and Hardwicke's Notes, vol. iv. p. 157.

number of elegies and odes were written in praise of her majesty. But poetic talent, excepting in the line of lampoons, was very scarce among the revolutionary party; as the elegies excited either laughter or contempt, the public press of the day indulged in furious abuse of Dryden, because no panegyric on the queen appeared from his pen. "It is difficult," observes Sir Walter Scott, "to conceive in what manner the deprived poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his master's daughter." He granted her at least on that occasion the mercy of his silence. In the Life of Sir William Temple, written by Swift, it is asserted "that lady Temple died within a month of her majesty, out of sheer grief for her loss." A great compliment to the queen, but a doubtful one to Sir William Temple, who survived his lady.

The queen's memory was illustrated by an historical sermon or oration preached on occasion of her death by Burnet. These pages cannot, however, be illumined from it by words that glow and burn, such as flowed from the lips of the eloquent Bossuet, when the character and misfortunes of Henrietta Maria were given him for his theme. Burnet's obituary memorial on Henrietta Maria's grand-daughter scarcely rises to the level of quaintness, and his distress for facts on which to hang his excessive praises makes him degenerate into queerness; for after lauding to the utmost the love of queen Mary II. for sermons (being perfectly ignorant of the bitter contempt she had expressed for his own), he falls into the following comical commendations:—"She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and *gardenage*. She had a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance, that had airs in it that were *freer* and *nobler than what was more stiff*, though it might be more regular. She knew that this drew an expense after it; she had no inclinations besides this to any diversions that were expensive, and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say, 'that she hoped it would be forgiven her.' "The gardenage," that had airs in it "freer than those that were more stiff," was, at the close of the seventeenth century, completely on a par with the Dutch architecture perpetrated by Mary and her spouse. Neither was worth placing in the list of a queen-regnant's virtues. Perhaps the following eulogy may not seem greatly adapted for funeral oratory, yet it has the advantage of giving a biographer an insight into the routine of the pretty behaviour and neat sampler way of life mistaken for high Christian virtues. "When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she *found out* the amusement of work." It was no doubt a great discovery on the part of her majesty, but the relief of her bad eyes had nothing to do with it, for needle-work, point-stitch, tent-stitch, tapestry-stitch, and all the other stitches, to say nothing of matching shades of silks and threading needles, require better eyesight than reading.

"In all those hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands; and sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing, and *looked like a sight*, to see a queen work so many hours a day." The truth is, that the man's conscience was at war with his words; therefore they became tortuous and contradictory. He has dared to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing as he must have done better than any one else, what her conduct really had been. He himself has recorded, and blamed, her disgusting conduct at her arrival at Whitehall; but whether it is true that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance that would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother whose birth she had stigmatized?

Perhaps the following odd passage in the Burnet panegyric, means to affirm that queen Mary II. was unwilling to be praised in public addresses: "Here arises an unexampled *piece of a character*, which may be well begun with; for I am afraid it both begun and will end with her. In most persons, even those of the truest merit, a studied management will, perhaps, appear with a little too much varnish; like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts, some disposition to *set oneself out*, and some satisfaction at being commended will at some time or other, show itself more or less. Here we may appeal to great multitudes, to all who had the honour to approach her, and particularly to those who were admitted to the greatest nearness, if at any one time anything of this sort did ever discover itself. When due acknowledgments were made, or *decent things* said upon occasions that had well deserved them (God knows how frequent these were!) these seemed scarce to be heard; they were so little desired that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse, even while it checked it."

Among other of queen Mary's merits are reckoned her constant apprehensions "that the secret sins of those around her drew down many judgments on her administration and government," a theme on which she very piously dilates in her letters to her husband. Assuredly, an unnatural daughter, and a cruel sister, needed not to have wasted her time in fixing judgments on the secret sins of other people. Amidst this mass of affectation and contradiction, some traits are preserved in regard to the queen's personal amiability in her last illness, which redound far more to her credit than any instance that Burnet has previously quoted. Archbishop Tennyson says, "As soon as the nature of the distemper was

known, the earliest care of this charitable mistress was for the removing of such immediate servants as might, by distance, be preserved in health. She fixed the times for prayer in her own chamber some days before her illness attained its height; she ordered to be read to her, more than once, a sermon, by a good man now with God (probably archbishop Tillotson), on this text: 'What! shall we receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?'¹

Whether any part of Mary's endowments to the college at Virginia were bequeathed from her personal economy is not ascertained. Yet as a legislatress, Mary deserves great praise for the project of such institutions, since she occasioned a portion of the public money to be directed to virtuous uses which otherwise would have been applied to worthless purposes. From Burnet's narrative² it is plain that the Virginian college was indebted to her as legislatress, and not as foundress:—"She took particular pains to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels; but it was no small grief to her to hear, that they were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named (I do not say which they professed, for many of them seemed scarce to profess it). She gave a willing ear to a proposition which was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them [the Virginian foundation]. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it; it was a noble one, *and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue,*³ *which made it liable to objections,* but she took care to consider the whole thing so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused the matter with so affectionate a concern, that she prepared it for the king to settle at his coming over."

The public papers notified, with great solemnity, the circumstance, that upon the queen's first indisposition the greatest and eldest lion in the Tower, which had been there about twenty years, and was commonly called 'king Charles II.'s lion' sickened with her, and died on the Wednesday night, forty-eight hours before her; "which was ominous," continues our authority, "affording us so much the more matter of curiosity, because the like happened at the death of Charles II., when another of these royal beasts made the same exit with the prince." Such coincidences occur frequently enough in English history to raise the idea that the wardens of the wild beasts at the Tower considered it a point of etiquette privately and discreetly to sacrifice a lion to the manes of royalty, on the decease of any sovereign.

¹ Narrative of the Death of Queen Mary, by Dr. Tennison; printed in White Kennet's History.

² Discourse on the Memory of the late Queen, by Gilbert Burnet, lord Bishop of Sarum.

³ This assertion proves that the queen her-

self was not the foundress, as her income and property would have been at her own disposal. When the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens founded colleges and hospitals they required their consorts' consent to appropriate the fruits of their *own* economy for these purposes, not the public revenue.

Mary had governed a divided people, half of whom were only kept down by terror of a standing army ruled by the lash, and by the nearly perpetual suspension of the *habeas corpus* act. Numbers of opponents took pleasure in circulating, not elegies, but epigrams on her memory. The following have been preserved in manuscript, and were handed about in coffee-houses, where the literary lions of the day congregated; every person of decided genius, from Dryden to the marvellous boy Alexander Pope, were adverse to her cause;—

“ JACOBITE EPITAPH ON MARY II.¹

“ Here ends, notwithstanding her specious pretences,
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes.
Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows,
What it is such a father and king to depose;
Between vice and virtue she parted her life,
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife.”

The observations preserved in the pages of Dangeau and of madame Sévigné, relative to the expectation that William III. would die of grief for the loss of his partner, are alluded to in the second of these epigram epitaphs:—²

“ Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
I'm sorry he is left alone.
Oh, blundering Death! I do thee ban,
That took the wife and left the man.
Come, Atropos, come with thy knife,
And take the man to his good wife;
And when thou'st rid us of the knave,
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have.”

When the news arrived at Bristol that the queen was dead, many gentlemen gathered together in the taverns, and passed the night in dancing and singing Jacobite songs, while a large mob assembled at the doors, shouting, “No foreigners! no taxes!” These turbulent scenes were repeated at Norwich, in Warwickshire, and in Suffolk.³

Dr. Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who was formerly chaplain to queen Mary in the first years of her marriage, when she was in Holland, wrote an indignant remonstrance to Dr. Tennison on his conduct at the queen's deathbed. Ken charged the archbishop with compromising the high functions of a primate of the English church, by omitting “to call queen Mary to repent, on her deathbed, of her sins towards her father.” Ken reminds Tennison, in forcible terms, “of the horror that primate had expressed to him of *some circumstances in the conduct of the queen* at the era of the revolution.” which he does not fully explain; but whatsoever they were, he affirms that

¹ Cole's MS. Collections, vol. xxi. p. 65.

² Ibid.

³ Inedited MS., Bibliothèque du Roi; Ille-

wise Warwickshire News-letter, January 10, 1694-5.

"they would compromise her salvation, without individual and complete repentance."¹

The mourning for queen Mary was deep and general. It is alluded to in a journal at that epoch, which gives at the same time a remarkable specimen of the style of writing the English language at this period of retrograded civilization:—"The greatest p^t of this Town are p^{re}paring for Mourning for y^e Queen, who died y^e 27th instant ab^t 2 Afternoon; some say not till 2 fryday morning; the King is extreemly grieved and has *sowned* away once or twice; yesterday y^e Parliament resolved *nemine Contradisente* y^t an humble address bee drawn and Presented to his ma^{ty} to condole y^e death of y^e Q., and y^t likewise they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes ag^t all enemies, at home and abroad."² It will be observed that these addresses of the houses of parliament were prepared within a few hours of the queen's decease. There was a contest respecting the propriety of the parliament's dissolution, according to the old custom at the death of the sovereign; but this was overruled, and all the members of the house of commons were invited to follow as mourners at queen Mary's funeral, which took place, March 5, 1695, in Westminster-abbey. The bells of every parish church throughout England tolled on the day of Mary II.'s burial; service was celebrated, and a funeral sermon preached generally in her praise at every church, but not universally, for a Jacobite clergyman had the audacity to take for his text the verse, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." The same insult had been offered to Mary queen of Scots, the ancestress of Mary II., by a puritan—so nearly do extremes in politics meet.

The attendance of the members of parliament in the funeral procession of queen Mary is a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and coloured to resemble life. After the funeral, it was deposited in Westminster-abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. These funeral effigies, in general, were thus preserved to assist sculptors, if a monumental statue was designed, with the costume, proportions, and appearance of the deceased. There is little doubt out that, "when the wax-chandlers did their office about the royal dead," part of that office was to take a cast of the person for a waxen effigy. At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are the effigies of queer Mary and king William, standing as far as possible from each other; the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close

¹ The pamphlet, printed at the time, may be seen among the collection at the British Museum.

² Additional MS. 681, p. 602; British Museum.

together, nearly touching, but at arm's length, over a small altar. The figure of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her, and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together. Queen Mary's wax effigy represents a well-proportioned, but very large woman. The reports of the angry Jacobites regarding her devotion to the table, are rather confirmed by this representation of her person at the time of her death, for thirty-two is too early a time of life for a lady to be embellished with a double chin. Her large but well-turned waist is compressed in a tight velvet bodice of royal purple velvet. The waist is not pointed, but rounded, in front. The bodice is formed with a triangular stomacher, inserted into the dress, made of white miniver; three graduated clusters of diamonds, long ovals in shape, stud this stomacher from the chest to the waist. Clusters of rubies and diamonds surround the bust, and a royal mantle of purple velvet hangs from the back of the bodice. The throat necklace, *à-la-Sévigné*, is of large pearls, and the ear-rings of large pear pearls. The head-dress is not in good preservation; the hair is dressed high off the face, in the style of the portrait of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena: three tiers of curls are raised one over the other, and the *fontange* is said to have been twisted among them, but there is not a vestige of it now; two frizzed curls rest on the bosom, and the hair looks as if it had originally been powdered with brown powder. The sceptre of sovereignty, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis and cross, is in one hand, and the regnal globe in the other: there are no gloves. The costume is nearly the same as that of her portrait by Kneller, in St. George's-hall, Windsor. On the little pillar-shaped altar which separates her from her husband, is the sovereign crown, a small one with four arches. No other monument than this gaudy figure was raised to Mary. She left no children, and died at enmity with all her near relatives. It is singular that William III. did not take the opportunity of building a tomb for the wife he appeared to lament deeply; but sovereigns who are for ever at war are always impoverished. All the funeral memorials of Mary, and of himself likewise, are contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in dust and desolation, from the view of the public. The gibes which were made at these waxen moulds of the royal dead by those who knew not for what purpose they were designed, have occasioned their seclusion from the public eye. They are, however, as authentic relics of historical customs and usages as anything within or without the abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the dead "barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are, to this day, carried to the grave in Italy. Centuries, in all probability, elapsed before the populace—"the simple folk," as our chroniclers called them—believed that the waxen effigy, in its "parell and its ray," was otherwise than the veritable

corpse of their liege lord or lady. It was meant to be so taken; for the ancient enamelled statues of wood or stone, coloured to the life, on the monuments at Fontevraud and elsewhere, exactly resembled in costume the royal dead in the tombs below. The wax effigy formed the grand point of interest in a state funeral, to which all the attendant pomp ostensibly pertained. So difficult was it to divorce this chief object from public funerals, that one of the wax effigies in the abbey actually belonged to the present century.¹

The dreadful eruptive disease of which queen Mary died did not prevent the process of embalming her remains, according to royal etiquette, which was duly performed, though doubtless at considerable danger to the surgeons and other functionaries who officiated on that occasion. The account is still in existence, dated Dec. 29, 1694, and the charge for perfumes used is 200*l*. Damask powder was placed between the two coffins.

Many medals were struck on the occasion of Mary's death: they chiefly represent her as very fat and full in the bust, with a prodigious amplitude of double chin. The hair is stuck up in front some inches higher than the crown of the head, as if the queen had just pulled off her high cornette cap; the hair thus is depicted as standing on end, very high on the forehead, and very low behind, a fashion which gives an ugly outline to the head.

More than one benefaction is mentioned in history as bequeathed by Mary, yet we can find no indications of a testamentary document any way connected with her papers. A sum of 500*l*. per annum was paid to the pastors of the primitive church of the Vaudois, as a legacy of queen Mary II. This sum was divided between the pastors of Vaudois, in Piedmont, and the German Waldenses, in her name, until the close of the last century,² when the Vaudois became the subjects of France. What fund was appropriated by Mary for the supply of this annuity, is not ascertained; but it seems to have been paid through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—a good work, originally planned, if not executed, under the auspices of this queen. The natural inclinations of Mary were evidently bountiful: like her ancestors, she strove sedulously to become a foundress of good institutions. The hard nature of her consort, to whose memory no anecdote in any way connected with a gift of anything belonging to himself pertains, impeded her efforts.

Queen Mary founded an institution at the Hague for young ladies whose birth was above their means; it was endowed with lands in

¹ That of Lord Nelson, who is dressed in his exact costume; he is represented with only one arm; the sleeve of his admiral's coat looped to the breast as he wore it. Whether his effigy was thus laid on his coffin, and borne on the grand car is another question.

Lord Chatham's wax effigy, dressed in the costume of his day, had, in all probability, been carried at his public funeral.

² Henry VIII. and his daughter, Mary I.

³ Narrative of an Excursion to Piedmont by the rev. W. S. Gilly.

England, which made the charity, however kind to Holland, not very benevolent to this country, and, we think, contrary to English law. All terms of praise and eulogy were exhausted to exalt the memory of Mary II. beyond every queen that had ever existed. In an obscure history, two facts are adduced in support of a flood of wordy commendation. They are as follows: the first is quoted in illustration of "her bright spirit of devotion;" either it does not possess any very great merit, or the merit has evaporated with the change of dinner-hours. "A lady of quality coming to pay her majesty a visit on a Saturday in the afternoon, she was told that the queen was retired from all company and kept a fast in preparation for receiving the sacrament the next day. The great lady, however, stayed till *five o'clock in the afternoon*, when queen Mary made her appearance, and forthwith ate but a slender *supper*, 'it being incongruous,' as she piously observed, 'to conclude a fast with a feast.'"¹ Strange indeed that so pharisaical an anecdote is the best illustration of queen Mary's piety: the whole is little in unison with the scriptural precepts respecting fasting. The other anecdote is in illustration of her charity. "Her charity's celestial grace was like the sun; nothing within its circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. A lord proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered a hundred pounds to be paid: the cash was not forthcoming. The nobleman waited upon her and renewed the subject, telling her that interest was due for long delay, upon which the queen ordered fifty pounds to be added to her former benefaction;" but whether either sum was actually paid, cannot now be ascertained. The anecdote proves that the queen was willing to give, if she had had wherewithal. Her means of charity were, however, fired away in battles and sieges in Flanders.

Bishop Burnet probably intended the following inimitable composition as an epitaph on queen Mary. For many years it was all that the public knew concerning her, excepting the two dubious anecdotes previously quoted:—

"THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II. BY BISHOP BURNET.

"To the state a prudent ruler,
To the church a nursing mother,
To the king a constant lover,
To the people the best example.
Orthodox in religion,
Moderate in opinion;
Sincere in profession,
Constant in devotion,
Ardent in affection,
A preserver of liberty,
A deliverer from popery;
A preserver from tyranny,
A preventer of slavery;
A promoter of piety,

A suppressor of immorality,

A pattern of industry.

High in the world,

Low esteem of the world.

Above fear of death,

Sure of eternal life.

What was great, good, desired in a queen,

In her late majesty was to be seen ;

Thoughts to conceive it cannot be expressed,

What was contained in her royal breast."

Such was the last poetic tribute devoted to the memory of the queen who was so "sure of eternal life!"

ANNE,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas-day, 1694, when the recovery of Mary II. was declared hopeless; upon which vast crowds of the nobility and gentry took the opportunity of paying the compliments of the season at Berkeley-house, in order to make their court to the princess Anne.¹ Most of them had for years passed her by with utter neglect; but now, by swarming round her, indicated infallibly the sudden improvement in her prospects, owing to the mortal danger of her royal sister. Queen Mary's courtiers had previously affected to consider the probabilities of the prospects of Anne and her boy to the succession as very remote indeed; they had calculated that, according to all human chances, the sickly life of William III. would be but a short one, and that his royal widow would marry again. Three days subsequent to this extraordinary influx of courtiers, the princess Anne received the tidings of her sister's death. Her tears were flowing fast when she sent for her little son, the duke of Gloucester, and communicated to him the demise of his royal aunt. On this occasion, Lewis Jenkins, who was the young duke's attendant in waiting at Berkeley-house, owns that he was much disappointed at the utter want of sympathy manifested by the child, whose insensibility to the loss of queen Mary, with whom he had been familiar as a frequent visitor and petted plaything, greatly scandalized all his mother's ladies.² But such is often the case, when similar communications are made to young children: "What should they know of death?" as Wordsworth pathetically asks. All they can be aware of is, that the person they have been used to meet returns no more; yet, if they actually witness mortal suffering, and the demise of one they have been accustomed to see, such grief and terror is more than

¹ Inedited MSS., Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

² Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester: Tracts, Brit. Museum.

their tender natures can bear. The young heir was at this time little more than five years old, and all that ought to be said is, that he received the important intelligence, which agitated every adult in the kingdom, to which he was the reversionary successor, like any other infant of his age.

The personal aversion that William III. had ever displayed towards his sister-in-law, Anne, it is well known was met by equal loathing on her part; yet the dispensations of Providence had rendered the king in some degree dependent on the forbearance of her who was very lately the object, not only of his contempt, but of actual persecution. The princess was, however, in the most pitiable state of health, rendered still more painful by muscular infirmity. Premature old age had fallen upon her; she was, moreover, suffering grief for the deplorable death of her sister—perhaps not the less because Mary had departed in a state of enmity to her. The royal sisters had loved each other fondly, as well in early womanhood as in infancy, and every one knows that when such has been the case, if the grave closes over an object once loved and irrevocably lost, all the involuntary affections awake, and melt the soul into natural grief. Although but one simple-minded menial mentions the sorrow of Anne, yet his testimony may be implicitly believed, because it is in full accordance with her actions, and with the movements of the human heart. The desperate grief of William III. for the loss of his devoted wife was touching, even to one whom he had hated and persecuted, because he mourned for her on whose account the heart of the princess was sore and sad. It is certain that Anne took the first step in the reconciliation that ensued between herself and her brother-in-law, and it is as certain that it was wholly against the will and wishes of her imperious ruler, Sarah of Marlborough, who thus spoke her mind on the subject: "I confess, for my own part, that in point of respect to the king (and to the queen when living), I thought the princess did a great deal too much, and it often made me very uneasy." This testimony is of some value in regard to the private character of the princess Anne.

William obstinately remained at Kensington-palace, instead of following the usual royal etiquette of leaving the abode, where death was triumphant, to the defunct, and the attendants presiding over the funeral ceremonials. No person, even those most familiar, dared break on his mental anguish, which was aggravated by the consciousness that he had not only lost in Mary the most devoted wife and friend, but an indefatigable agent and able regal ruler, whose study it was to adorn him with the praise and credit due to her own great talents; and, with all this, he had lost the only shadow of hereditary right pertaining to his sceptre. Henceforth he felt that he should hold no higher rank in Great Britain than he had done in Holland—that of a mere elective

magistrate, "whom a breath had made, and a breath could unmake." Such was the mood in which, on the day of his dreadful bereavement, the king was sitting at the end of his closet at Kensington-palace, absorbed in an agony of grief more acute than could have been expected from his disposition. Lord Somers, whose private and personal interests were deeply connected with the support of William's regality, entered the room, but the king took not the least notice of him. Somers plunged at once into the cause of his intrusion, by proposing to terminate the hostility that the court had for years maintained against the princess Anne. "My lord, do what you will; I can think of no business," was the reply of the king. Lord Somers took this sufferance for consent: he negotiated the reconciliation with the old treacherous courtier lord Sunderland, once, as we have seen, the object of the hatred of Anne; he was now, in a manner of which history presents few examples, acting *incognito* as prime-minister, and as such he was the agent of the political armistice she concluded at once with the English government, and with her inimical brother-in-law, William III.

The princess Anne, under the guidance of Sunderland, wrote¹ to king William a conciliatory missive evidently composed by that statesman. The favourable reception of her royal highness's condolence was negotiated by archbishop Tennison, who probably presented it to the king, as from this time that prelate took an active part in this treaty of amnesty. The circumstance of the deceased queen having confided to the charge of archbishop Tennison the casket that contained her letter of remonstrance to the king, concerning the anguish that his preference of her maid Elizabeth Villiers had given her during the whole of her married life, caused that prelate to exercise extraordinary power over William III. at this crisis, and indeed for the rest of his life. The letter of the queen has hitherto eluded research. The only historian² who ever read it did not deem it *proper* for publication, neither could he comprehend the allusions the queen made to persons unknown. Had her majesty been less reserved in her lifetime, it is possible that her husband would have altered his conduct, especially after their establishment in England, since, in deference to Dr. Tennison's remonstrance, he actually broke his *public* intimacy with Elizabeth Villiers, and about a twelvemonth afterwards gave her in marriage to a nobleman base enough to take her.³ It is said, in the course of a few months after the marriage of Elizabeth Villiers to Orkney, the king was

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² Sir John Dalrymple.

³ Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by Coxe. Elizabeth Villiers married lord George Hamilton, fifth son of the duke of Hamilton. William III. created him earl of Orkney, the worthy pair were greatly enriched by the spoils

the wife had gathered from her royal paramour. All that is known regarding the personal qualifications of the rival of Mary II., is left by the graphic pen of lady Mary Wortley Montague: "Mrs. Villiers had no beauty, but she contrived to thaw the phlegmatic heart of William III., and make him very bountiful,

as intimate with her as ever, and she was as busy¹ in public affairs;² but to prevent the animadversions of archbishop Tennyson and the English court, the lady took the trouble of meeting his majesty at Loo.

Tennyson, when the state condolence of Anne arrived, was on the most intimate terms with the royal widower, and with sagacious appreciation of the general interest of the king and all the revolutionary party, worked on his majesty so effectually that, "as a mark of his favour and affection, he immediately presented the princess Anne with most of the late queen's jewels; and his sorrow for the loss of so good a wife was, in some measure, alleviated by the reconciliation of so kind a sister."³ According to an inedited authority of some importance,⁴ the interview took place the day *before* the king received the condolences of parliament on the death of the queen. The princess came to Campden-house, and from thence was carried in a sedan-chair to Kensington-palace. It was impossible for her to walk a step; her sedan and bearers, therefore, brought her into the very presence of the royal widower. Lewis Jenkins was in waiting at that time as one of her ushers; he walked by the side of the sedan of her royal highness, and as she could not move without assistance, he was perforce witness to the first meeting of these kindred enemies. "When the princess waited on the king at Kensington-palace," says Lewis, "her royal highness was forced to be carried up-stairs in her chair to the presence-chamber. I, as was my duty, opened the door of her chair, and upon her entering, the king came and saluted her. She told his majesty, in faltering accents, that 'she was truly sorry for his loss.' The king replied, that 'he was much concerned for hers.' Both were deeply affected, and could not refrain from tears, or speak distinctly. The king then handed the princess *in*, who stayed with him three-quarters of an hour."⁵ The interview of the bereaved sister and husband probably took place in the king's private sitting-room, or closet, since it was strictly private. Had it proceeded in the presence-chamber, many eyes and ears would have been on lawful duty, and the whole conference would have been matter of history; instead of which, no particulars further than the simple detail of the usher, Lewis, have ever transpired.

by granting her the private estates in Ireland belonging to his uncle, James II. After the death of her royal lover she became a high tory, if not a Jacobite, and was very busy with Harley and Swift in expelling the whigs." Swift calls her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and leaves her portrait as a legacy in his will. We presume it did not exactly correspond with that sketched by lady Mary, whose wit was equalled, if possible, by her malice. She describes her as walking at George II.'s coronation: "She that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably lady Orkney; she displayed a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and no little

corpulence. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual."

¹ Devonshire MSS.; letters of lady Halifax, 1695.

² Bibl. Birch, vol. 4245, p. 108.

³ White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough.

⁴ Jacobite Portfolio; Bibliothèque du Roi Paris.

⁵ Lewis Jenkins: Tracts, Brit Museum.

But the commonest capacity can divine, that the widower king and his sister-cousin came then to an understanding that the island crowns could never be transmitted to the duke of Gloucester, without his majesty and her royal highness suppressed all memory of the mutual injuries they had inflicted, and stifling the disgusts each felt against the other, combined their personal and political interests once more against James II. and his son. King William was even reduced to submit to an amnesty with the object of his contempt and loathing, the earl of Marlborough, who was undoubtedly in diplomatic co-operation with his old ally, Sunderland, throughout the whole movement, although he durst not appear ostensibly in it, because his imperious wife had set her face against it. There is no inconsistency in attributing to William III. the contempt he never attempted to conceal for such deeds as led Marlborough and his wife to the ascent of the ladder of wealth and ambition. Whether the royal diplomatist ever scanned his own conduct with equal severity is another question; but it was among the peculiarities of his singular character to be minutely fastidious regarding honour, fidelity, truth, high spirit, and integrity in man, as well as virtue, beauty, grace, and fine temper in woman. Perhaps it was part of the punishment of the crowned politician, to see himself, before he left this world, deprived of or deserted by the few he loved or esteemed, and allied with all he despised and abhorred. The faithful friend of his youth, Bentinck lord Portland, for some mysterious reasons withdrew himself from all possible communication with his once-beloved master, and after the peace of Ryswick seldom visited him, excepting on formal business. History tells us that Bentinck was out of favour with William III.; but the true sources and well-springs of biography will show, in the course of a few pages—thanks to the candour and liberality of one of England's greatest nobles, who threw open to us those in his keeping—that William III. was out of favour with Bentinck, and that no courting, no solicitation could win this only surviving friend back to his former habits of confidential affection, although, when urged, he sometimes held conferences with him. Bentinck was, at this juncture, consulted officially regarding his opinion of the pacification between his king and the princess Anne and her partisans; his response was, an earnest warning against putting any trust in the professions of either the princess or the Marlboroughs. Nevertheless, the fact that lord Marlborough was one of the high contracting powers of this political reconciliation, is proved by the duke of Shrewsbury's letters of the era to admiral Russell. "Since," he says, "the death of Queen Mary, and the reconciliation between the princess Anne and king William, the court of the latter is as much crowded as it was before deserted. She has omitted no opportunity to show her zeal for his majesty and his government, and our friend Marlborough, who has no small credit with her, seems very resolved to contribute to the continu-

ance of this union. He has not yet kissed the king's hand."¹ It was not probable that king William, oppressed as he was with personal grief, could endure his intrusion, for if he had abhorred Marlborough before he had received aught but benefit from him, purely for his treachery to James II., what could have been his feelings towards him after he had betrayed Tollemache and his troops to slaughter at Camaret-bay? However, time was given to the king to stifle the indignation which his own line of conduct scarcely justified him in manifesting.

The house of peers went in a body to Kensington-palace on Monday, 31st of December, and presented his majesty with an address, deploring the death of the queen.² His majesty was pleased to answer, "I heartily thank you for your kindness to me, but much more for the sense you show of our great loss, which is above what I can express." The house of commons arrived in person the same afternoon at Kensington, with an address longer and more laudatory in regard to the queen, recommending, withal, attention to his own preservation with greater earnestness. To which the royal widower was pleased to reply, "Gentlemen, I take very kindly your care of me, especially at this time, when I am able to think of nothing but our great loss."³ January, 1695, passed on, but the royal widower remained still inconsolable.

The concourse of courtiers that flocked to Berkeley-house, for the purpose of worshipping the rising fortunes of the princess Anne and her son, excited the derision of the party that had remained stanch to their interests while their prospects were not so promising. A ludicrous incident occurred at one of these levees. Lord Carnarvon, a nobleman who was considered as half-witted, felt some jealous astonishment when he saw the crowds that filled the reception-rooms of the princess, which occasioned him to say aloud, as he stood close to her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember, that I always came to wait on you when none of this company did."⁴ This speech caused a great deal of mirth, which was not decreased by the fact, that some of the time-servers appeared out of countenance.

The pacification between the princess and the king had not occurred too soon, for the adversaries of the revolutionary government had already begun to moot the point of whether Anne was not, at this period, queen of Great Britain and Ireland *de facto*? On this question, agitated by M. Renaud, French minister for Jacobite affairs, a reply was made to him from the French cabinet, emanating from James II. "The king finds your reflections on the death of the princess of Orange well founded; but it appears that if the declarations of the lords and commons, assembled at Westminster February 10, 1689, are examined thoroughly, one cannot come to the same conclusion as you do; namely, 'that the

¹ Coxe's Shrewsbury Papers.² White Kennet's Hist.³ Ibid.⁴ Conduct⁵ Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris: inedited MS.

princess Anne has been queen ever since the day of the death of her sister and that the prince of Orange, as a naturalized Englishman, is *her subject*, since it is said by this act, 'that the exercise of the royal power will be vested solely in his person, but in the names of both the prince and princess of Orange.' King James had read the act quite correctly ; such was the case.

The people at large testified many symptoms of what was called, by the king over the water, "good intentions." Wheresoever the terrors of the standing army did not extend, as in Norwich, Warwick, and many other distant provincial places, the populace were agitated with the convulsive throes of civil war. Lancashire was in open revolt. The Jacobites in St. Germain and Great Britain believed that the English would never practically suffer their sceptre to pass from Anne, the next protestant heir. Many of the Jacobites would have joined the party of the princess Anne from a romantic idea that her first movement would have been, if placed on the throne, to resign in favour of her father and brother, since her letters to her father were generally known among the party. Such considerations may serve to show how formidable was the crisis, which passed favourably owing to the pacification of king William and the daughter of James II. Arrests of the most active among the Jacobite agitators of the public peace promptly followed the stable settlement of the revolutionary government. Oglethorpe, the same leader of the party who had reviled queen Mary on the memorable night of the fire of Whitehall, was as busy among them as the petrel in a storm, and, like that bird, he still flew free from danger himself.¹

The only son of the princess Anne was considered by the world promising in person as well as intellect ; and though the princess knew his health was fragile, yet she had seen too many transitions from pining infancy to robust adolescence wholly to despair of one day beholding the coronal of the principality circle the brow of her Gloucester. Such expectations once more hardened the heart of the princess Anne against her father and the disinherited prince of Wales, her brother. Her penitent letters to her exiled parent having been merely instigated by revenge against William III., her actions now proved that she found it more profitable to be the friend than the foe of the monarch of the revolution. The princess, nevertheless, continued the correspondence with her father, and even continued to make promises which she intended not to fulfil. James II. was not deceived when this second alliance with his enemy took place, for he thus notes the circumstance in the journal of his life :² "The princess Anne, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, appeared now to be more satisfied that the prince of Orange [William III.] should remain, though he had used her ill and usurped on her rights, than that her father, who had always cherished

¹ Inedited MS., Bib. du Roi, Paris ; dated Jan. 19, 1695, n.s.

² Life of James II.

her beyond expression, should be restored. But his own children had lost all bowels of compassion and duty for him. He was much afflicted at the manner of his eldest daughter's death." He adds, "that he made no effort to disturb the revolutionary government when it took place."

The writers of doggerel lampoons vented their spleen on the king's surrender of the regency into the hands of a council of nine, during his summer campaign of 1695. Long years had elapsed since a primate of England had been called to exercise any office of state; but the lampooner notes Tennyson's elevation rather savagely, in his epigram of

"THE NINE KINGS.

"Will's wafted to Holland on some state intrigue,
Desirous to visit his Hogans at Hague;
But lest in his absence his subjects repine,
He cantoned his kingdoms, and left them to Nine—
Eight ignorant, peers and a blockish divine."¹

The princess Anne slowly recovered her health, and with it the use of her limbs and power of progression without assistance. She made efforts to suppress, by the violent exercise of hunting, and the practice of cold bathing, the tendency to corpulence which her habits of self-indulgence had brought upon her. Some traditionary traces still remain that such was the case. A bath-house, in a shabby old street between Soho-square and Long acre, named "New Bolton-street," has lately been laid open in the course of the improvements in St. Giles's. The water is considered very salubrious, and is brought by pipes from Hampstead to a well-constructed bath in the aforesaid street, neatly finished with Dutch tiles, and retaining the traditional name of "queen Anne's bath" to this hour. It is nevertheless improbable that Anne resorted to this place when she was in possession of the palace of St. James and all its appurtenances, either before or after her disgrace with king William: it was most likely her occasional bath-room when she resided at Berkeley-house.

In regard to exercise, the princess Anne, whensoever the muscular infirmity occasioned by excess of gout and dropsy did not incapacitate her, was an indefatigable huntress, having been from an early period of life accustomed to pursue this diversion with her father in the parks of Richmond and Windsor. After she had been barred, by the enmity of her brother-in-law and sister, from all approach to Windsor-castle and park, she purchased a cottage lodge not far from the royal residence, and every summer hunted the stag in Windsor forest. There is a noble oak among its glades which used to have a brass plate affixed to it, intimating that it was called "queen Anne's oak," for beneath its branches she was accustomed to mount her horse for the chase, and view her officials and dogs assembled for the stag-hunt.² But these equestrian feats

¹ MS. Harleian.

² Pyne's Palaces.

had been discontinued since the birth of the duke of Gloucester, her enormous increase of size having precluded them. Anne, whether as queen or princess, after that period followed the chase in a light one-horse chair, constructed to hold only herself, and built with enormously high wheels.¹ In this extraordinary and dangerous hunting-equipage she has been known to drive her fine strong hackney forty or fifty miles on a summer's afternoon.

Whilst the king was absent (and he never remained a whole year in England), the case became rather embarrassing how the council of regency were to conduct themselves if they happened to be by any chance altogether in the presence of the princess Anne, and, as most of them were her particular friends, and held the great state offices, this was not unlikely. As the whole together represented the majesty of the English government and sovereignty, it was according to etiquette for them to sit, and the princess to stand in their presence. This dilemma was, however, successfully modified, by arranging that a quorum (or four members) of this body never entered collectively the presence of the princess, who was thus able to retain her seat at her own receptions, as three persons of the council of regency were not entitled to this homage.² Anne, who was herself the most rigorous observer of court etiquette, expressed her obligation to the lord-keeper for his considerate foresight.

It has been asserted, that when the princess paid her remarkable visit of condolence to the king, his majesty had formally invited her to take up her residence at St. James's-palace, the usual abode of the heir to the throne of Great Britain. Years, nevertheless, intervened before she left Berkeley-house, which was but a hired dwelling, to take possession of the ancient palace of her ancestors, when an event occurred of an extraordinary nature: the princess had before been plundered by highwaymen; she was now robbed by burglars. The mysterious disappearance of her great silver cistern, worth 750*l.*, from Berkeley-house, was advertised in the "Postman" in the spring of 1695. It was discovered in the possession of a distiller of some wealth at Twickenham, who was afterwards tried and convicted of the robbery.

The young duke of Gloucester continued to reside at Campden-house, on account of its salubrity and its bracing air, which was withal so mild, that in sheltered spots in the grounds the wild olive,³ when planted, was seen growing vigorously, and enduring the severity of English winters and springs. The health of the young prince, who was the hope of protestant England, was of so very precarious a nature, that it was desirable to keep him, not only in the most salubrious locality, but as

¹ Swift notes this practice only a few months before her death.

² Roger Coke.

³ Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, first edition; *art.* olea.

much retired as possible from the view of the people, whose attention had been, since the death of queen Mary, anxiously directed towards him. The real cause of the little prince's ill-health was water on the brain. "His head was extremely long and large," says his biographer, "which made him so difficult to be fitted with a peruke!" His hat, poor infant! at five years old, was large enough for most men. It was the terrific malady of hydrocephalus that prevented him from walking freely, long after the time when children usually run alone. The complaint seems to have been little understood, for when the suffering child craved the assistance of two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water at such times gave him vertigo; but the prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution, in requiring support under his agonizing infirmity, as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years. She led him into the middle of the room, and told him "to walk, as she was sure he could do so;"¹ he obstinately refused to stir, without being led by at least one person. The princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone. The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requesting aid.² The whole circumstance was revolting, for the difficulty is, in general, to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in its exuberance of animal spirits. Great indeed must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head before his natural vivacity could be extinguished; the struggle induced by cruelty instead of strengthening him, must, on the contrary, have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus.

The cruelty in that era regarding education was one of its most disgusting and demoralizing features, too much of which is still retained in public schools; but such discipline exercised towards children in health seems light indeed, when compared to the regimen prescribed and administered by the prince of Denmark to his infirm child, in his utter ignorance of the physiology of disease. The prince, probably, was stimulated by the dread of the lampoons and caricatures which had become efficient weapons of party attack in England. Since the day when Shaftesbury promulgated an axiom worthy of him, that "ridicule is the test of truth," lampoons had become positively atrocious as

¹ Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester: Brit. Museum.

² *Ibid.*

the close of the eighteenth century. Every calamity that poor frail human nature is heir to was held up to public scorn, in the most loathsome language or coarsest limning, by hired party scrawlers, who, merciless as demons, were as active in calumny at that era, as persons of the same fraternity subsequently became in the French revolution. Prince George of Denmark knew that the Jacobites would retaliate on his child all the brutalities that were daily issued against 'the young Pretender,' if his infirmity in walking became matter of public discussion.

The life of the little duke of Gloucester had been strangely divided between the feminine cherishing and petting that the princess his mother and her ladies thought needful to preserve his fragile existence, and the ferocity which the prince, his father, considered ought to be inculcated into the mind and manners of the heir of dominions, where the cry of war prevailed over every other sound, and brute force was valued far above wisdom, benevolence, and even that majestic attribute of royalty—moral courage. The father sought to whip a dire disease out of the young prince; the princess, on the contrary, if she only saw him totter as he crossed the room, expressed by the fading of her colour and the cold dew breaking on her brow, that her maternal fears amounted to agony.¹ During the spring and summer of the same year when prince George had forced the unfortunate child to walk, and go up and down stairs without the support his sad malady craved, illness attacked him repeatedly, owing to his preternatural exertions to seem robust and rollicking, when pain and infirmity insisted on their dues. His illnesses were attributed to every cause but the evident one; even to the smell of some harmless leeks. The princess Anne wore a leek on St. David's day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to put in his hat, was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welsh usher was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, large enough for his boys to climb the masts: he then, thoroughly tired, threw himself down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden-house² among the ladies, that the future prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks on St. David's day. Doubtless the Jacobites, of whom there were many in the household, deemed it a judgment. The princess Anne was terrified; she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe declared that the young duke had a fever. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by presents of toys; while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed—

¹ Lewis Jenkins.

Ibid.

probably by the desire of the prince of Denmark, his father—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications builded by his bed-side. So far, so well; but the zeal of the ladies of the princess, in seeking for him quieter amusements, produced a scene in opposition not remarkably edifying. Mrs. Buss, the nurse of the princess his mother, who had previously purchased all his toys, (filling at that time the office of privy-purse in the household at Campden-house,) thought proper to send him by Wetherby, one of his chairmen, an automaton, representing prince Louis of Baden fighting the Turks. As the young duke had given up dolls since the preceding summer, his masculine attendants started the idea that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces—an execution delightedly performed by the sick duke's small soldiers. The messenger, too, ought to receive condign punishment for the crime—of bringing a doll! Wetherby, however, taking warning by the scene, had decamped, and rushing down Campden-hill, took refuge in some hospitable nook in the depths of Kensington; he was discovered, captured, and detained all night in prison; the duke of Gloucester¹ ordered him to be brought into his presence next morning for sentence. Wetherby was bound hand and foot, mounted on the wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. As four grown men, besides the small soldiers, were engaged in this execution, resistance was vain, and the victim received no mercy. When half-drowned with his shower-baths, his tormentors drew him on the horse into the bedroom of the sick heir to the British throne, who exceedingly enjoyed the sight of the man's woful condition.

The princess was extremely solicitous that her young son should never repeat any vulgar or profane expressions in his conversation; her precepts on which head, it may be supposed, were not much heeded while he witnessed similar amusements conducted by Robin Church and Dick Drury, the drunken and swearing coachmen, aided by the running footmen and chairmen of the palace. The conversation of the infant prince was, of course, soon garnished with startling expressions to the ladies. The duchess of Northumberland, when one day visiting her royal highness, was greeted by the little duke, in return for her caresses, with some expletives, inappropriate to courtly circles. The princess Anne was told that he learned this ill language by hearing his small soldiers "becall one another." After the evil had taken root, the princess in vain exercised almost teasing vigilance respecting its recurrence; but coarse and profane language on the lips of a child in those days, was considered to give hopeful promise of martial manhood. One day, her

¹ Lewis Jenkins.

royal highness was receiving a visit at her toilet from her little son, when he informed her that he was "dry," adding a very stable-like expletive.—"Who has taught you those words?" demanded the princess. "If I say Dick Drury,"¹ whispered the duke of Gloucester to one of his mother's ladies, "he will be sent down-stairs. Mamma," added he aloud, "I invented them myself." Another time, at one of these toilet-visits, the young prince made use of the expletive, "I vow." The princess, his mother, demanded "who he had heard speak in that manner?"—"Lewis," replied the duke. "Lewis Jenkins shall be turned out of waiting, then," said the princess Anne. "Oh, no, mamma," said the child; "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think of it." Surrounded as the royal boy was with attendants, having a preceptor who was a clergyman, likewise a chaplain who called himself his own, he learned the first elements of the Christian religion by mere accident, as the world would deem it. Prayers, it is true, were read every day at eleven o'clock by his preceptor, Mr. Pratt, before he took his reading lesson; but to these the young duke positively refused attention. That no explanation had been given, satisfactory to his infant mind, is apparent by his docility when instructed by a person who was in earnest.

Change of air had been recommended by Dr. Radcliffe, in the summer of 1695. Anne was offered a pleasant mansion, an adjunct formerly belonging to the queen's manor-house opposite to Twickenham church, held in crown lease from Catharine of Braganza by Mrs. Davis, an ancient gentlewoman of Charles I.'s court, who was more than eighty years of age. She was a devotee of the Anglican church, and lived an ascetic life on herbs and fruit. Simple as were her habits, she enjoyed a healthy and cheerful old age. All the fields and hedgerows of the estate, consisting of sixteen acres, she had caused to be planted with beautiful fruit-trees. The cherries were richly ripe when the princess came to Twickenham, and the hospitable owner gave the individuals of the princess's household leave to gather as much fruit as they pleased, on the condition "that they were not to break or spoil her trees." The caution was not misplaced, for the young duke of Gloucester's regiment of boys followed him to Twickenham; but their exercises were confined to the ait or islet in the Thames, nearly opposite the church. When the princess had resided at this lady's seat for a month, she told Sir Benjamin Bathurst to take a hundred guineas, and offer them to their aged hostess in payment for rent and for the trouble which she and her people had given, but the old lady positively declared she would receive nothing. Sir Benjamin, nevertheless, pressed the payment on her and put the guineas in her lap; but Mrs. Davis persisted in her refusal, and rising up, let the gold she rejected roll to all corners of the room,

¹ The duke of Gloucester's coachman.

leaving the comptroller to gather it up as he might. The princess Anne was astonished at generosity she had been little accustomed to, declaring, "that although it would have been pleasure to have rewarded this loyal gentlewoman to the utmost of her power, yet they must abstain from the further tender of money, since her delicacy was hurt by it."¹ There certainly exists instinctive affection between children and aged persons who are devoted to the practice of beneficent piety. Mrs. Davies and the little duke of Gloucester soon became confidential friends. Many younger and fairer faces were around him, all full of flattery and indulgence; yet, peradventure, the princely infant saw expression beaming from her wrinkled brow that was more attractive to his childish instinct. From the lips of this old recluse he learned the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and several prayers of our liturgy perfectly satisfactory to his intelligence. The devout lady accompanied her tuition by explanation and instruction suitable to his infant mind, for he never omitted repeating the aspirations she had taught him, with great exactness, every night and morning,² although he still remained utterly obtuse to the prayers read by his preceptor. These facts are detailed by Lewis Jenkins, without the slightest perception of the touching providence which led the young child to imbibe the knowledge of prayer from the lips of this benevolent recluse of the church of England. Such was her influence over the neglected mind of the wayward little prince, who had manifested active hatred to every semblance of the worship of God.

The princess was, one Sunday, preparing to go to Twickenham church, when her little son came to her, and preferred a request to go to church with her, for the first time. When he received her permission, he ran to "my lady governess, Fitzharding, who was," observes Lewis, "as witty and pleasant a lady as any in England." The duke of Gloucester told her that he was going to Twickenham church with his mamma. My lady Fitzharding asked him, "If, when there, he would say the Psalms?" for he had made great resistance to this part of his religious exercises. "I will sing them," replied the little prince. He became henceforth somewhat observant and critical regarding the ecclesiastical establishment of the palace, and the tendency of his thoughts soon was apparent at his usual visits to his mother's toilet. "Mamma," said he, "why have you two chaplains, and I but one?" "Pray," asked the princess Anne, by way of an answer, "what do you give your one chaplain?" Now it is well known that this office in the royal household is merely titular. The little duke must have heard the fact, by his reply, though he was unconscious that it was a repartee. "Mamma," said he, "I give him—his liberty."³ At which answer the princess

¹ Lewis Jenkins.² *Ibid.*³ *Ibid.*

laughed heartily, and often repeated it as a good instance of royal patronage and benevolence to the church of England.

When the household of the princess Anne left Twickenham, the duke of Gloucester was brought back to Campden-house, and here he found all his small soldiers posted as sentinels on guard; they received him, to his great pleasure, with presented arms and the honours of war. Their exercises were now occasionally transferred to "Wormwood Common;" perhaps Lewis means the place called Wormwood Scrubs, or Shrubs. Here the young prince was walking one morning for the air with "a pistol in his hand:" he fell down, and hurt his forehead against it. When he returned to Campden-house, the ladies were very full of pity regarding his hurt; he told them "that a pistol had grazed his forehead, but that, as a soldier, he could not cry when wounded." Again he was very earnest in his desire to be prince of Wales, but he was, as usual, "checked by his mother."

The princess, finding that her child about this time suffered with inflammation in the eyes, became alarmed lest he should be as much subject to this distressing complaint as she was, and her sister queen Mary. The idea grieved her so much, that she went in person to Bloomsbury, where lived old Dr. Richley, who was, in the language of our authority, "famous for bad eyes." He gave the princess a little bottle, and directed the liquid therein to be applied to the eyelids with a camel's hair brush. At that time the duke of Gloucester's eyes were almost closed, so that he could not bear the light. He had been prescribed diet-drink, which he refused to take until his father, prince George of Denmark, had enforced obedience by another castigation; but when swallowed, "the diet-drink" did no good. The princess Anne, who had been harassed and vexed by these contentions, applied the nostrum of the oculist she had sought, which effected an immediate cure; upon which her royal highness sent the Bloomsbury doctor a purse with fifty guineas, in token of gratitude.¹

The faithful Welsh usher of the young duke was anxious to acquire the elements of many sciences, for the purpose of imparting them to his young master; he gave him his first ideas of fencing, fortification, geometry, and mathematics. The child ran to his mother every day, to display his new acquisitions in her dressing-room; yet they brought neither thanks nor reward to the unfortunate Welshman, but reproofs for presumption from enemies on all sides, and advice from the princess "to mind his own business." Mr. Pratt, the tutor, considered his office was invaded, and "my lady governess" Fitzharding, was particularly enraged at the very idea of "the mathematics," which she evidently took for some species of conjuration. The following scene and dialogue, ruefully related by the poor Welshman, is simple matter of fact, and

¹ Lewis Jenkins.

took place before Swift had dashed at the same incident. "One day, the young duke of Gloucester pulled a paper out of my pocket," says Lewis, "on which were some problems in geometry. He looked it over, and found some triangles. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I can make these.'—'No question of that,' I replied, not much attending to what he said." It must have been this unlucky paper, carried off by the little prince to the toilet of the princess Anne, that excited the wrath of the fair Fitzharding, who possibly mistook the geometrical figures for magic characters. The same day, the lady Fitzharding having superintended the dinner of the young prince her charge, sailed out of the room, with Lewis Jenkins carrying her train: while they were proceeding thus down-stairs to the apartment of the princess, the courtly dame, turning her head over her shoulder, said disdainfully to the obsequious squire performing the office of train-bearer, "Lewis, I find you pretend to give the duke notions of mathematics and *stuff*."¹ Poor Lewis, answered widely enough from this accusation, by saying, meekly, "I only repeated stories from history, to divert and assist the young duke in his plays." Another angry askance over her shoulder was darted by the lady governess on the hapless bearer of her train. "Pray," asked she, "where did you get your learning?" Such a question, it appears, was unanswerable; but the fair one's wrath was somewhat appeased by her lord, who told her "that Lewis Jenkins was a good youth, had read much, and did not mean any harm." Lord Fitzharding, however, was commissioned by the princess Anne to hinder Lewis from teaching her son anything, "because it would injure him when he was learning fortification, geometry, and other sciences, according to the regular methods." The princess had no sooner given this prohibition, than she saw her young son putting himself into fencing attitudes. "I thought I had forbidden your people to fence with you," observed her royal highness. "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the child; "but I hope you will give them leave to defend themselves when I attack them." The poor little prince, although delicate, was, when relieved from the pressure of actual pain, high-spirited and lively. Unlike his parents, he showed marked indifference to food. His nurse, Mrs. Wanley, was forced to sit by him at his meals, to remind him that it was needful to eat, and even to feed him occasionally: he would turn from the food she presented, and pick up crumbs, eating them in preference to solid nourishment. His tutor, Pratt, passed through the room, and said, reprovingly, "You pick crumbs as if you were a chicken." "I'm a chick o' the game, though!" replied the child. The tutor seems to have been an object of

¹ The above was the original of Swift's satirical lines—

"With their Novids and Plutarchs, and Homers and *stuff*:
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

the princely boy's aversion, whose dislike to hear him read prayers amounted to antipathy. He used to beg Mrs. Wanley to have the prayers shortened, yet he was quite willing to repeat those his old friend at Twickenham had taught him. The prohibitions which the princess Anne gave repeatedly to the historical narratives told by Lewis to her son, are attributed to the jealousy that Mr. Pratt manifested, because more than once in conversation, the young prince his pupil discussed with him incidents from ancient history, which the tutor was fully aware had not been acquired from himself.

The princess Anne enjoyed during the summer, the dignity of first lady of England; but the return of her brother-in-law, in October 1695, did not increase her happiness. His majesty's arms were more successful than usual, but many symptoms betokened that the royal temper was not at ease. Namur had fallen into his possession, but no warrior was ever more ashamed of defeat than William was at the flood of congratulatory addresses on this victory, which were poured on him from every town in England. His gracious majesty distributed sarcasms on all sides by way of answers. The princess Anne, considering herself eminently successful in her condolences on the death of the queen, now penned her royal brother-in-law "a compliment" on his conquest of Namur, which his majesty answered not. The mayor of Norwich brought him up condolences for the death of queen Mary, and congratulations for the taking of Namur, and presented them with a speech, which was rather smart and pithy for a civic address, saying, "I bring your majesty my hands full of joy and sorrow."—"Put both in one hand, master mayor," interrupted the king, in a hoarse voice. The by-standers stood aghast, unable to tell whether his majesty meant to sneer or joke at the condolence for his queen; but William was disgusted with Namur, which had cost him the lives of 12,000 men, and was, indeed, but a piece taken on the Flemish chessboard of war, where he and Louis XIV. had for many years amused themselves by playing away the blood, treasure, and commerce of Europe. Among other victims of this dear-bought capture, was the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Godfrey, who had visited the seat of war regarding money transactions from the Bank; a cannon ball killed him by his majesty's side—an odd chance of war, which, taking the man of money, and leaving the man of battles, is said to have strengthened more than ever William III.'s belief in fatalism. However, on the death of the poor banker, he rather ungraciously asked, 'What business had he there?' . . . Yet after this accident, if any one of his own household came out of curiosity to see the progress of the siege, he gave him a caning."¹

¹ True and Secret History, &c., from the library of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, p. 250, vol. II.

The king paid a state visit to the princess Anne, or rather to her son, at Campden-house; the young duke received his majesty under arms, and saluted him with the pike, according to the mode then in vogue of paying military honours. King William, who was fond of children, seemed pleased, and began conversing with him by the question of, "Whether he had any horses yet?"—"Yes," replied the little duke; "I have one live horse, and two dead ones." The king laughed at him for keeping *dead horses*, in a manner which exceedingly aggravated the child; he then gave him the information, "that soldiers always buried their dead horses out of their sight." The little duke had designated his wooden horses as dead ones, in contradistinction to the Shetland pony, "no bigger than a mastiff," which carried him at his reviews. He took the words of king William in their literal sense, and insisted on burying his wooden horses out of his sight, directly the royal visit was concluded. This he did with great ceremony, and even composed some lines as epitaph, which, though childish doggerel, contradict the assertion, gravely recorded in history as one of his juvenile virtues, "that he showed a marked aversion to verses and poetry."¹

Hostility was, soon after this visit, renewed, on the part of king William, towards the princess Anne. William had permitted the appanage belonging to the heir-apparent of England to rest in abeyance while his queen was in existence, according to the hope her party continued to express while she lived, that she might one day have a son. At her death, he recklessly made a present of it to Bentinck, and for ever, too! The princess Anne and the country viewed the measure much as the people of the present century would have done, if George IV. had given away the principality of Wales to one of his friends after the death of his daughter. Had lord Portland been put in as a mere *locum tenens*, the matter might have been endurable; but in the intense ignorance, both of master and man, on the subject of British history, they boldly seized on this inalienable property. The discussion in the house of commons would have covered them with disgrace, if the speeches pronounced therein had been reported to the public as they are at present. But this was liberty which the revolutionists had not dreamed of granting; pillory, loss of ears, and the lash, were castigations distributed by them with great liberality among the *literati* who reported aught of the sayings and doings of either house of parliament.

The speech, however, of a member of the principality, Price,² for Denbigh, became matter of history, for he edited his own oration on the enormity committed by the Dutch king, in his gift to his Dutch favourite of the appanage England expected one day to see possessed by

¹ Lewis Jenkins; British Museum.

² In the pamphlet the name of Price is indicated thus P . . . ce.—Life of William III., printed 1705. Initials took the place of real

names; and as late as the days of Dr. John son, he reported the commons' speeches in the Gentleman's Magazine as those in the parliament of Lilliput.

the son of her princess. When lord Portland endeavoured to obtain the revenues of this absurd grant, his demand was met by a petition against his possession from the country gentlemen of Denbigh, presented by Price, whose speech on the occasion presents an abstract of the immunities of princes of Wales, as heirs to the English crown. "Give me patience and pardon," said he, "and I will lay before you the true facts upon the petition, of the manner of the grant, and what is granted. The great lordships of Denbigh, Bromfeld, and Yale have been for some centuries the revenues of the princes of Wales, where upwards of fifteen hundred tenants pay rents and other royal services. These lordships are four parts in five of the whole country, and thirty miles in extent: there are great and profitable wastes of several thousand acres, rich and valuable mines, besides other advantages which a mighty favourite might make. Such is the grant not only to lord Portland, but to his heirs for ever, only leaving a reservation of 6s. 8d. per annum to the king and his successors. When the parliaments in the reign of Charles II. passed the act concerning his fee-farm rents, they excepted the principality of Wales for the support of the future princes of Wales. There is a great duty lies upon the freeholders of these lordships: on the creation of the prince of Wales they pay him 800*l.* for *mizes*—robes and apparel. If we are to pay these *mizes* to this noble lord, then he is *quasi* prince of Wales, for such duty was never paid to any other; but if it is to be paid to the prince of Wales and this noble lord too, then are the Welsh doubly charged. But I suppose that the grant of the revenues of the principality is the forerunner of the honour too! The story goes, that we were brought to entertain the nominee of Edward I. by being recommended as one who knew not a word of the English tongue: how we were deceived is known. I suppose Bentinck, lord Portland, does not understand our language either; nor is it to be supposed he will come amongst us to learn it, nor shall we be fond of learning *his*." The sturdy ancient Briton then quoted, with considerable aptness, various historical passages relative to the indignation the English people had always manifested against greedy foreign favourites of royalty, and concluded the most remarkable historical speech of his era with these remarkable words: "It was part of the coronation-oath of our kings not to alienate the ancient patrimony of the crown without the consent of parliament. But now, when God shall please to send us a prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him as a pope did to king John, made by his father king of Ireland, surnamed *Sans Terre*, or *Lackland*; the pope gave him a crown of peacock's feathers, in consideration of his poverty. I would have you consider we must, like patriots, stand by our country; rejoicing that we have beat out of this kingdom *popery* and slavery, and now with as great joy entertain *socinianism* and poverty, yet do we see our rights given away, and our liberties will soon

follow. The remedies of our forefathers are well known." William used all his influence for Bentinck, but the commons were inexorable, and resumed his shameless grant. Had the intentions of the hero of Nassau been carried out, the present hope of England would have received only an income of 6s. 8d. yearly from his fair principality of Wales.

Since the death of queen Mary, William had become more gloomy and misanthropic than ever, and more addicted to drinking schnaps of Hollands gin in his solitary hours. These potations had not the effect of intoxicating his phlegmatic temperament, but made him very irritable, and in the succeeding mornings he was very apt to cane his inferior servants. The Banqueting-house at Hampton-court was used by him as a drinking and smoking room, the orgies celebrated therein, when thus converted by William III. into a royal gin-temple, produced such remarkable irritation in his majesty's temper, that few or none but his lowest foreign menials chose to cross his path on the succeeding mornings; for the persons on whom he was wont to inflict marks of his fractious humour were facetiously called in the royal household, "king William's knights of the cane"¹—a distinction by no means endurable to the proud Norman blood of the English aristocracy who held state offices in his household. And here those who are interested in the historical statistics of civilization may observe, that the example of this monarch's manners made prevalent in England, throughout the last century, every species of castigation with scourges and sticks, not only by parliamentary licence in the English armies professionally, but by all sorts of amateur performances, after the example of northern Europe. The cudgellings bestowed by czar Peter on all ranks and conditions of his loving Russians, without partiality or regard to age or sex, are matters of history. The canings of Frederic I. of Prussia (who was cousin-german of William III.) refreshed, not only his army and household, but his sons, daughters, and friends. Frederic the Great, whose kindred to the hero of Nassau was manifested by resemblance in mind and person, did not forget, having been brought up under his father's baton, to wield "the cane-sceptre of Prussia," as a French wit has aptly called it, when he considered it peculiarly efficacious.

In apprehension lest his kingly lease for life should be resumed, William recommenced his contemptuous treatment of the princess. On her state visit at his return from Holland, November, 1695, she had to wait two hours in his ante-chamber without the slightest distinction between her and the wives of the aldermen and deputies of the common-councilmen who attended his court receptions at Kensington-palace.² The princess was subject to similar insult every reception-day, during that winter at least, until the murmurs of the people reminding the king that her royal highness was the object of their warmest affections,

¹ Life of his late majesty king William III.

² Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

were re-echoed by those of his own English officials who had access to his person. Indeed, they were forced to convince him that he was showing more contempt to their princess than the nation at large would bear, and then his majesty found it necessary to alter his system. When the princess came for the future, lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain, was despatched to usher her in due form into the presence. Yet cause of complaint still existed, that no one was sent to receive her, when alighting, of higher rank than a court page.

CHAPTER II.

ANNE was passing the Christmas recess with her husband and little son at Campden-house, Kensington, when they were surprised by a visit from king William, who was then residing at the adjacent palace. His majesty chose to make in person the gracious announcement that the princess and her household could take possession of the palace of St. James whensoever it pleased her; and that as, by the death of lord Strafford, a Garter was at his disposal, he intended to bestow it on his nephew.¹ Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, chancellor of the Garter, came to announce to the princess that a chapter would be held January 6, 1696, for the admission of Gloucester.

The prince of Denmark took the child in state to Kensington-palace on the appointed day. William III. buckled on the Garter with his own hands, an office which is commonly performed by one of the knights-companions, at the mandate of the sovereign.² "When the little duke came home to Campden-house, he was not," says his faithful Welsh chronicler, "in the least puffed up with pride; neither did he give himself any consequential airs on account of his star and garter, which were from henceforward to be worn daily by him. When he had rested himself a short time in his mother's withdrawing-room, he went to his usual playing-place, the presence-chamber in Campden-house, where he found Harry Scull, one of his favourite boys, whose merit consisted in beating the drum with unusual noise and vigour. 'Now, Harry,' said the duke, 'your dream is out;' for Harry Scull had dutifully dreamed that he saw his young master adorned with a star and garter."²

The marquis of Normandy (who was the same person as Sheffield earl of Mulgrave, the first lover of Anne) paid her a visit of congratulation on the installation of her son. He was himself one of the knights present. He told her "that the young child could not have conducted himself better, if he had been thirty-six instead of six years old." The princess

¹ Lewis Jenkins.

² *Ibid.*

must have recommended her son to the friendly attention of her former lover, since this is not the only instance recorded of the warm interest taken by lord Normandy in the well-doing of this little prince, over whose education he watched with a solicitude that was not prompted by any regard to king William or the revolutionary government. At this period the princess had great hopes of seeing her child attain health and vigour. He was then six years of age and six months, he measured three feet eight inches and a half, he was fresh-coloured and lively, and as well-shaped as was consistent with the unusual size of his head and brain.

The education of the duke of Gloucester had been desultory, but he could read well and write respectably for his age, and could practise the more difficult art of reading writing, which he chiefly derived from his Welsh attendant; nevertheless, the wrath of the prince's governess, lady Fitzharding, on the memorable day of the train-bearing dialogue, and the jealousy of Mr. Pratt, the tutor, had extorted a positive prohibition from the princess against any knowledge being imparted by the Welsh usher, as contraband and irregular: but, as the princess had expressed formerly the utmost satisfaction that her son, when he was much younger, should be told by Lewis incidents from Plutarch and other historians, he was not a little astonished when her royal highness in person forbade him to relate to her son any historical narratives whatsoever. Perhaps the princess was alarmed lest her son should hear the names of her unfortunate father and brother; she might surmise that Lewis would overpass the prescribed bounds in the warmth of narration, when English history was discussed. Notwithstanding the intimidation under which Lewis laboured, the young duke of Gloucester was eager to extract from him all sorts of information, for the child possessed the early love of science for which the Stuarts were remarkable. When he found that dread of his mother's anger restrained Lewis from giving him instruction, he craved for it under promise of secrecy. The child was puzzled to know why there are two round figures of the earth placed side by side on the map of the world. He showed Lewis Jenkins a map, and requested to know "if the earth consisted of two globes placed in that position?" He applied to his friend for explanation, adding, "that if he would tell him nobody should know that he had done so." It is a geographical enigma which has puzzled many an infant mind, nor did Lewis's definition make the matter much plainer. "I could not refrain," says the faithful Welshman, "from telling him, that if he looked on one of these globes delineated on paper, he could see that only, and not the other at the same time; therefore geographers had divided the representation of the world into two equal parts, and he saw in those parts the two hemispheres, which really formed one globe."¹

¹ Lewis Jenkins' Life of the duke of Gloucester.

Anne, according to the gracious invitation of the king, took possession of St. James's-palace early in the spring of 1696. For the first time she appeared to enjoy, with prospect of permanence, the fruits of her struggles against her father at the epoch of the revolution. The palace of her ancestors was now her residence; her rank was recognised by the king and his government, who dared no longer deprive her of her subsistence, as they did during the two years after her father's deposition; but, on the contrary, she was the mistress of an ample and regular income. Above all, the princess had reason to hope that her only surviving child would grow up, and add security to her final succession to the crowns of his ancestors, which would, in due time, be transmitted to him. Over this bright aspect of her fortunes a few specks appeared; they arose from reports that king William meant to bring home a high-Dutch bride when he returned from his summer campaign, and that he intended, in consequence, to contest the clause in the settlement of the succession, by bringing a bill into parliament for making Anne's children give place to his possible issue by a second marriage.

While the princess Anne and her husband were enjoying all the homage and pleasures of their fully-attended courts at St. James's-palace, their son remained at Campden-house, where some attention was now thought fit to be paid to his religious education. On Sunday evenings the princess ordered that her son and the boys of his small regiment were to attend Mr. Pratt, the tutor. The young duke of Gloucester was, on these occasions, exalted on a chair above the rest of the catechumens, with a desk before him; his boys were ranged on benches below: those of them who answered to the satisfaction of the tutor were rewarded with a new shilling, which promoted worship, at least that of Mammon. "At one of these lectures in my hearing," says Lewis Jenkins, who was then in waiting, "Mr. Pratt put the following question to the young duke: 'How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?' The princely catechumen answered, 'I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways.'"¹

The regal fortress of Windsor was appointed for Anne's summer abode. The royal residences were thus shared between the princess and her brother-in-law. The king retained exclusive possession of Kensington-palace and Hampton-court; he had no palace in the metropolis, although his despatches retained the official date of Whitehall, some portion of which still remained on the site of Downing-street, and about the Cock-pit. St. James's-palace and Windsor-castle were allotted to the princess Anne and her son, and were certainly the best portion among the royal dwellings. Canonbury-palace, at Islington, and Hammersmith, with Somerset-house, were the appanages of the absent queen-dowager,

¹ Lewis Jenkins.

Catharine of Braganza. They all fell to decay while in her occupation, or rather in that of her officials, and were disused as palatial residences ever after. Marylebone-palace was still in existence, and its demesnes, park, and gardens (now Regent's-park) were public promenades and places of amusement.

The young duke of Gloucester had never beheld Windsor-castle. On his arrival, his mother ordered him to be led to his own suite of apartments, where he looked about him, but complained that *his* presence-chamber was not large enough to exercise his soldiers in. It seems that the presence-chamber at Campden-house, which was entire lately, with its carved oak-panelling, was larger than the third or fourth rate suites of the regal fortress. The housekeeper of the castle, Mrs. Randec, attended the young duke, to show him the royal apartments in the castle, and give him the description of the pictures. He was pleased with the "historical picture of the Triumph in St. George's-hall," and affirmed that this noble apartment was fit to fight his battles in. The next day the princess sent to Eton school for four boys, to be her son's companions: young lord Churchill, the only son of her favourites, lord and lady Marlborough, was one; he was a few years older than the young prince, and was mild and good-natured, with very pleasing manners. The other Eton scholars were two Bathursts and Peter Boscawen. The young duke, when these playfellows arrived, eagerly proposed that a battle should forthwith be fought in St. George's-hall, and sent for his collection of small pikes, muskets, and swords. The music-gallery and its stairs were to represent a castle, which he meant to besiege and take. Mrs. Atkinson and Lewis Jenkins were in waiting, and both were expected to take part in the fray. They begged young Boscawen to be "the enemy," as he was a very discreet youth, and would take care not to hurt the duke with the pikes and other warlike implements. Peter Bathurst was not quite so considerate for the sheath having slipped off his sword, he gave the duke of Gloucester a wound in the neck with it that bled. The child said nothing of the accident in the heat of the onslaught, and when Lewis stopped the battle to inquire whether the duke was hurt, he replied, "No," and continued to pursue the enemy up the stairs into their garrison, leaving the floor of St. George's-hall strewed with make-believe dying and dead. When all was over, he asked, "ma'm Atkinson," if she had a surgeon at hand. "Oh, yes, sir," said she, as usual, for the dead were revived in the young prince's sham-fights by blowing wind into them with a pair of bellows. "Pray make no jest of it," said the young duke, "for Peter Bathurst has really wounded me in the battle." There was no serious hurt inflicted by young Bathurst, but sufficient to have made a less high-spirited child of seven years old stop the whole sport. The young duke was taken in the afternoon to see the Round-tower; but he was not satisfied with it, because it had neither parapet nor bastion.

Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the ranger of Windsor-park, gave his little highness a buck, to kill as he pleased ; he would have had the animal hunted, but those about him forbade it, and the deer-slaughter became like murder, and a very disgusting scene it was for the tender boy to witness. The poor deer had no "fair-play," for he was disabled and wounded before being turned out by the keeper ; the duke followed the chase in his coach, and young Boscawen, mounted on horseback, managed to direct the bleeding deer and the hunt to the coach, and cut the poor animal's throat in the young duke's presence, that he might have "say" on the first sight of the death of a buck. Mr. Masham,¹ his page, dipped his hand in the blood, and coming sideways, besmeared the duke of Gloucester's face all over. At first he was startled, but on the explanation that such was the usual custom at first seeing a deer slain, "he besmeared me," says his usher, Lewis Jenkins, "and afterwards all his boys." Then, in high triumph, he desired the whole hunting-party to take the way home under the windows of his mother's apartments, and greeted her with the halloo of the chase : he was very anxious to give the "say" to those of her ladies who had not seen deer slaughter. They did not approve of such painting of their faces. The princess advised him to send presents of his venison, which he did, but unfortunately, forgot his governess, lady Fitzharding, who did not bear the slight without lively remonstrance.

The princess Anne having recovered the use of her limbs in the Windsor air, usually walked in the park with her husband, and the little prince her son, before the child went to his tutor for his reading and other lessons. On one of these occasions, the boy alarmed her by insisting on rolling down the slope of the dry ditch of one of the castle fortifications, declaring that when he was engaged in battles and sieges, he must use himself to descend such places. His father, prince George, prevented the exploit in consideration of the alarm of the princess, but permitted the child to divert himself by the performance of this gymnastic next day.² Two anniversary festivals awaited the princess, her husband and child, which were to be celebrated at Windsor-castle that year, with splendour that had never attended them on any previous occasion. The duke of Gloucester's birthday, July 24, was fixed for a chapter of the knights of the Garter to be held in St. George's-hall for the admission of the young duke at their feast and procession. Four days afterwards occurred the thirteenth anniversary of the wedding-day of "Anne of York," and "George of Denmark," which was likewise the name-day of the princess, the day of St. Anne : it was to be kept as high holiday at royal Windsor, from which the princess had been banished for years. She was present at the feast in St.

¹ The name of this person, after his marriage with Abigail Hill, the cousin-german of the duchess of Marlborough, took its place in history.

² Lewis Jenkins.

George's-hall on her son's birthday, and saw him walk in procession with the elder knights in his plumes and robes, from St. George's-chapel to the hall, where the tables were spread for a grand banquet, which the king had ordered to be provided at his expense for the princess and her company.¹ The juvenile knight of the Garter comported himself during the whole ceremonial of installation in his proper place in the chapel, at the service, and the procession, with exemplary gravity and dignity. His noble knights-companions were, his own father, with the dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, Southampton, Shrewsbury, and Devonshire, and the earls of Dorset and Rochester. All the knights of the Garter dined in their robes and full costume, and the little duke of Gloucester sat down among them; but after the child had been at table a little while, and slightly partaken of the feast, he begged leave to be excused for retiring. His anxious mother then ordered him to lie down for repose, and when he had rested from his fatigues for two or three hours, she took him out for the air in her carriage. In the evening the princess received and entertained the nobility, many of whom came from a great distance to the magnificent ball she gave at the castle. The town of Windsor was illuminated, bells rang from all the adjacent steeples, and the country round blazed with bonfires. There were fireworks on Windsor-terrace, in which the young duke of Gloucester particularly delighted; and the part of the entertainment witnessed by him concluded with a new ode written in celebration of his birthday, and sung to music.

On the anniversary of her wedding-day, Anne found her son very lively and full of spirits, superintending the firing of his little cannon in her honour. He had four pieces, which had been made for him in the lifetime of his aunt, queen Mary; one of these was defective, one had burst, the loss of which he had lamented to king William, who promised him a new one—a promise which he never performed. Of course the king totally forgot the promise—of course the child did not. At Windsor, however, there was found a beautiful little model cannon, which had been made by prince Rupert; of this the young duke of Gloucester took possession, with infinite satisfaction. The princess was saluted by the discharge of these toy cannons when she entered the room; but as her son indulged her with three rounds, her maternal fears were greatly awakened by seeing so much gunpowder at his command, and she privately determined that the case should be altered for the future. When the firing was over, the young duke addressed his father and mother, saying, "Papa, I wish you and mamma 'unity, peace and concord,' not for a time, but for ever." The princely pair were delighted with the vivacity and intelligence of their darling, and looked forward to the future with livelier hope than ever.

¹ Lewis Jenkins,

"You made a fine compliment to their royal highnesses to-day, sir," observed Lewis Jenkins, who was in waiting in his apartment. "Lewis," replied the child, "it was no compliment; it was sincere."—"He now," adds the usher, "though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be more wary in what he said, and would not talk and chatter just what came into his head, but now and then would utter shrewd expressions, with some archness." The great satisfaction that the princess Anne enjoyed at this time, both as the recognised heiress-apparent of the British islands, and the mother of a child who began to be looked on with hope by all parties in the realm excepting the Roman catholics, suffered some counterbalance by the revival of reports that William III. was actually betrothed to a princess of Cleves.¹ Peace, the peace of Ryswick, actually was ratified, but no bride arrived. Perhaps English queenships were not popular at Cleves. This pacification has been already discussed; it was little more than a breathing time, while taxable people in England and France gathered together more money, and a few hundred thousand boys in either country reached the sage age of sixteen, when their blood was destined to enrich the fertile fields of Flanders—the fighting grounds of the regimental sovereigns. The princess, with her spouse and son, left Windsor for Campden-house in October. They received an early visit there from king William within a few days of his arrival from Flanders. Simultaneously with the new year of 1697, the public attention was engaged with the attainder of Sir John Fenwick, for a plot against the life of his majesty, who was determined to take this determined Jacobite's life, on account of old grudges, which first arose when that gentleman served in Holland with the English troops, furnished by Charles II. and James II. to keep him in the station of hereditary stadtholder. Above all, on account of the bitter tirade he addressed to queen Mary in the park, when she fled from the fire at Whitehall.² When the prisoner ascertained that he was condemned by attainder, and that despite of the law established by the Bill of Rights at the revolution, without the requisite two witnesses for an act of overt-treason, he forthwith unfolded such evidence of the correspondence of the nobility (including most of William's ministers) with James II., that, if half of them had been impeached, there would have been scarcely enough unconcerned in the treason to have "hanged or beheaded the rest." Marlborough was particularly aimed at, nor can there exist the slightest doubt that the princess Anne's former communications with her father formed prominent points of the Fenwick confessions. Of these it has already been shown, that king William had had in the lifetime of his late consort as full proof as could ever be afforded him by Fenwick; yet he very coolly continued to trust to the tender regard which the princess and her

¹ Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence.

² Sampson's Diary, MS., British Museum.

favourites had for their own interests in the reversionary advancement of the duke of Gloucester, to keep them, for the time to come, patriotic supporters of the Glorious Revolution, when the course of events rendered the future prospect of the succession of Anne and her son inevitable, if they survived the incumbent on the throne.¹

CHAPTER III.

THE public attention was diverted from the illegal execution of Sir John Fenwick and all his *mal-à-propos* revelations, by the unwonted festivity which marked the birthday of the princess Anne, when her son, the heir by parliament, was to be introduced to the court with the utmost magnificence.² It may be remembered, that king William had presented the princess with the jewels of the late queen, her sister. Anne, who was always remarkable for her moderation regarding these sparkling baubles, did not choose to adorn her own person with them, but lavished the whole on that of her boy. The wisdom might be questioned of exciting in the young prince any taste for finery. Howsoever, her royal highness amused herself by ordering and devising for her young son a most marvellous suit of clothes to appear in at court on her birthday. The coat was azure-blue velvet, then the colour of the mantle of the Garter.³ All the button-holes of this garment were encrusted with diamonds, and the buttons were composed of great brilliants. The king himself had given his aid towards the magnificence of this grand costume. His majesty had, in honour of the princely boy's installation as knight of the Garter, presented him with a jewel of St. George on horseback, the order for which, to the royal jeweller, amounted to 800*l*. Thus ornamented, and equipped withal in a flowing white periwig, the prince of seven summers made his bow in his mother's circle at St. James's, to congratulate her on her birthday, and receive himself the adorations of the sparkling crowd of peers and beauties who flocked to her royal highness's drawing-room.⁴ In such costume the young duke is depicted by Kneller, at Hampton-court. Notwithstanding the owlsh periwig with which his little highness is oppressed, he is really pretty :

¹ Sir John Fenwick's revelations were in the commons voted false and malicious, and himself beheaded on Tower-hill, January 28, 1697. King William took possession of all the personal effects of Sir John Fenwick; among others, in evil hour for himself, of a remarkable sorrel shooting-pony, which creature was connected with his future history. Twelve gentlemen were executed, at different times the same year, for having plotted to waylay William III., and kill him in the midst of his

guards on his return from hunting at Hampton. A sufficient number of victims for expiating an abortive plot to prevent, one would think, very loud laudation on William III.'s clemency.

² Gazette Feb. 1697.

³ George I. changed it to a darker shade, that his knights of the Garter might not be confounded with those nominated by the titular king at St. Germain's.

⁴ Lewis Jenkins.

his complexion is of pearly fairness, his eyes very blue, with that touching expression of reflectiveness which often pertains to those destined to an early grave. The features of the heir of the princess Anne were like those of her Stuart ancestors: he as nearly resembled his unfortunate uncle and rival, the exiled prince of Wales, as if he had been his brother, excepting that he had the blonde Danish complexion.

The ladies and courtiers of the princess Anne had scarcely finished admiring the splendid dress of her idolized boy, when king William arrived to offer his congratulations on her birth-night. Then the young duke of Gloucester was led by his proud mother to claim the attention of majesty. It does not seem that the king exactly approved of the display of jewels on the person of the child, for he said to him, with sarcastic abruptness, "You are very fine."—"All the finer for you, sir," was the undignified reply of the princess, alluding to the present of the George that she had received from the king, and the donation of queen Mary's jewels herself, of the value of 40,000*l.*, with which the child stood loaded before them. The princess then urged the duke of Gloucester to return thanks to his majesty: but the boy, albeit so fluent on all other occasions, contented himself by making a low bow to the king, nor could his mother prevail on him to speak; "which," adds Lewis Jenkins,¹ "he probably would have done if left to himself, without being prompted to it." It is more probable that the young prince had been disconcerted by the sharp tone of the king's above-quoted remark, and instinctively felt that the least said on the subject was the best. The unusual attentions of the crowned diplomatist, in making visits to his "sister Anne" when the etiquette of birthdays and wedding-days demanded them, were after all, but the fair seeming of the politician; just at this time the royal spleen and gall rose so irrepressibly against her, that he could not help expressing to his confidant and chamberlain (the brother of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers) how much he detested his sister-in-law, adding, "that if he had married the princess Anne, he should have been the most miserable man on earth."² Villiers reported this agreeable remark to lord Dartmouth: the king meant that it should meet the ear of Anne through his chamberlain's other sister, lady Fitzharding.

The princess passed the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, to which salubrious place she was accompanied by her son. Here the young duke, under the care of his clerical tutor, Pratt, studied fortification with great assiduity. The tutor had been given a doctor of divinity's degree at Oxford, wholly and solely, observes Lewis Jenkins, by the favour and influence of the princess Anne, for the advancement was not due to his learning. Indeed, the employment of the duke of Gloucester's tutor at Tunbridge did not savour much of matters divine; for, by the

¹ Lewis Jenkins.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

leave of the princess, this "divine" made "a pentagon," with all the out-works according to the rules of fortification, in a wood near the Wells, for his princely pupil's improvement; "which answered so well," adds Lewis Jenkins, "as to gain Dr. Pratt much credit, by doing, in fact, what did not properly belong to his cloth or his office." The princess and her son removed from Tunbridge to Windsor-castle till the king's return to England; at the same time Lewis Jenkins, in high dudgeon at the aforesaid pentagon made in the wood at Tunbridge Wells by the bellicose clergyman, Dr. Pratt, and, "from some such like discouragements," resigned his appointment in the service of the princess. The place of his retreat was rather a suspicious one; he went to Rouen, the very headquarters of the English Jacobites. He went, according to his own account, into trade there with a French merchant, "as it were," he pursues, "to begin the world again, having stronger inclinations for business than for a court life, which I could not leave without some regret, as I had the highest respect for the prince that I had the honour to serve, as well as friendship for some persons about the court of the princess, of which I took my final leave." Thus did the quaint and simple-minded narrator of domestic events in the royal family withdraw himself from his post, and at the same time shut out the view afforded to his readers of the palace-life of the princess and her son. Assuredly, the tuition of the young prince was in its outset conducted somewhat by the rules of contradiction. The doctor of divinity provided by her royal highness to inculcate devotional precepts, was only successful in imparting to him, not things divine, but matters militant. An old lady whose concern with the princess was only to let her a house, instructed her child in all he practically knew of religion, while his doorkeeper gave him notions of "history, mathematics and stuff," according to the erudite classification of his governess; to which may be added, that from his mother's chairmen and his father's coachmen he imbibed the vulgar tongue, and they taught him, withal, to box. Such was the under-current of affairs, while on the surface other statements have passed down the stream of history, as illustrative of the young duke's propensities and praiseworthy predilections to battle and sieges, his aversion to poetry and all the fine arts were lauded by right reverend historians¹ with as much unction, as if sovereigns and their heirs, apparent or presumptive, were sent into the world for the sole purpose of slaughtering the human species. It was the intention of the flatterers of William III. to make out that his successor would prove the very mirror and model of himself, and that the young duke of Gloucester would surpass that monarch in his hatred to poetry, music, painting, and dancing. The evidence of the child's dislike to the latter had no better foundation than the trifling fact, that when the princess Anne

¹ In White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough's *Complete History*; likewise Burnet's *Own Time*.

found him a little recovered from the woful affliction in his head, which caused unsteadiness to his footsteps, she ordered him to be taught regularly to walk and dance, and appointed for this purpose Mr. Gorey, designated as "an old rich dancing-master," who had instructed her royal highness in her childhood; but with this aged dancing-master her little son fell out, and bestowed on him the epithet of "old dog," because he strained his limbs in some gymnastic or other. As for the dislike of the young duke to poetry, it is utterly contrary to truth, for he frequently endeavoured to make rhymes.¹

While the princess Anne remained at Windsor in 1697, the marquis of Normanby² paid her another visit. It seems that, on account of his learning, accomplishments, and literary acquirements, he had been deputed by the junta of nine to examine into the mind and capacity of her son. The result was, that the marquis pronounced "the young duke of Gloucester capable of learning anything." From this time it was considered requisite that the princely boy should be taken out of the hands of his mother's ladies. The delicacy of his health and constitution, and the extreme anxiety of his mother lest she should not be able to rear him, had caused the child to remain a nursling, cherished by female tenderness, until after his eighth birthday—a year longer than any of his line had ever been. Even the princess herself now became desirous that his regular tuition should commence.

In one of the visits of the princess to London the same autumn, she went with her husband to view the rising glories of the cathedral of St. Paul's, then approaching its completion. "They expressed themselves extremely pleased with that noble building, and gave money very liberally to the workmen." There was another person to whom their liberality ought to have been extended, even to the venerable architect of this glorious masterpiece, Sir Christopher Wren, who had been deprived by William of his modest stipend of 200*l.* per annum, under pretence that he had not finished the cathedral! Strange to say, the venerable sage lived to finish the mighty structure, and reclaimed the niggard bounty of his country in his ninety-second year.

The education of the duke of Gloucester became now a matter of great anxiety to his mother, and the whole of the spring of 1698 was spent in agitating expectations concerning it. The result of events proves that the princess Anne was ready to submit to any pecuniary loss rather than to have her child torn from her home and heart. The parliament had voted the magnificent sum of 50,000*l.* per annum for the expenses of the education and establishment of the duke of Gloucester, but the king appears to have been given unlimited power in the disposal of the boy.

Anne felt that the king had much in his power to annoy her, if he

¹ Lewis Jenkins

² Her former lover, Sheffield earl of Mulgrave.

took from her maternal care this delicate and sickly child, whom she had reared with extreme difficulty. William III. was only sedulous on two points: the first was, how little of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed by the nation for the use of the duke of Gloucester need be paid for his education and establishment; the other was, that the boy should have no other preceptor than Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury. This last was a bitter sorrow to Anne, who had the lowest opinion of that person's disposition; she earnestly entreated the king, and prince George of Denmark joined in the petition, that the instruction of her child might be consigned to Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury.¹ The readers of the life of Mary II. are fully aware, that in whatsoever esteem Dr. Hooper might have been held by such sons of the church of England as archbishops Sheldon and Sancroft, Isaac Barrow, or Sherlock, or Ken, he was not quite so much beloved by the Dutch king. In truth, Dr. Hooper, like Dr. Ken, had shut up doors with him when only prince of Orange, and had acquired no respect for his character.

The princess Anne could not endure patiently the appointment of bishop Burnet as her son's preceptor. Her royal highness was heard to complain, "that she considered such appointment as the greatest hardship ever put upon her by the king, who well knew how she disliked Burnet, and that she was sure that the king made choice of him for that very reason." Burnet was himself conscious of the aversion of the princess, but the king insisted upon the measure.² The bishop was exceedingly out of humour at this time, "having been disappointed of the great see of Winchester," says lord Dartmouth, "which preferment the king had put at the disposal of one of the lords of the treasury."³

The phraseology of the bishop when mentioning his appointment is remarkable, as the most extraordinary specimen of egotism in our language:³ "I was named by the king to be the duke of Gloucester's preceptor. *I* used all possible endeavours to excuse myself. *I* had hitherto no share in the prince's favour or confidence. *I* had also become very uneasy at many things in the king's conduct. *I* considered him as a glorious instrument raised up by God, who had done great things by him. *I* had also such obligations to him, that *I* had resolved, on public as well as on private accounts, never to engage in any opposition to him; yet *I* could not help thinking he might have carried matters further than he did, and that he was giving his enemies handles to weaken his government. *I* had tried, but with little success, to use all due freedom with him; he did not love to be found fault with, and either discouraged

¹ Hooper MS., printed in the Appendix to Trevor's William III.; likewise the Life of that king, printed 1705, and Biog. Britannica.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. iv. p. 376.

³ Ibid.

me with silence, or answered in such general expressions that they signified little." Lord Dartmouth, his contemporary, illustrates this passage by observing, that the king "had complained of bishop Burnet breaking in upon him, whether he would or no, and asking him questions that he did not know how to answer without trusting him more than he was willing to do, having a very bad opinion of his retentive faculties."¹ The bishop describes how his office of preceptor was finally arranged. "The young duke of Gloucester was to live at Windsor, because it was in the diocese of Salisbury; and the bishop was allowed ten weeks in the princely pupil's vacations, to attend to the rest of his episcopal duties." He affirms, that all his endeavours to decline this advancement were unavailing, for the king said, "he could only trust that care to him." It is certain that no other prelate was bound to identify himself so thoroughly with the revolutionary government as Burnet, and that, as his fortune and station wholly depended on its stability, king William was as certain that Burnet would bring up the boy in as utter hatred to his grandfather James II., as the regent Murray was, when he placed Buchanan as tutor, that he would inculcate in the infant mind of king James every foul stigma against his mother, Mary queen of Scots. The motives of each appointment were similar.

It has been shown that the king had appropriated to his own use an enormous share of the 50,000*l.* per annum added by parliament to the civil list for the purpose of the education of the duke of Gloucester. He had, indeed, retained the whole since the peace of Ryswick.² Nor could any entreaties of the princess induce his majesty to allow more than 15,000*l.*,³ little above a quarter of the sum he received for the establishment of the heir to the British empire. From this fragment the princess solicited that a small part might be advanced, that she might purchase plate and furniture, needful for the extension of her son's establishment. But William III., whose character never appears less attractive than when he is seen in history in the act of grasping some ill-gotten peer or other, positively refused to advance her a doit;⁴ yet the princess Anne was prepared to submit to all losses, so that her boy was not withdrawn from her personal society: besides, to smooth the other hardships, the earl of Marlborough was appointed his chief governor. At the first view, this measure may appear rather extraordinary, when the indignities are remembered which had been heaped on the princess Anne only for her private regard for Marlborough and his wife; but king William's antipathy to Marlborough had become modified since the death of queen Mary. Most of the real kingly functions were executed

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. iv. p. 376.

² The addition voted by parliament was 100,000*l.*, half of which the English parliament had allotted for the payment of the

dowry of James II.'s queen, the other moiety for the education of the duke of Gloucester.

³ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

⁴ Ibid.

by the junta of the oligarchy, resembling the Venetian Council of Ten: a majority of these persons were Marlborough's old colleagues, who had aided him in effecting the revolution. The junta treated with him as a power who had, among other advantages, possession of the mind and will of the princess Anne, the heiress of the crown. If king William could draw from the English house of commons sufficient supplies, he cared little how the English junta arranged for the future. He had been heard to say, "Let all remain according to my wish now, and those may have the crown who can catch it when I am gone." A cynic might have laughed, and doubtless many did, at the utter absence of all apprehension by king William and the junta, that Marlborough and the princess Anne would act on their avowed contrition, to king James. On the contrary, William calculated to a nicety that Marlborough would renounce and betray the distant lineal heir, and cleave to the rival duke of Gloucester, over whose mind an empire would have been established, commenced in early youth. Such was the secret spring of a measure which seems, at the first view, extremely inconsistent with the previous occurrences in the lives of both the royal sisters Mary and Anne. So the earl of Marlborough was permitted by king William to attend his levee, June 19, 1698, and kiss his hand,¹ on his appointment as governor to the duke of Gloucester. The king, who was certainly no composer of compliments in general, is said to have addressed to the object of his former contempt the following fine eulogy on this occasion: "My lord, make the duke of Gloucester like yourself, and I desire no more."² King William likewise nominated the new governor one of the junta of nine, called by the people "the nine kings," and by the parliament "the nine lords-justices."

William III. did not leave England for the delights of his Loo palace that year until July 20; neither was the establishment for the young duke of Gloucester's household and education settled even then, since lady Marlborough expressly says "that the king took with him a list of the young duke's intended officials, which he had, in an access of unwonted graciousness, told the princess Anne to draw out for his approval." These are the words of Sarah of Marlborough: she had every reason to know the truth, with all its minutiae, if she chose to relate it accurately, and in this instance her narrative is corroborated by other contemporaries. "The king," she says, "influenced by lord Sunderland, sent the princess word, 'That though he intended to put in all the preceptors, he would leave it to her to choose the rest of the servants, except one, which was to be Mr. Sayers.'³ The princess

¹ Macpherson's History of Great Britain.

² Coxe, and all the biographers of the duke of Marlborough, repeat this speech. Had it ever been uttered, the duchess would never have omitted it in her Conduct.

³ It will be remembered, in the Life of queen Mary, that she was, in her noted visit to Canterbury in 1693, escorted by a vice-chamberlain, quoted as Mr. Sayers

received this message with extreme pleasure, for it was more humane than aught that she had been used to. She immediately set herself to provide proper persons of the most consideration for the several places, Mr. Boscawen¹ and the son of Mr. secretary Vernon were chosen by her royal highness to be the grooms of her son's bedchamber, and the sons of the earls of Bridgewater and Berkeley were to be his pages of honour. Meantime, king William was in no hurry to finish the affair of the duke of Gloucester's establishment. He let lord Marlborough know 'that he would send a list from abroad of the servants he chose to have in the young duke's family;' but he regarded not in the least the message he had previously sent to the princess. It was then represented to his majesty, 'that the princess, upon the credit of his first gracious message, had engaged her promise to several persons; and it was to be hoped his majesty would not give her mortification at a time when any trouble of mind might do her great prejudice, as she soon expected the birth of another child.'²

The intelligence that his sister Anne was in the hopeful situation which might strengthen the protestant interest, far from obtaining for her the slightest indulgence, appeared to aggravate the acerbity of the royal temper; instead of sending the complimentary congratulations customary on such occasions, his majesty angrily exclaimed,—“Anne shall not be queen before her time, and I *will* make the list of what servants her son shall have!”—“The king remained so peremptory,” continues the Marlborough, “that all my husband could do was, to get young Keppel to try to bring him to reason.”³ The favourite took possession of the list drawn up by the princess, and promised that she should receive from Holland a more satisfactory account of the appointments. He exerted himself so zealously in the cause of the princess, that her own list was returned to her with but few alterations. The king made lord Raby's brother an equerry, and appointed to be “gentlemen waiters” two or three persons who had served queen Mary II. in like stations, and had pensions on that account; “but,” adds lady Marlborough,⁴ “it was to make savings in regard to such pensions, that king William did so ungentlemanlike a thing as to force the princess to fail in such engagements.” The king had evidently, on second thoughts, repented him of the leave he had given the princess Anne to choose the attendants of her son, and thought that he could save all the pensions he most unwillingly had to pay to his late queen's servants, by giving them full pay in the service of the duke of Gloucester, and thus he should be able to “cut off another cantle” out of the 15,000*l*. Keppel very sagaciously proved to his master, that by making enemies of all the

¹ Probably the Eton boy who was sent for from the college by the princess to play with her son, on his first visit to Windsor-castle.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

persons to whom the princess would be forced to break her promise, his saving would at the end prove a very dear one.

The poor princess Anne, while these disputes were in the course of settlement and progress, was forced to leave her grasping brother-in-law in full possession, for at least a year, of the income voted by parliament for the use of the duke of Gloucester, as she was unable to settle her son's establishment until the return of the king, December 17, 1698. The king, therefore, really obtained a whole year and a half's income of 50,000*l.*, almost clear of incumbrances, of this allowance, since the princess was powerless to wrest it out of his unrighteous grasp. Yet the temper of the times did not authorize William III. in putting any very remarkable slight on the princess. Since the peace of Ryswick, king William and his English subjects had not been on those terms which rendered it very safe policy. His principal vexation was, that the English parliament insisted that his standing army should be disbanded, and his Dutch guards sent out of the country. William pleaded in person for the retention of his guards; but finding the parliament inexorable he was forced to yield, more than one member recalling that this was partly the cause of his father-in-law's exile. William remained in a black sullen fit for many hours, without speaking to any one; at last he broke into this exclamation: "By heavens! if I had a son, these Dutch guards of mine should *not* go." Such was the only time he ever was heard to regret his want of offspring; yet, notwithstanding all his saturnine gloom, he was fond of little children. An anecdote is extant of him, which places this propensity in a very pleasing light. One of his secretaries was rather later than usual in his private closet at Kensington, when a tap was heard at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king. "Lord Buck," was the answer. The king rose, opened the door, and there was displayed to view a little child of four years old—young lord Buckhurst, the heir of lord Dorset, his lord high-chamberlain. "And what does lord Buck want?" asked the king. "You to be a horse to my coach. I've wanted you a long time."¹ With a more amiable smile than the secretary had ever supposed king William could wear, his majesty looked down on his little noble, and taking the string of the toy, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied. It was supposed that this was not the first game of play he had had with little lord Buckhurst.

The first edition of Dryden's translation of the *Æneid* is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William III. Jacob Tonson, the celebrated publisher, designed that the work should be dedicated to William III. Dryden, who had been deprived of his pension and laureateship by queen Mary, swore that he would rather commit his manuscript to the flames, than submit to pay that compliment to the

¹ Horace Walpole.

Dutch sovereign. He insisted on dedicating every canto to a separate Mæcenæus of his own among the aristocracy. The extensive patronage thus obtained for the work, induced the publisher to let the poet have his own way. Old Jacob, though baffled, was not foiled, having devised a notable plan of outwitting Dryden, and flattering William at the same time; for he directed the artist, whom he employed to illustrate the *Æneid*, to represent a lively portraiture of his majesty for the *beau-idéal* of the person of the pious *Æneas*. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken wherever they are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet, than he did for compliments in Chinese; either way, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him. Not so to Dryden, whose intense displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious *Æneas*¹ vented itself in the following bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth:—

“ Old Jacob, in his sapient mood,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau’s hook-nosed head
On *poor* *Æneas*’ shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there’s something lacking.
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing.”

In the course of three or four years after the death of queen Mary, the health of king William, which had been infirm from his infancy, seemed sinking under a complication of diseases. Dr. Radcliffe, his majesty’s physician, was one day in attendance on him, when the king asked him what he thought of a complaint which had attacked his legs? “That I would not have your majesty’s two legs for your three kingdoms,” was the startling rejoinder. King William thenceforth banished Radcliffe from court, but as the great physician was a Jacobite, it was no punishment.

In the spring of 1698 occurred an event, apparently of little consequence to the princess Anne, but which subsequently shook the throne to which she succeeded. Yet it was nothing more than the appointment of a destitute servant-maid, a daughter of lady Marlborough’s aunt, to a humble post in the palace of the princess. Abigail Hill² was the name of this kinswoman of the haughty favourite, who had been a servant-maid in the house of lady Rivers of Chafford, in Kent. When lady Marlborough was first established at the Cockpit, at the time of the marriage

¹ In the library of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, is a magnificent copy of the first edition, the subscription folio, adorned with all the luxury of type and engravings. On examination, this curious anecdote is fully verified by the fact, that every

plate in which the pious *Æneas* figures, presents a studied and staring likeness of king William.

² Her servitude to lady Rivers is mentioned by Coxe, *Life of Marlborough*.

of the princess, a lady represented to her that she had near relations who were in the most abject misery. At first the favourite denied that she had ever heard of such persons—a singular circumstance, for most persons in families, either high or low, have heard their aunts mentioned. She was, however, successfully reminded that her father's sister had married an anabaptist, in trade in the city, who had become bankrupt; that this aunt was starving, with her husband; that her two young sons were in rags, and her daughters were servant-maids. The whole of this mortifying detail had, perhaps, been placed before the proud favourite as a rebuke to her arrogance; fortunately for the afflicted persons, it impelled her to draw forth ten guineas from her purse for the relief of her wretched aunt, who expired, as did her husband, directly after the assistance arrived. The appeal had not been made, it seems, till their last extremity. Lady Marlborough began to consider, that to canton the orphans on the public would be more gratifying to her self-esteem, than leaving them in the degree of house-maids and chamber-maids. Abigail Hill was withdrawn by her fortunate kinswoman from servitude with lady Rivers, and given bitter bread as her own nursery-maid.¹ Bitter indeed it must have been, if conclusions may be drawn from a very pert letter of one of her young charges, Anne Churchill, in which that vulgar term of reviling, "creature," as applied to her cousin, most odiously occurs. Abigail Hill, silent and suffering, became, if we may judge from the representation of Lady Marlborough, morose, misanthropic, close, and designing, and was likewise of a temper so miserable, that it preyed inwardly on her health, so that no change of fortune could cheer her melancholy. What an autobiography could have been written by this woman! who appears to have possessed the shy, proud disposition often noted in persons who have seen better days, and yet have sunk to the last wretchedness to which a virtuous person can fall—that of common servitude.

Meantime her brothers, the ragged boys—lady Marlborough especially points out their rags—were caught from the street, clothed and provided for from the rich harvest of patronage at the Marlborough command which opened at the revolution. The elder Hill was placed in the customs; the younger, Jack Hill, as a page to prince George of Denmark. When the household of the young duke of Gloucester was established, lady Marlborough slipped her cousin, Mary Hill, into the snug place of laundress, with 200*l.* per annum; but for her white slave, the melancholy superintendent of her nursery, Abigail, she reserved the place of bed-chamber woman to the princess Anne, and thus was enabled to have a deputy who could perform all her own offices when she chose to absent herself, apprehending no danger of being supplanted by a person so

¹ The duchess of Marlborough, in her reviling letters, frequently speaks of her cousin as *her* nursery-maid.

reserved and unattractive. Abigail had another connection at court, a climbing politician, by name Robert Harley. According to lady Marlborough's statement, the father of Abigail Hill was in the same degree of relationship to Harley, that his wife was to her. She adds "that Harley never did anything for his uncle or his distressed family, or owned the kindred, till Abigail was likely to become a prosperous gentlewoman."

Since the advancement of lord Marlborough to the high office of governor to the duke of Gloucester, his lady had begun to lose the caressing devotion she had hitherto manifested for the princess Anne, and now and then permitted her to taste a spice of that audacious and overbearing arrogance with which she treated the rest of her contemporaries. Sometimes the aggrieved princess would let fall a word or two of complaint before the sympathizing and silent substitute of her haughty favourite. When the princess found no evil consequences ensued, that no tale was carried to Abigail's principal, and above all, that no gossip story was raised in the court, the confidence was extended, and some condolences regarding the fiery temper of the "dear Mrs. Freeman," were received gratefully, and agreed upon by both with impunity. Such was the commencement of the intimacy between the princess Anne and the humble Abigail Hill, and such the domestic politics of the palace of St. James.

A few months' attention to the studies prescribed by his right-reverend preceptor, would have been sufficient to subdue the petulance and break the health of a stronger individual than the little heir of Great Britain. No more of his lively sallies are reported after he was consigned to the tuition of Burnet. There is a beautiful picture of the prince, at this period of his existence, at Hampton-court: "melancholy seems to have marked him for her own." He looks like a young man of seventeen, too sensitive and delicate for this work-a-day world: the blue veins on the fair high temples, the pearly complexion, the mournful regard of the mild blue eyes, and the expression of premature care and thoughtfulness are altogether unlike the merry sprite described by his faithful Lewis Jenkins.

The death of the king of Denmark, brother to Anne's consort, gave that prince some share in the troubles of this world, by plunging him into the deepest affliction. Christiern V. had been loved by him with enduring affection, which had caused him to perform, when fighting by his side, acts of generous and romantic valour, worthy of Bayard or Philip Sidney. Probably it was the esteem the Danish prince obtained in Europe for rescuing his royal brother from captivity by a desperate charge, when taken by the Swedes at the lost battle of Varna, that obtained for him the hand of the heiress in reversion of the British empire, which the princess Anne then was. Prince George had, since his

settlement in England, frequently visited his brother at Copenhagen; therefore, the love between them had not failed from entire absence. The king of Denmark died ¹ September 4, 1699. Prince George of Denmark was in the depth of his mourning habiliments, and had not mastered his sorrow, when the birthday of William III. occurred, Nov. 4th; on this account, the prince expressed his wish that his majesty would permit the princess and himself to congratulate him without doffing their sable weeds, fancying that liberty might be taken, "because the late kings, Charles II. and James II., never wished any persons in recent mourning for their relatives to change it for coloured clothes on such occasions." King William's ideas on the subject of death and "mourning doole," were more consonant with those of Henry VIII. His Dutch majesty, although king Christiern was a near relative of his own, and an ally withal, signified his pleasure that their royal highnesses were to visit him in gay court dresses, or to keep away.² The prince of Denmark was both angry and afflicted at this message.

Other causes of disquiet relative to the death of the king of Denmark were felt by Anne and her spouse. The successor of Christiern V., his son Frederic IV., had, in the course of his travels in France, visited St. Germain, and in despite of the rival interests of his uncle's consort, professed himself deeply interested in the exiled queen and her children, and withal, mightily disposed to espouse their quarrel against the advancement of his young cousin Gloucester. An absurd dispute with Louis XIV. put a stop to his enthusiasm. That monarch would only address his despatches to the king of Denmark as "serenity," and not "majesty;" in retaliation, king Christiern directed his papers to the majesty of France only as "serenity;" which proceeding did not produce much serenity in the tempers of either royal correspondent, for the king of France, in a great rage, bade his ministers address Frederic IV. only as *vous*.³ Such were the childish matters that occupied the attention of sovereigns at the close of the seventeenth century.

Notwithstanding the verbal skirmish between the *grand monarque* and the Danish king, the princess Anne and her consort had the vexation of finding that their nephew, Frederic IV., did his utmost against the government of Great Britain, and consequently against the succession of Anne and her son. Sir George Rooke forthwith bombarded Copenhagen with the English fleet; but the king of Denmark, after the reverses he had sustained from the young Swedish hero, Charles XII., was compelled to make peace. William III., when the early successes of Charles were described to him by Keppel, was heard to say, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, youth is a fine thing!"⁴ The family griefs and troubles detained the princess and

¹ Calamy's Life and Diary.

² Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

³ Despatches of the earl of Manchester

edited by Christian Cole, addressed to the earl of Jersey.

⁴ White Kennet's Complete History

her consort later than usual, in the autumn, at Windsor. There is no notice in the Gazette or Postboy of their attendance at the king's birthday that year, 1699; therefore the prince and princess probably took his majesty at his word, and kept themselves and their mourning from the royal presence. At last, Dec. 2, 1699, the prince and princess of Denmark, with his highness the duke of Gloucester, came to the palace of St. James from Windsor, having eleven coaches with six horses each.¹ The princess expected another accouchement in the spring of 1700: when she was again destined to disappointment; her infant did not live to be baptized.

Among the few incidents which remain of the residence of the princess Anne at the palace of St. James, is the memory of a freak of bishop Burnet, who, it appears, united the office of almoner to the princess with that of preceptor to her son, since he usually preached at St. James's chapel. Here he perceived, or fancied, that the ladies of the princess's establishment did not look at him while preaching his sermons—"his thundering long sermons," as queen Mary called them; nay, bishop Burnet suspected that the ladies preferred looking at any other person. He therefore, after much remonstrance, prevailed on the princess Anne to order all the pews in St. James's chapel to be raised so high, that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit. The princess could not help laughing at the complaint, but she complied when Burnet represented that the interests of the church were in danger. All traces of these high-panelled pews have long disappeared from the royal chapel; but the whim of bishop Burnet was imitated in many churches, which had not been until then divided into pews. The bishops and clergy of our church at the present day are, we have heard, by no means partial to these high boxes as inducements to pious demeanour. As for the damsels for whose edification the lofty pews in St. James's chapel were first devised, they were transported with the utmost indignation, which was only surpassed by the rage of the cavaliers of the court and household of the princess. One of the courtiers, supposed to be lord Mordaunt, vented his wrath by the composition of a satirical ballad on the intermeddling of Burnet, the gist of which was—that if the ladies of the princess had no better reason to restrain their eyes from wandering at church than a pew higher than their heads, their forced attention would do little good. This squib² has some historical utility, because it preserves the description of the principal ladies domesticated with the princess Anne:—

" When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames
Who flocked to the chapel of holy St. James,
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not at him when he bellowed below,

¹ Flying Post, Dec. 1699: Collections, Brit. Museum.

² The earl of Oxford's MS. Collection of Tory and Jacobite verses.—Lansdowne Papers

To the princess he went,
 With a pious intent,
 This dangerous ill in the church to prevent.
 'Oh, madam,' he said, 'our religion is lost,
 If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the toast.¹
 Your highness observes how I labour and sweat,
 Their affections to raise and attention to get;
 And sure when I preach, all the world will agree,
 That their eyes and their ears should be pointed at me;
 But now I can find
 No beauty so kind,
 My parts to regard or my person to mind;
 Nay, I scarce have the sight of one feminine face,
 But those of old Oxford or ugly Arglass.
 Those sorrowful matrons with hearts full of ruth,
 Repent for the manifold sins of their youth;
 The rest with their tattle my harmony spoil,
 And Burlington, Anglesey, Kingston, and Boyle,
 Their minds entertain
 With fancies profane,
 That not even at church their tongues they restrain;
 Even Henningham's shape their glances entice,
 And rather than me they will ogle the vice!²
 These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace:
 Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?
 Then all may lament my condition so hard,
 Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
 Therefore, pray condescend
 Such disorders to end,
 And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send
 To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
 The face of no bawling pretender but me.'
 The princess, by the man's importunity prest,
 Though she laughed at his reasons, allowed his request.
 And now Britain's nymphs, in a protestant reign,
 Are boxed up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

It was provided, among the other regulations of the duke of Gloucester's education, that four of the governing junta should examine his progress in learning every quarter. The child had gone through this somewhat arduous ordeal in the summer of 1700 with great credit.³ He was considered a prodigy of juvenile attainment, and surely his mind must have been crammed with extraordinary mental diet, for his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system, perfectly astonished the four deputies from the governing junta. Nevertheless, all that the young boy answered on these abstract subjects must have been on the parrot system of education, painfully committed to memory, and pronounced without a concomitant idea. Clear and luminous ideas on jurisprudence, and the diverse laws which the communities of mankind

¹ So written; but perhaps it meant the courtiers who brought beauties into celebrity by toasting them at their drinking orgies. Montague, lord Halifax, had the names of the court-beauties written on drinking-glasses,

accompanied by quaint descriptive rhymes, which were repeated when the health was drunk.

² The princess's vice-chamberlain.

³ Roger Coke.

have agreed to observe, can only be obtained by the exertions of riper intellect, as inferences drawn from the history and statistics of various nations, aided by the study of their customs and manners. A very small share of such information appertained to the preceptor; the pupil was the more to be pitied, into whose tender mind sapless and incomprehensible verbiage was unwholesomely thrust. The languages and sciences to which young Edward VI. fell a victim were infinitely preferable, because they were connected with facts and ideas.

A circumstance happened, just before the princess and her household left St. James's-palace for Windsor-castle, which was supposed to have ultimately occasioned very injurious effects on the duke of Gloucester's health, by removing from him the physician who had successfully studied his constitution from his infancy. The princess Anne had always been remarked for her devotion to the pleasures of the table, but as life advanced, her digestion weakened, and very often she suffered under the reaction of the stimulants she took to improve it; she then became low-spirited, and apprehensive regarding her health. One evening she sent for the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, at an inconvenient time, just as he had opened his second bottle of sack. He affected disbelief concerning the illness of the princess, and positively refused to prescribe any medicine for her, but made her attendants put her to bed; declaring that she would be well in the morning. In a few days, he was again summoned, at the same inconvenient hour, but he refused to leave his bottle. "Pooh, pooh!" said he. "Tell her royal highness nothing ails her but vapours; she needs neither physic nor physician." The princess was, of course, very angry, and struck him off her list of physicians,¹ with which Dr. Radcliffe was much delighted; for, as he said, "he hated the whig sovereigns so unfeignedly, that he should certainly have the credit of poisoning them; therefore he wanted none of their custom, not he!" Radcliffe had been appointed medical attendant to the princess Anne, by the king her father, in 1686;² in fact, the hostility between the princess and her physician had commenced as early as her flight from her father in 1688, when the bishop of London sent for him to come to Nottingham, to see after the health of the princess, which showed some dangerous symptoms. Radcliffe indulged in much coarse vituperation on her conduct, and finished by assuring her messenger "that he would not come."

The princess Anne and her household removed with the duke of Gloucester to Windsor before the expiration of the month of May, having just distributed bountiful alms to the London poor. Lord Marlborough and his lady asked a long leave of absence from the princess, and hastened to hold a convention at Althorpe with the old, serpent-like

¹ This is one of Horace Walpole's anecdotes; it is, besides, related by the biographers of Radcliffe.

² Biog. Brit.

politician, Sunderland. They were joined in the organization of their family scheme by lord Godolphin, whose only son had, the year before, married their eldest daughter, Henrietta. The hatred lady Marlborough had borne to lord Sunderland (which, it may be observed, flamed through the despatches of Anne to her sister Mary in 1688) when they were driving on the revolution, vanished, and the favourite, who had joined with her mistress in denouncing him to the late queen as "*the subtlest workingest villain on earth*," now gave her second daughter in marriage to his eldest son. The princess Anne had previously portioned the eldest daughter, having humbly craved permission in the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

"I have a request to make to my dear Mrs. Freeman; it is, that whenever, dear lady Hariote [Henrietta] marries, you would give me leave to give her something to keep me in her thoughts. I beg my poor mite may be accepted, being offered from a heart that is without any reserve, with more passion and sincerity, my dear Mrs. Freeman, than any other can be capable of."¹

The mite was 5000*l.*; the same was now given to Anne Churchill. Thus did the princess rivet the chains, the weight of which was to crush her very soul during her remaining years.

The princess Anne kept the eleventh birthday of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with great rejoicings, little anticipating the result. The boy reviewed his juvenile regiment, exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers, and presided over a grand banquet. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, headache, and a sore throat; towards night he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. There was a general outcry and lamentation in the young duke's household that he would be lost, because Dr. Radcliffe was not in attendance on him, owing to the affront the princess Anne had taken. Dr. Radcliffe was, however, sent for by express, and though unwilling, he was prevailed on to come. When he arrived at Windsor-castle and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever. He demanded "who had bled him?" The physician in attendance owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, "you have destroyed him; and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skilful physician of the age, but he was as much abused by the people, who clung to the last scion of their native princes, as if he had wilfully refused to save the child. The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

which astonished every one.¹ She gave way to no violent bursts of agony never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God.

Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge, but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place July 30, 1700, five days after his birthday. The thoughts of Anne were, at this crisis of her utter maternal bereavement, wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent, reminded her of her crimes towards him. She rose from the bed, where was extended the corpse of her only child, with an expression of awe and resignation on her features which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible punishment from heaven for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest touch of real penitence at any previous period.² Those who judged merely by the princess Anne's outward demeanour, said that she bore the death of her son the duke of Gloucester with the characteristic apathy of her nature—a nature supposed to have been devoid of the tenderer emotions of the female heart. But in that dark moment, when the object of all her sinned policy was in the dust, the princess Anne felt a yearning and desire for the sympathy of that injured parent who had so often mourned with her over her blighted maternal hopes on former occasions,³ and she despatched an express, but very secretly, to St. Germain's with her letter, to inform king James of the calamity that had befallen her in the untimely death of her son and his grandchild the duke of Gloucester.

Upon lord Marlborough, the duke of Gloucester's governor, had devolved the duty of announcing to William III. the death of his near relative. The demise of the duke of Gloucester took place in July, and the information to William was sent as soon as it occurred: his majesty condescended no reply. The princess Anne pertinaciously remained at Windsor-castle, although the body of her only child lay in state in the suite of apartments which had been devoted to his use there. But on August 4, the earl of Marlborough and Mr. Sayers escorted the corpse from thence by torchlight, through the Little park, Old Windsor, and by Staines, to Westminster-hall, arriving at two o'clock the same

¹ Burnet's Hist. of His Own Time.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Her letter, which seems to have been dictated by sincere feelings at the time, has not yet come to light, yet its tenor is clearly to be ascertained in documents connected with the era. The princess positively promised, moreover, "that she would use her utmost power to effect the

restoration of her brother if ever she came to the throne, and that she would only accept that dignity in trust for him." Lamberty and Carte affirm this, although neither had the slightest connection with the other.

³ Lamberty's Memoirs for the Seventeenth Century, vol. i. p. 121.

morning. Close to the hall is or was, an antique chamber called "the prince's robing-room;" it was hung with black for the reception of Gloucester's corpse, where it lay in state until the night of solemn interment, in the vault near Henry VII.'s chapel, August 9.¹

The reason of king William's unexampled neglect of the communication announcing the death of his heir was, beyond all dispute, because the princess Anne had written, in her grief, to her father. Lamberty, the confidential secretary of Portland and William III., thus declares his knowledge on the subject: "The duke of Gloucester, who was the hope of the English, happening unfortunately to die, the princess Anne his mother, sent very clandestinely an express to the court of St. Germain, to notify his death there. The earl of Manchester, who was ambassador from England at Paris, and who watched that court, was advised of it. He despatched his secretary, Chetwynd, to Loo, to inform the king of it." "It was," pursues Lamberty, "such a sort of step—so contrary to what the princess Anne had always shown—making it appear that she had ill designs; afterwards shown by a secret writing which was found when she was dead."² William's contempt of the feelings of the princess Anne and her consort, in regard to the mourning for the young prince, their son, though he had always professed affection for him, afford confirmation of this statement. In fact, his conduct on that occasion was not commonly humane, considering the nearness of the relationship of the boy to himself, independently of his being the nephew of queen Mary.

No one could be placed in a more embarrassing position, as regarded royal etiquette, than was William III.'s unlucky representative at the court of the most ceremonious monarch in the world, by the perversity of his royal master in giving him no intimation in what manner he was to announce the demise of his heir.³ In fact, William III. was in one of his long-lasting fits of silent rage, occasioned by the certainty of the renewed communication between the princess Anne and her father, nor did he perceive any possible way of awakening in her mind a contrary interest to that of her nearest relatives. As far as was apparent to his perception, his sister-in-law had no object of affection likely to stand between the yearning of her heart towards her father, brother, and sister in France. In this he was, perhaps, deceived. Quiet and retiring as he was, prince George of Denmark had exercised, from the first, the most unbounded political influence over his wife of any person in the world. His religious feelings were far more in earnest than those of the king, although he made little show of them, and had long ceased raising any political cry concerning his protestantism. He by no means despaired

¹ Roger Coke, and Toone's Chronology.

² Lamberty's Historical Memoirs, vol. viii.
Much curious information has been found re-

garding Anne in these Memoirs of Lamberty, but not the paper here alluded to

³ Letters of the earl of Manchester, in Cole.

of future offspring, since his princess had, within the last few months, been the mother of an infant. While prince George lived, king William need have had little apprehension of the feelings of Anne towards her own family proving other than evanescent; unfortunately, William hated and loathed Anne much, but George still more, and he could not endure the least communication with them even when he looked upon them as the passive and submissive tools of his despotic will. There was, assuredly, as shown on a particular occasion soon after, an involuntary yearning of remorse, and even of unconscious affection, in the recesses of his heart towards his uncle James; but no circumstances, however calamitous they might be, could awaken the slightest feeling of sympathy in him for the bereaved parents of the duke of Gloucester, although they had repeatedly proved his most efficient allies in the attainment of his desires.

According to the foregoing despatch of the English ambassador in France, the exiled king, James II., and his whole court of St. Germain's, were actually paying the external mark of respect to the memory of the princely child who was the hope of protestant England, and whose birth had been partly the cause of keeping his young uncle the prince of Wales in a state of expatriation, before king William could be induced to acknowledge, either to his own or to foreign courts, that he had ever heard of his demise. Yet the injured son of James II. had put off his sports out of respect for the death of his nephew, while William III. refused to show the least token of concern.¹

In token of his own near kindred to the princess Anne, Louis XIV. professed himself ready to order his court to put on mourning, and to assume it himself, for his youthful cousin, her son, as soon as the notification of his decease should have been formally announced to him by the British ambassador. That unfortunate diplomatist, meantime, fretted himself into a fever from the awkward predicament in which he stood between William and his successor Anne, to say nothing of his old sovereign, king James. Not only was he unable to signify the demise of the young prince to the king of France, but he was left in uncertainty what he and his suite were to do about their own mourning till the 22nd of August, when Mr. Blathwayte, William's secretary at Loo, communicated his royal master's gracious pleasure in the following pithy terms, brought in at the end of various political notices about foreign affairs: "Your lordship will have found the news of the duke of Gloucester's death too true. His majesty thinks that mourning for your person, and such as are near you out of livery, for three months, all that need be on this melancholy occasion."² Anne and her husband had written letters themselves of formal announcement of their loss to Louis XIV., after long waiting for William to do so; but this only added to the dilemma of the ambassador.

¹ Cole's *Memoirs of Affairs of State*.

² *Ibid*.

Months, in fact, had elapsed since the death, and several weeks since the burial, of Gloucester, before the king condescended to notice that his heir was no longer in existence. No word of human sympathy, it may be observed, is vouchsafed to the wretched mother. The original is in French, and is addressed to lord Marlborough:—

“Loo, October, 1700.

“I do not think it necessary to employ many words in expressing my surprise and grief at the death of the duke of Gloucester. It is so great a loss to me, as well as to all England, that it pierces my heart with affliction.”¹

Yet if it had been sent by return of post, there is that touching brevity of grieved surprise in these few words surpassing all courtly condolence. William's feelings did not, however, hinder him from sending, by the same post, a peremptory order that care should be taken to cut off all the salaries of the duke's servants, to the very day of his death. It was with the utmost difficulty that the king's favourite, Keppel, prevailed on him to allow the payments up to the Michaelmas quarter-day:² nor can there be a doubt that the sole consideration of the approach of that pay-day induced his gracious majesty to write his condolence, for he could not cut off the salaries without appearing conscious that the princess's son was dead. The princess Anne, shocked at the disgusting contest which ensued concerning the payment of her lost child's servants, determined to distress herself rather than cashier one of them. When it is remembered that parliament allowed William III. a sum for the duke of Gloucester's establishment more than thrice as much as he disbursed, his conduct appears the more revolting. It is said by the same authority, that he murmured not a little at the pensions he allowed to the old servants of his late queen.

Once more there was some movement among the lower class politicians, who knew nothing of the king's habits of life, to persuade him into matrimony;³ but he remained, without any such intentions, sick and very sullen at Loo. Towards the winter, his kinswoman, the electress Sophia visited him there, accompanied by her daughter the electress of Bradenburgh, for the purpose of elevating the country of Brandenburg into the kingdom of Prussia: of course the people of England supposed that the visit was concerning the settlement of the crowns of Great Britain and Ireland on the next protestant heir. A letter from the electress Sophia is existing, evidently in reply to a proposition of the kind; her disinterestedness is manifested therein, since she earnestly recommended to the consideration of the king the expatriated prince of Wales; it is officially addressed to Stepney, one of king William's secretaries who had been envoy to Hanover.⁴ William, who

¹ Coxe's Life of Marlborough, from the original French.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ Biographical Anecdotes.

⁴ Hardwicke State Papers.

was incensed, showed his displeasure by paying the electress only one formal public visit on her arrival at Loo, and departed for England the next day—not very courteously leaving her directly she had commenced her visit to him.

Many weeks after the funeral of her only child, the princess Anne continued still to reside at Windsor-castle, the place where she had seen him expire. She had left St. James's-palace, the previous May, a happy and proud mother; she returned to it with her bereaved consort, in mourning, childless and desolate, November 25,¹ 1700. Her grief was deep and enduring. Formal visits were exchanged between the princess and William III. after his return to England in the winter of 1700-1:² they merely observed the coldest terms of conventional civility in their intercourse. Scarcely had the bereaved mother recovered from the teasing and irritating series of vexations which her cruel brother-in-law contrived to mingle with her cup of sorrow, than she began to experience how much the death of Gloucester had changed her worldly importance, even in her own household. It will excite no surprise in those who have followed the current of her biography from the first rise of her favourite, when the fact is shown that this change was first manifested to her by the intolerable insolence of that most ungrateful woman. Lady Marlborough had just formed the strongest alliances, had strengthened her hands, and prepared herself to rule imperiously over a monarch *fainéant*, as did the “mayors of the palace” over some king of the Carlovingian dynasty in France; she was an exulting mother, glorying in a promising heir, and she had just married her two beautiful girls to the heirs of two statesmen of the ancient blood of England. In the contemplation of her boundless prospects, lady Marlborough wholly forgot what was due to her who had raised her. Anne's manner had become more humble than ever to her imperious ruler, her style in writing lower in its prostration. When the favourite was absent, her royal highness wrote to her four or five times every day. “Your *poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley*,” was now her form of signature, having adopted the two first epithets to mark her own sense of her forlorn and helpless state since Gloucester's death.³ Whatsoever wrong the princess Anne might have done, nothing but unbounded indulgence had ever been shown by her to Sarah of Marlborough; therefore a heart of marble must that person have borne, when she added her insults to the other sorrows of the princess. From no person did Anne receive such indications that the death of her son had indeed reduced her to the state of a “poor unfortunate,” helpless shadow of reversionary royalty, than from the graceless *parvenue* whom she had puffed up by her own absurd condescensions. In fact, lady Marlborough's arrogance became absolutely

¹ Flying Post newspaper, Nov. 1700: Brit. Museum

² Flying Post; Collections of Brit. Museum.

³ Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum.

maniacal, after the princess lost all prospect of being otherwise than a queen without heirs. If she had gloves, or handkerchiefs, or napkins to present, in the course of her official duty, lady Marlborough was often seen to turn up her nose as she presented them, and avert her face as if there was something inexpressibly disgusting in the person of her too-indulgent friend. Such proceedings could not long continue unobserved, even by Anne's dense perception, and it was well known, by those skilled in the politics of the backstairs, that the bonds which held her and lady Marlborough still united, were only those of early intercourse.

It was mere accident, however, joined to lady Marlborough's extreme recklessness in regard to the terms of insult which she used when not immediately in the presence of the princess, which revealed to her royal highness the real nature of her favourite's feelings towards her. The story is but traditionary, and though generally known among all ranks of the people, has, perhaps, never before been circumstantially related, which it now is from the reminiscences of a venerable countess, who had passed half a century at the court of her late majesty queen Charlotte. The tradition certainly came from Abigail Hill herself. "One afternoon, not many weeks after the death of the duke of Gloucester, the princess Anne noticed that she had no gloves on; she therefore told Abigail Hill, who was in attendance on her toilet, to fetch them from the next room, as she remembered that she had left them on the table. Mrs. Hill obeyed her royal highness, and passed into the next room, where she found lady Marlborough seated, reading a letter; but the gloves of the princess were not on the table, for lady Marlborough had taken them up by accident, and put them on. Abigail most submissively mentioned to her 'that she had put on, by mistake, her royal highness's gloves.'—'Ah!' exclaimed lady Marlborough, 'have I put on anything that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman?' Then pulling them off, she threw the gloves on the ground, and exclaimed, violently, 'Take them away!' Abigail obeyed silently, and retired with her usual stealthy quietude, carefully closing the door after her, which she had previously left ajar. When she entered the room where she had left the princess, she plainly perceived that her royal highness had heard every word of the dialogue; but neither discussed the matter at that time, and the incident rested a profound secret between them, for it so happened that the princess had had no one but Mrs. Abigail Hill in the room with her. Lady Marlborough soon left the adjoining saloon, and certainly remained for ever unconscious of what her mistress had overheard."

Anne had hitherto borne daily insults with patient humility, when they had only cast contempt on her mental capacity, but this unprovoked manifestation of personal disgust and ill-will she never forgot. The whole story is completely in keeping with lady Marlborough's own

record of her usual sayings and doings; it is withal, in some degree, corroborated by the incertitude perceptible in all her subsequent contests with Anne, in which she seems, in a puzzled manner, to seek for the original cause of offence she had given, without ever finding it.¹ Late in life, she received vague hints that the whole was connected with some story about gloves; yet it is evident that she had not the least clue to the truth, as the following passage appears in one of her letters, dated nearly half a century subsequently: "Mr. Doddridge writes a good deal to me, and expresses his satisfaction at reading *the book*;² but wishes I had added more to the clearing of my character, as the king of Prussia has written a book, in which he imputes the ruin of Europe to have happened from a quarrel between queen Anne and me *about a pair of gloves*. I did once hear there was such a book printed, and that his majesty said 'that the queen *would* have her gloves made before mine, which I would not suffer the glover to do.'"³ Sarah of Marlborough proceeds to deny the story entirely; it may be believed that she was wholly ignorant of the real incident, having forgotten her petulant words as soon as uttered, at the same time she was totally unconscious that Anne had been within hearing of them. Her royal highness, contented with the insight she had gained by this slight incident into lady Marlborough's real feelings towards her, never brought the matter to discussion. As for Abigail Hill, she was the most silent and secretive of human creatures, and in all probability never detailed the anecdote until her courtly life and all concerning it had for ever passed away. Perhaps it is as well to mention, that lady Marlborough's disgust and loathing at having touched the gloves of the princess Anne had no rational foundation, excepting, perhaps, some degree of feminine envy of the chief beauty her royal highness possessed. The hands and arms of Anne were, like those of her mother, very fine, and considered the most perfect in Europe, in regard to delicacy and form.

At this period was renewed the extraordinary offer of adoption of the son of James II. by William III., which had formed one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick; it is well enough known to be mentioned in all histories, even in those which asserted the most strenuously the fiction that this unfortunate prince of Wales was not the son of his own mother. Perhaps the justice of the step urged on the Orange king by Sophia of Hanover, at the period of her recent visit at Loo, had dwelt on his mind when decay and death drew near. Sophia had known William

¹ An erroneous version of this incident was current in France, and is thus recorded by Voltaire. After speaking of the insolence of the duchess of Marlborough to her royal benefactress, he says, "A pair of gloves of a particular fashion, which she refused the queen, and a jar of water that she let fall

on lady Masham's gown by an affected mistake, changed the destinies of Europe."

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough printed in 1742. By the "book," Doddridge means "the Conduct."

³ Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough. In MS., in Coxe's Collection.

from his youth, had carried him in her arms in his infancy, and seen him daily in his boyhood, when she lived with her mother, the queen of Bohemia, at the Hague. Many circumstances combined to sway the mind of William towards his unfortunate kinsman; his failing health, likewise the movements of an awakened conscience, which from time to time are seen to glimmer through the anecdotes his contemporaries have preserved of him, and above all, his abhorrence of the princess Anne, his hatred to her husband, and his ardent wish to exclude her from the succession. Either the "Jacobite letters," as they are called, of the high-minded electress, or some opinion of hers that had transpired about the period of her visit to Loo, had inspired Anne with the greatest apprehension concerning her, and had exasperated lady Marlborough into excessive enmity, which exhaled in unlimited abuse. Sophia openly avowed that the young son of James II. had been atrociously injured by the calumnies on his birth, and that, deeming him, as she did, a true representative of the elder line of her illustrious ancestors, she nobly considered that he had a right, as a free agent, to renounce at once the crowns of his kingdoms, and the liturgy of the church of England as a Roman catholic, before he ought to be superseded by her son or grandson. Now, while young James was branded as a spurious child, he could not exercise that free will. The electress well knew that this stigma was thrown upon him by the connivance of the princess Anne and her favourite, Sarah of Marlborough. The renewal of William's offered adoption of the exiled prince occurred directly after the visit of the electress to him at Loo, but no little difficulty presented itself as to how the English people were to be induced to forego the prejudices which had been so carefully inculcated concerning this prince. The public pulse was felt, and preparation was made for the change, by songs written to the old English tunes prevalent from the days of the Plantagenets. The venal pen of the song-poet, D'Urfey, was put into requisition by the ministry of William III. in 1701. Just at the period when the reports were popular and prevalent that king William meant to adopt the son of his uncle, the whig songster favoured the public with the following lay of his own devising, adapted to the metre and tune of the popular old English melody of "Gillian of Croydon," the original of which, perhaps, dates as far back as the frolicsome days of prince Hal. As Jacobite lyrics have been quoted, it is but fair to give specimens of the poetic powers of the opposite party:—

"Strange news, strange news the *Jacks*¹ of the city
Have got," cried Joan, "but we mind not tales,
That our good king, through wonderful pity,
Will leave his crown to the *prince of Wales*,
That peace may be the stronger still,
And that they no longer may rebel

¹ The Jacobites are always called "Jacks" in the political slang of that day.

'Pish! 'tis a jest,' cried Gillian of Croydon—
 Gillian, fair Gillian, bright Gillian of Croydon.
 'Take off your glass!' cries Gillian of Croydon—
 'Here's a health to our master Will!'¹

Some hints had actually transpired among the people of the adoption offered by William III. at the peace of Ryswick; that such proposal was made, is equally mentioned by the royal historiographer of his own times (James II.), and the whig writers. King James positively refused to confide his son to his own nephew, as he himself records in his autobiography, which is in complete coincidence with Tindal's printed history.² James dwells as much on the impossibility of trusting the life of his child with William III., as he does on difference of religion.

The princess Anne had scarcely laid aside her mourning for her only child, when the death of her father caused her to resume it. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the widow of her father, wrote to her, in compliance with his death-bed injunction, communicating his paternal forgiveness and charging her, on his blessing, to make reparation to her brother for the injury she had done him. If Anne ever replied to this letter, her answer will be found among the sealed documents of the royal Stuarts in her majesty's collection at Windsor. It was probably the letter of the royal widow of James II. which is mysteriously alluded to in the following passage:³—"It was commonly reported at this juncture," says a contemporary,⁴ "that, on his death-bed, king James charged his daughter not to accept the crown at the death of William, but, as she was childless, to make way for her brother; and that king William demanded to see this letter, which Anne refusing to show him, he vowed that he would do the utmost to exclude her from the succession. It was averred that papers to this effect were found in king William's closet. The house of lords thought proper to inquire into this report, and pronounced it unfounded, and that its repetition was *scandalum magnatum*."⁵ The demise of her father gave Anne no apparent sorrow, or her feelings would not have been made a question by a contemporary who narrowly watched her, and who had, at the same time, a relative domesticated near her person.⁶ "How far the death of her father, king James, affected the princess," says Roger Coke, "I never could tell." He thought it needful, however, in his history, to make an apology for her going in black for her unfortunate father, by saying, "that decency and custom obliged her to do so;" and adds, "that she was actually in mourning for him

¹ William III. Gillian was a fair hostess of Croydon in ancient times. D'Urfey has another of these Gillian parodies on Anne's accession, the refrain of which is, "Here's a health to our mistress Nan."

² Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 510, date 1701-2. Cunningham mentions this step of William III., but excuses it as done to

deceive. ³ Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

⁴ Roger Coke.

⁵ See Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

⁶ Thomas Coke, who was in the household of the princess Anne. We shall afterwards find him in the important office of her vice-chamberlain.

when she ascended the throne." As a preparation for that event, which the failing health of king William proved could not be very distant, the princess Anne commenced the study of history—a science inconsistent with a brain preoccupied with cards, court gossip, and trifling formalities of etiquette. The princess soon became fatigued with her new studies, and reverted to her former occupations.

When the news of the death of James II. arrived in London, public curiosity was greatly excited regarding the cognizance which would be taken of it by his nephew and daughter. King William was absent at Loo, entertaining as his guests the duke of Zell and his young grandson,¹ (afterwards George II.) Since the firm refusal of James II. to let him have the young prince of Wales for his heir, William had ostentatiously patronized the young German prince as the reversionary heir of Great Britain, he was the son of the hereditary prince of Hanover (George I.), and the wretched daughter of the duke of Zell, Sophia Dorothea. They were present when the news was brought to William of the demise of his long-suffering uncle, James II. It seemed as if the message of forgiveness sent by James II. to "his son," William of Orange, had been one of those awful summonses from the injured, of which such wondrous tales are told in the histories of the middle ages. William heard it at his dinner-table at Loo, with flushing cheek and down-cast eyes; then pulled his hat over his brows, and sat in moody silence the livelong day.² If he were wrestling with a yearning heart, which told him that his earliest friend and nearest relative was gone where treachery could never find him more, he won the victory, as the subsequent attainder of his young cousin, a boy of twelve years old, fully proved; but from the afternoon when he heard of his uncle's death, William of Orange never looked like a man long for this world. Yet he was full of schemes for new wars and slaughters, luckless as he ever was in battle when opposed by any species of equal force: he only seemed to live when homicide was around him. Among other embarrassments to the mind of William III., was whether he should go in mourning for his uncle: this was not decided when his minister, Auverquerque, wrote to England concerning the news, "forbidding new clothes to the royal livery-servants at Hampton-court until the king's pleasure was known."³ As James II. had worn no mourning for the death of his daughter Mary, and prevented a court-mourning for her in France, it was a matter of surprise when it was found that king William assumed sables for his uncle, not only on his own person, but his footmen and coaches were clad in the same hue. He intimated that he did not expect the nobles and court of England to do the same.⁴ Fashion, however, made his subjects imitate the proceed-

¹ Correspondence of Lawrence earl of Rochester; letter dated Sept. 16 (O.S.), 1701.

Rochester; letter dated Sept. 16 (O.S.) 1701.

² Dangeau.

³ Correspondence of Lawrence earl of

Rochester; letter dated Sept. 16 (O.S.), 1701.
⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 283. Dangeau and the duke de St. Simon declare that William wore violet as mourning for his uncle.

ings of himself and his "sister Anne;" therefore the outward token of respect was almost universally paid by all ranks of the people to the memory of king James, for the princess Anne went through all the black pageantry, as if she had meant to be considered as a modern Cordelia. Her intention of going into mourning was announced in the Gazette of September 13. St. James's chapel and palace were hung with black. Anne appeared in all the paraphernalia of filial woe at chapel the Sunday after the news of her father's death reached London. The establishment of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza (still retained at Somerset-house), and all the individuals in her service, assumed mourning, by the orders of the dowager's chamberlain, lord Feversham. In short, the mourning in England for the exiled sovereign was a general fashion.

The career of William III. was very brief after this event. His asthma increased: he felt the decay of the feeble body, which the active mind disavowed. He consulted, under feigned names, all the most noted physicians in Europe,—and among the rest the celebrated Fagon,—assuming the character of a *curé*. Fagon, who was the favourite physician of Louis XIV., seems to have suspected the real rank of his patient; he inexorably sent word to the *curé*, "that he must prepare himself for death." The bad news augmented the malady. William III. consulted him afresh, under a new name. The skilful Fagon recognised the case of the pretended *curé*: he changed not his opinion, but conveyed it in more considerate terms. He prescribed for him medicines likely to alleviate, if not to cure. The remedies were followed, and some relief experienced; but the time had arrived when William was compelled to feel the nothingness of this world, in the midst of his new projects for a general war. He came to England as usual at the end of October, his first care having been to open his parliament for the purpose of taking measures for attainting his uncle's orphan child, the young James Stuart, and his widowed mother likewise, and to set every means in agitation to induce the English nation to flame into war.

In regard to the attainder of her young brother, and of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice, there is no other evidence that the measures were instigated by Anne than the assertion of one of Louis XIV.'s ministers, Dangeau,¹ corroborated by the fact, that her friends were among the most persevering in the house of lords in their persecuting bills against the unfortunate widow of James II., which the house of commons threw out as indefatigably as they were presented under new forms.² The same house of commons was then employed in tearing from William III.'s favourites the enormous grants with which he had invested them. Lady Orkney (Elizabeth Villiers) entered into treaty with the friends of the princess Anne, and promised, that if she might be permitted to keep her spoil,

¹ Dangeau's Memoirs.

² Ralph's History, last pages of vol. iii.

she would, by her influence with the king,¹ obtain the expulsion of their great enemy, lord Somers.

King William seldom came to London during the winter of 1701. He felt convinced that death was at hand; yet he still mounted his horse for his favourite diversion of hunting, or rather, what we should call in the present day coursing. The following extract from an official letter of his to lord Portland, dated from Windsor, displays the keen relish he derived from the pursuit of his favourite amusement:—"I am hunting the hare every day in the park with your dogs and mine. The rabbits are almost all killed, and their burrows will soon be stopped up. The day before yesterday I took a stag in the forest with the prince of Denmark's hounds, and had a pretty good run as far as this villanous country permits."² King William's epithets touching England and the English, contrast somewhat forcibly with the adoration with which political *literati* affect to regard him. His abhorrence of the land he ruled was not, however, founded on moral detestation of its vilest diversions, in the worst of which he partook with relish. His own letters convict him as the desperate gambler, Lamberty has described him to be; and Count Tallard, the French ambassador, mentions some of his doings: "On leaving the palace, king William went to the cock-fight, whither I accompanied him. He made me sit beside him."

The king came but on council-days to Kensington-palace, and kept himself as much as possible in retirement at Hampton-court, where his time was spent superintending the digging of the ugly longitudinal canals with which he was cutting up the beautiful lime-tree glades planted by his grandsire, Charles I., in the Home-park, rendering Hampton-court as like a Dutch *hof* as possible, both in aspect and atmosphere. It was in the gardens of Hampton-court that he confided to lord Portland his positive conviction that he should not survive till the end of 1701; but he charged him "not to mention it to any one, lest the war should be prevented."³ When in London for a few hours, the king usually dined with his favourite, Keppel, at his lodgings in Whitehall, the Cockpit, where the business of government was carried on.

It is necessary to mention, briefly, the circumstance which plunged Europe into a war that was deeply connected with the future disquiet of the princess Anne. Don Carlos II., the imbecile and invalid king "of Spain and the Indies," had sunk into a premature grave, leaving no children to inherit his dominions. The lineal heir was the dauphin duke of Burgundy, the young grandson of Louis XIV., by his queen-consort the infanta of Spain, Maria Teresa. William III., as the generalissimo of the emperor and the confederated princes of Germany, determined to oppose this inheritance; and under the plea

¹ Bibl. Birch. 4224. MS. Biographical anecdotes.

² Grimblot's Letters of William III., &c.

³ White Kennet's History.

that Louis XIV. would become too powerful by his influence over his grandson, they formed a coalition to divide the dominions of Spain in three parts, of which England was to take one share, Austria another, and Holland a third.¹ Such was the precedent of the partition of Poland, which was actually effected at the end of the same century. The English parliament strongly opposed the Spanish partition as soon as the design was known, expressed horror at the iniquity, and wanted to impeach the contrivers. Another plan had then to be formed in order to raise effectually the tocsin of war, and this was to place Charles of Austria, the brother of the emperor, on the throne of Spain, as the next male heir. The Austrian prince was about twenty-three, while young Philip of France was a minor. Moreover, as in the present day, the northern half of Spain, the Basques, the Catalans, and Arragonese, were loth to acknowledge the line of the female, till every male heir failed. The allies, therefore, took advantage of internal division to foster a civil war in Spain; the north declaring for the heir-male of Ferdinand of Arragon, Charles of Austria, while the south of Spain remained loyal to the next heir of Isabel of Castile, Philip of France. The valuable prize of the Spanish Netherlands was situated conveniently to be fought for, between the confederated armies of England and Germany and the military power of France: it had been the object of all William's battles and sieges for nearly thirty years. It was to prove the fighting-ground of Marlborough's fruitless victories. After William III.'s partition-scheme had sunk amid the execrations of all who were expected to be concerned in it, the object for which England was to be induced to enter into war seems indistinct. A rich slice of the Netherlands, howsoever dishonest the acquisition might have been, was something tangible; but to win the Netherlands for Charles of Austria, if more morally honest, was a very Quixotic excuse for manslaughter by wholesale. A real historian must repudiate with scorn the false plea of religious warfare, the alleged support of the protestant cause against Roman catholic cruelty, clearly because, with all his bigotry, Louis XIV. was a less culpable bigot than any prince of the Spanish-Austrian line; and the worst persecutions of protestants in France had not, in the worst of times, equalled the common proceeding every year of the Spanish Inquisition. William III. had amused and gratified his departing spirit by laying the train for this European conflagration, which only waited the usual campaigning season to burst into a blaze.

Thus, without the least bellicose propensities on her own part, every circumstance tended to make foreign warfare and the reign of Anne commence simultaneously.

¹ This scheme was peculiarly unrighteous in regard to William III. He had been, from his youth upwards, the hired general of Spain; and now to turn and rend the vitals of the

realm that had so long paid him with her treasure, seemed scarcely consistent with moral justice.

King William rode into the Home-park at Hampton-court, the morning of February 21, to look at the excavation making, under his directions, for a new canal, which was to run in another longitudinal stripe, by the side of that which now deforms the vista and injures the air of Hampton-court gardens. His majesty was mounted on Sir John Fenwick's sorrel pony, when, just as he came by the head of the two canals, opposite to the Ranger's-park pales, the sorrel pony happened to tread in a mole-hill, and fell. Such is the tradition of the palace, and it must be owned, that after a careful examination of the spot, the author prefers its adoption to the usual assertion of historians, "that the king's pony stumbled when he was returning from hunting," especially when the mischievous effects of the subterranean works of moles in that soil are remembered; for an officer of rank, who resides in the vicinity, asserted that he had twice met with accidents which threatened to be dangerous, owing to his horse having plunged his fore-foot to the depth of more than fifteen inches in a mole-hill at Bushy-park and the Home-park. There, too, may be seen the half-excavated canal, which has remained without water, and in an unfinished state. The account that the king himself gave of his accident agrees with the Hampton-court tradition. "Riding in the park at noon," he said to Dr. Bidloo, "while I was making my horse change his walk into a gallop, he fell upon his knees. Upon that I meant to raise him with the bridle, but he fell forwards to one side; so I fell with my right shoulder on the ground. 'Tis a strange thing," added his majesty, musingly, "for it happened on smooth level ground."¹ King William thus took his death-hurt within sight of the entrance of Hampton-court palace. From the first weeks of his arrival in England, he had always had plans in agitation to make that favourite seat of his royalty as different in outward semblance as possible to its aspect when, in his youth he had visited his uncles there. He was occupied in the same object when the accident he thought so utterly unaccountable befell him. The workmen employed on the neighbouring excavation raised the overthrown monarch, and assisted him to the palace. He affirmed that he was very slightly hurt; but Ronjat, his surgeon, who was there, found he had broken his right collar-bone. On what trifles do human plans and projects depend! What mean agency is sufficient to tumble the ambitious schemes of military pride and glory literally in the very dust! The unblinded mole, that was obeying the first call of spring to repair his fortification and set his subterranean house in order, did what Louis XIV. and all his engineers never could effect: he prevented William III. from leading Europe in battle-array against France. The angry Jacobites found more than one circumstance of exultation in this accident which

¹ White Kennet's History; and Lamberty, who likewise speaks as from the king's lips.

proved so fatal to William III. "The little gentleman in black velvet" became one of their party toasts, and they wrote many eulogies on the sagacity of "Sorrel," who had been the favourite pony of the unfortunate Sir John Fenwick, and had thus taken an opportunity of revenging the illegal death of his master. Pope has followed this contrast:—

"Angels, who watched the royal oak so well,
How chanced ye slept when luckless Sorrel fell?"¹

When Ronjat had set the fractured collar-bone of the king, he earnestly recommended to him rest and medical regimen. William refused to submit to any such discipline: he made light of the accident, declared the injury was nothing, that he must go to Kensington that night, and go he would, despite of all remonstrance. On the journey, the jolting of the carriage displaced the fractured bones, and he was in a state of great pain and exhaustion when he arrived at his palace of Kensington. Bidloo, his household physician, received him there, and making many remonstrances regarding the wilfulness of royal patients, the injured collar-bone was re-set by Ronjat, under the physician's superintendence.

The princess Anne and her consort, on February 24, paid a visit at Kensington to his majesty, who, "God be thanked," says the Flying Post, "is in perfect health: their highnesses went on to Windsor. The king sent a message to the houses of parliament (28th of February) for promoting the union with Scotland, in which he mentioned the mishap of breaking the collar-bone "as an unhappy accident;" meantime, he advised expedition in passing the bill for the attainder of young James Stuart, which had been in agitation in parliament since the preceding January. It is just possible, that when the act passed parliament, March 1, against a child, who was his nearest male relative, some agitation might take place in the mind of the invalid king, for that self-same hour he was struck with his mortal malady, which appeared in the shape of spasmodic cramp. He recovered a little by the use of stimulants and, on the 6th of March, walked for exercise in the gallery of Kensington-palace. He felt fatigued, and sat down on a couch near an open window, and fell fast asleep: he slept two hours. No one dared to disturb him, for his pages and personal attendants dreaded the effects of his positiveness and peevishness. Shiverings and spasms seized him when he awoke from this unhealthy slumber: he was carried to bed in great misery. Sir Richard Blackmore, the poetaster physician, attended him, but did him no good. It may be judged how little the public papers knew of his majesty's malady by these passages concerning his benevolent intentions: "The king continues very well; but it

¹ This couplet was among the passages suppressed until the editions after Pope's death. It is to be found in Dr. Knox's *Elementary Extracts*, and in Dr. Valpy's edition of *Pope's Works*.

not being advisable that his majesty should *yet* go abroad, the act for attainting the pretended prince of Wales, and the act for *further* punishing deserters and mutineers, received the royal assent."¹ Notwithstanding the assertion of the public prints, the attainder of the young prince, James Stuart, had *not* received the royal ratification; for the king fell into fits whenever he attempted to sign the act,² which was finally stamped by his ministers with his initials on the Saturday afternoon, when his death was approaching.³ Utter silence was maintained in the newspapers regarding the state of William during the last days of his existence; but stocks fell every day, and from this occult bulletin the moneyed world formed accurate inferences on the subject. All this time the king's breath became more and more oppressed—a fatal symptom, which was soon observed by lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain of his household, who immediately despatched a trusty messenger with the news to the princess Anne, at St. James's-palace. Likewise, ever and anon, during the agony of king William, did lord Jersey despatch intelligence to the expectant heiress that the breath of the royal patient "grew shorter every half-hour." The princess had sent, in the course of that day, to Kensington-palace a dutiful message to the king, entreating permission to see him in his bedchamber. It was answered by the dying king himself, who collected his strength sufficiently to pronounce a short and rude "No!"⁴ The prince of Denmark actually made many attempts to enter the king's chamber, but met with as many downright repulses. Lamberty, who was in the palace with his patron, lord Portland, that night, and therefore is indisputable evidence, declares "that the king was supported entirely by spirituous liquors."

His majesty had desired to see his old friend, Bentinck lord Portland, who, it is well known, never came to court after the period of the peace of Ryswick, excepting on special entreaty. This nobleman was sent for, and was momentarily expected during the Saturday evening. The king was likewise anxiously looking for the arrival of his young favourite, Keppel earl of Albemarle, from a mission on which he had sent him to Holland; he arrived just before the king lost his speech, and was in his travelling boots when he came to his majesty's bed-side. The king was very desirous of saying something in confidence to Keppel. He gave him the keys of his escritoire, and bade him take possession, for his private use, of 20,000 guineas—all the private property his majesty had at command. He likewise directed him to destroy all the letters that would be found in a cabinet which he named.⁵ Keppel was extremely eager to give his royal master information of the rapid progress of his martial preparations for the commencement of war in the Low Countries

¹ Postman, March 2, 1702.

² Cox's Walpole Papers.

³ See vol. v., Life of Mary Beatrix.

⁴ Ralph's History.

⁵ Macpherson. The historian considers that these papers, if preserved, would have thrown very important lights on his biography.

but, for the first time, the departing warrior listened to announcements of battle with a cold dull ear. All the comment he made was comprised in these impressive words, the last he uttered distinctly—“*Je tire vers ma fin*”—“I draw towards my end.”

The earl of Portland entered the chamber of death early on the Sunday morning; the king was speechless, but had not then lost memory or consciousness. He took the hand of his old friend, pressed it to his heart, and held it there while the pangs of death were dealing with him. Lamberty, the secretary of Bentinck earl of Portland, expressly declares that no English lord was admitted into the royal chamber until the king had lost all consciousness. Burnet and others mention the the king's devout reception of the sacrament, as administered by archbishop Tennison, a fact which Lamberty positively denies. Just as the clock struck eight, William III. drew his last breath; he expired very gently in the arms of his page, Sewel, who sat behind his pillow supporting him. The lords in waiting, the earls of Scarborough and Lexington, no sooner perceived that the spirit had departed, than they told Ronjat, the surgeon, to unbind from the wrist of the royal corpse a black riband, which fastened a bracelet of queen Mary's hair close on the pulse.¹ It was an outrage to tear from the arm of the breathless warrior this memorial, so long cherished and so secretly kept. If William had not through life scorned the language of poetry, his newly separated spirit might have sympathized with the exquisite lines of that true poet, Crashaw:—

“Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Or question much

The subtile wreath of hair about mine arm:

The mystery, the sign, thou must not touch”

William III. was fifty-one years, four months, and four days old when he died; he had reigned thirteen years, three weeks, and two days. More than one prelate, with other persons of rank, were waiting, either in Kensington-palace or in the environs, to carry the news of her royalty to the princess, now queen Anne.

CHAPTER IV.

ANXIOUS vigils had been held at St. James's-palace since the last rude repulse had been given by the dying king to the visit of his heiress expectant and her husband, when they came to see him, during his last illness, at Kensington; agents in their interest were, however, very busy

¹ Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

about his death-bed. Throughout the preceding Saturday night and early morning of Sunday, March 8th, the princess Anne and her favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, sat in momentary expectation of the dawn of the royalty of the one and the dictatorship of the other, receiving frequently hurried notes from lord Jersey, the king's lord chamberlain, describing "how the breath of William III. grew shorter and shorter."¹ The lady Marlborough, according to her own account, was seized with a qualm of horror while these half-hourly bulletins were coming in. She thus mentions the circumstance to lord Cholmondeley, the person to whom the duchess addressed her "Conduct": "When king William came to die, I felt nothing of that satisfaction which I once thought I should have had on this occasion; and my lord and lady Jersey's writing and sending perpetually to give account as his breath grew shorter, filled me with horror. I thought I would lose the best employment at court, sooner than act so odious a part."

But there was another personage who had likewise stationed himself as a watcher of the failing respiration of king William—a volunteer in that service, who meant to run a race with Anne's chosen agents, and be the first in with the intelligence of death. He did so, and won it too, for he brought the queen the earliest tidings of her royalty. "As soon as the breath was out of king William," says lord Dartmouth, "by which event all expectations from him were for ever at an end, off set Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, and drove hard to bring the first tidings of the king's demise to St. James's-palace, where he prostrated himself at the new queen's feet, full of joy and duty; but he obtained no advantage over the earl of Essex, the lord of the bedchamber then in waiting, whose proper office it was to communicate the event, besides being universally laughed at for his officiousness."² Burnet, although coldly received, ran about the crowded levee committing blunders. Seeing that cautious Jacobite, the Athol duke, he attacked him with "Hope, my lord duke, you are not thinking of the prince of Wales?"—"Surely not, my lord bishop, while queen Anne lives," was the northern duke's reply.

Every succeeding minute of that memorable Sunday morning brought some applicant for audience with the queen from her intimate friends or near relations. All was business and bustle; the sun was as bright and glaring as ever shone on a clear March morning; the bells called from all the steeples in London and Westminster to morning-prayer: few heeded the summons. The queen was receiving those, among the crowds of politicians besieging her presence-chamber at St. James's, whom she considered entitled to an interview at the private levee she held before the important public business began of her recognition by the privy council. Among others, her uncle, the earl of Clarendon, was seen

¹ Conduct.² Notes to Burnet's Own Time.

pressing through the throngs in the ante-chamber that besieged the cabinet of newly-ascended majesty. The queen guessed his errand only too truly. He desired of the lord in waiting "admittance to his niece." The message was delivered to her majesty, who sent word to him, "that if he would go and qualify himself to enter her presence, she would be very glad to see him." Her meaning was, "that if he chose to take the oath of allegiance to her, as his legitimate sovereign, she was willing to admit him." In fact, her lord in waiting demanded, "if he was willing to take the oath to queen Anne?"—"No," replied Clarendon; "I come to talk to my niece. I shall take no other oaths than I have taken." How this uncompromising relative meant to talk to her, may be judged by his conversations with her at the period of the Revolution. Queen Anne refused to see her uncle without he took the oaths whereby he recognised her as his sovereign; "and," observes our authority, Roger Coke, "that wretched man remained a non-juror to the day of his death." Queen Anne was thus obliged to begin her reign with an act of hostility to her nearest relative in England. Clarendon's errand was evidently to recall the promises the queen had made to her father after the death of her son. Her other uncle, lord Rochester, was more complying; he had been one of the state-ministers of her sister, queen Mary, and was destined by queen Anne to have the chief share in the government of her empire. Scarcely was her uncle, lord Clarendon, excluded on account of still persisting in his non-juring principles, when the queen's former lover, the marquis of Normanby, presented himself. With the same Jacobite affections as lord Clarendon, the marquis possessed that thorough indifference to religion which permitted him to take as many contradictory oaths as were, in the seventeenth century, considered needful for the public weal. When offering his homage to the new sovereign, her majesty, who was a person of very few words, and of still fewer ideas, had recourse to her usual theme² of conversation, by remarking, "that it was a very fine day."—"Your majesty must allow me to declare, that it is the finest day I ever saw in my life!"—a speech which obtained for him from the court the laudations due to a *bon-mot* as well as to a neatly-turned compliment, in which happy allusion was made to the beautiful weather. In fact, superstition is never more active than at periods when any remarkable event happens: there are few of the annalists of the reign of Anne that did not comment on the brightness of the first day of her reign, and the glorious shining forth of the sun, and predict happiness from the pleasantness of the weather. The contrast was the greater from the long years of inclemency which had marked the reign of William and Mary, and had continued during the solitary reign of the former, adding famine to the evils of his interminable wars.

¹ Detection, by Roger Coke.

² Swift's Journal to Stella.

Another early courtier, at this royal levee, was lord Dartmouth, who affected no grimace of sorrow for the decease of the queen's predecessor. He had not forgotten or forgiven the death of his father in the grim fortress of the Tower, where he had been immured on the mere warrant of queen Mary, who suspected him of attachment to his old admiral, her deposed father. Lord Dartmouth, the son, was certainly not a partisan of James, for he has not spared him, although he exposed the falsehoods told by his enemies. He recognised queen Anne as constitutional sovereign, by telling her "his joy at her accession was indeed without the least alloy." The queen replied, "that she did sincerely believe him."¹ This notable levee took place while the privy council was collecting in which the new queen was solemnly recognised, and at which she presided, about noon the same day, her majesty was then dressed in deep mourning for the demise of her father James II.

The members of both houses of parliament met that morning, although it was Sunday, and Mr. secretary Vernon notified the death of William III. to the house of commons. Mr. Granville rose, after the secretary had finished his announcement, and commenced what Anne's opponents called a tory gratulation, beginning with—"Sir, we have lost a great king, and we have got a most gracious queen." When all the speeches proper for the occasion were spoken, the houses of lords and commons went up with addresses of congratulation to the queen on her accession.² Anne received these august assemblies with much grace and dignity, and her greatest accomplishment was displayed in the answers she gave. As constitutional queen, of course, the matter she spoke was in the words of her ministers; her manner and tone of voice were her own. "I have heard the queen speak from the throne," observes speaker Onslow (long after she had passed away, therefore the commendation could not be flattery), "and she had all that bishop Burnet and others have noticed of the sweetness of her voice and manner. I never saw an audience more affected: it was a sort of charm." There was no little tact in king Charles's directions to have the sweet voice of the princess, his niece, cultivated for the science of elocution rather than for song, since a royal personage sways more hearts by speaking than by singing.

Notwithstanding the multifarious employments and agitations of that bright Sunday of her accession, the queen attended divine service at St. James's chapel, and heard a long sermon preached by Burnet. Her majesty was, in the afternoon, proclaimed before the gates of St. James's-palace, at Temple-bar, and in Cheapside. The day of accession would have been one of great trial to a woman of a more sensitive nature, for Anne had to retire to the suite of apartments once occupied by her

¹ Notes to Burnet's Own Time.

(Brit. Museum), these addresses were offered the evening of Anne's accession.

² According to the Postboy newspaper

son, the young duke of Gloucester, at St. James's-palace, while her private apartments were hung with black, as decent mourning for king William. A general mourning was ordered by her privy council for the recently deceased king.¹ To mark the difference between the black she wore for her parent, and the court-mourning she assumed for her brother-in-law, the queen chose to mourn for her predecessor in purple;² and she accordingly assumed a dress of that hue on the day after his decease.

The queen went in solemn state to the house of lords March 11: she was attended in her coach by the countess of Marlborough and two other ladies. Her majesty wore a star on her breast, and seated herself on the throne in her royal robes: it is said, by the prints of the day, that she wore the crown of St. Edward.³ The commons were sent for, and the queen addressed them in her sweet thrilling voice. As her speech was the composition of her ministers, there is no occasion to load her personal life with it. The only remarkable points in it were, that it slid dexterously past all mention of her brother, and earnestly recommended the attainment of union between England and Scotland. She concluded with these words: "As I know my own heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you there is not anything you can expect or desire from me which I shall not be ready to do for the happiness and prosperity of England, and you shall always find me a strict and religious observer of my word."⁴ There is, in the corridor gallery at Windsor-castle, a picture of queen Anne opening her first parliament. Lady Marlborough stands nearly behind her majesty, and the great officers of state are, as now, ranged round the throne; but it does not appear that the custom had begun of admitting ladies into the body of the house to view the pageant—at least, none appear there to grace the scene. Her majesty returned in her coach, accompanied by his royal highness prince George, to her palace of St. James; the sword was carried before her by the earl of Marlborough. The queen, out of respect to the memory of her predecessor and the season of Lent, ordered the theatres to be shut till after her coronation:⁵ She was proclaimed queen of Scotland by the lord Lyon, king-at-arms, as Anne I. The queen retired to Windsor⁶ while St. James's-palace was completely hung with black.⁷—Her coronation was announced for April 23, the anniversary of that of her unfortunate father; commanding, at the same time, "that the very deep mourning was to cease after that ceremony."⁸ "For the encouragement of our English silks, called *à-la-modes*," says a periodical of the day, "his royal highness the prince of Denmark and the nobility appear in mourning hat-bands made of that silk, to bring the same in fashion in the place

¹ Roger Coke's Detection.

² Ibid., and London Gazette.

³ Postboy, March 12, 1701-2.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702.

⁶ Postboy.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ London Post.

of crapes, which are made in the pope's country, whither we send our money for them."¹ Before the first week of queen Anne's reign had expired, her majesty took the opportunity of fulfilling her oft-baffled intention of causing the earl of Marlborough to be elected a knight of the Garter. The commons voted her majesty the same revenue that had been granted to king William, of "blessed memory;" and the speaker and the members of the house of commons took the oath to her, at the same time repudiating the hopes of the pretended prince of Wales. The queen went to the house of lords March 30, with the usual ceremonies, and gave her assent to the bills for her household, revenue, and coin. In her speech she relinquished 100,000*l.* of the income granted to her.²

The queen and prince George of Denmark took immediate possession of the royal apartments at Kensington.³ The body of king William had been, in the mean time, privately removed from that palace, where he breathed his last, to "the prince's chamber" at Westminster, where it was embalmed and laid in state. The room where the king died was, however, left just in the same state as when he expired, for many years of the eighteenth century. All the Dutch colony at Kensington-palace were in a state of high discontent, almost amounting to mutiny; they were excessively displeased at everything done in regard to their king's remains. Although, in his history, Burnet threw disgusting and mysterious scandals on the character of the royal defunct, yet he, too, vented his discontent at the accession of Anne by grumbling at William III.'s funeral: in his usual phrase, "'twas scarce decent." The burial took place on Sunday, April 12, at midnight. The procession began from Kensington, as if the royal corpse had actually been there; the funeral train followed an open chariot, with the wax effigy (still in Westminster-abbey) seated as if over the coffin. The king's corpse, contained within the inner coffin, was introduced when the mourners arrived at Westminster-palace. The pall was borne by six dukes: his royal highness George of Denmark, as chief mourner, was supported by two dukes. The body was deposited in Henry VII.'s chapel while the service was performed, and afterwards interred in the same vault with his late consort, queen Mary II., near the coffin of their uncle, Charles II.⁴

Queen Anne, when the great officers of her predecessor's household brought their white sticks to surrender to her, returned them very courteously, requesting them to hold office, at least for the present; but she took lord Wharton's white staff of the household from him, and handed it to Sir Edward Seymour before his face⁵—a marked affront, which incensed Wharton into muttering some threats of vengeance,

¹ The Postman, March 19, 1701-2.

² Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, 1702.

³ Pyne's Palaces (Kensington).

⁴ Life of King William III.

⁵ Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain.

which he took opportunities of realizing at various times during her reign. The queen, two days afterwards, appointed the duke of Devonshire her lord steward of the household, an office he had held in her sister's reign; the earl of Jersey, lord chamberlain; Sir Edward Seymour, comptroller; and Peregrine Bertie, vice-chamberlain of her household. To her consort she gave the high office of generalissimo of all her forces by sea and land. Her majesty did not forget her old grudge to Bentinck earl of Portland. By the instigation of Sarah of Marlborough, who instantly stepped into his place, she dismissed him from his post of keeper of Windsor park. Among the palace appointments which took place at this period, great interest was made with the queen by lord Godolphin, "that she would be pleased to reinstate Dr. Radcliffe as her physician;" but her majesty manifested lively remembrance of his former delinquencies by replying, "No; Radcliffe shall never send me word again, when I am ill, that my ailments are only vapours." Her ministers, nevertheless, often had Radcliffe privily consulted respecting the health of their royal mistress, and for his prescriptions they paid, without her knowledge, vast sums.¹

It was not the intention of the Jacobite party to wear mourning for William III., but they were already, as well as the queen, in the deepest weeds of sable for the death of James II. Those among the whigs who had hitherto flaunted in the gayest colours, now followed the lord chamberlain's mandate, and assumed mourning for William III. as if for a father; black, therefore, was the universal hue, the mourning either for a king or queen in England, until the present century, was worn for a whole year, as if for a parent.

The unmeasured hatred of lady Marlborough to the family of Clarendon, especially to lord Rochester, was, for a long time, the leading principle of her life. The queen's natural affection towards her uncle produced the first disputes between her and Sarah of Marlborough, who, strong in her alliance with the house of Sunderland, scarcely condescended to acknowledge herself to be a favourite of queen Anne, but hinted that the queen was a very humble-minded person, exceedingly attached to her. The career of lord Sunderland was, at the accession of Anne, nearly at its end. All his dark schemes had succeeded, and the unbounded power of the triumphant oligarchy was before him. The last turn of fortune's wheel had brought him to the top, but life is too short to work the complex machinery which it had been the employment of this statesman's subtle brain to devise. Just as all lord Sunderland's contrivances were perfected, he was forced to be occupied with nothing but infirmity, conscience, and death.

Queen Anne had scarcely ascended the throne when, influenced, as it is supposed, by her uncle, Rochester, she manifested anxiety to

¹ Biog. Brit.

effect a reconciliation with the venerable bishop Ken, who was considered the head of the Anglican church. She sent a nobleman, his personal friend, who held a high place in her confidence, to seek the deprived bishop, to inform him that the conforming dissenter, Kidder, whom her sister had placed in his bishopric, should be removed from his intrusion into the see of Bath and Wells, if he, Dr. Ken, would swear allegiance to her, and resume his prelatie state and revenues. The queen is said to have added, "that it was her intention, if possible, to place him in the primacy of England, and to be crowned by his hands." By some means her ministry had induced Kidder to accept the bishopric of Carlisle, then vacant, and to surrender Bath and Wells to its rightful occupant. Surely the primitive Christian church never saw mitres and primacies, the consecration of crowns and the benediction of sceptres, placed at the disposal of a poorer man. The deprived bishop, still clung to and beloved by his people, had been required to perform all the spiritual duties of the see. At the earnest call of his clergy and people, Ken struggled with his poverty and infirmities to perform the office of bishop of Bath and Wells. His only coat, patched and thin, was well known when he went on his progresses from Salisbury through Somersetshire, riding slowly on his old white horse,¹ almost as poor and infirm as its master. Since his degradation by queen Mary, the inspired poet and blameless prelate of our church, when driven by her from the palace of Wells, had continued to live on the charity of his nephew, the rev. Isaac Walton, in Salisbury-close. Such was his winter retreat; but part of the summer he usually spent at Longleat, with his friend lord Weymouth, a nobleman who had always refused to visit the court of William and Mary. It was through the agency of lord Weymouth that her majesty opened the negotiation for her recognition by bishop Ken. It has been stated that Dr. Ken suffered this negotiation to go on until he came to take the oath to queen Anne, and then refused (having all along intended refusal), in order to make his renunciation of the queen's authority more striking to the world. But deceit was inconsistent with the conduct of a man, who lived meekly on charity because he *would not* receive the rich revenues of Bath and Wells inconsistently with the oath he had taken on his induction; he who had resisted threats of personal violence from William III. when prince of Orange, had endured incarceration in the Tower from James II., and was finally hurled from his bishopric by Mary II., would doubtless have scrupulously fulfilled any oath he could have conscientiously taken to queen Anne. The present crisis permitted him to do so consistently, since his old master, James II., was just dead. The oath of allegiance to queen Anne was, however, preceded by an oath of abjuration of her young brother, which, as it implied the shameless falsehood regarding his birth, bishop Ken refused to take. Here is

¹ Bowles' Life of Ken.

a strong instance of the folly and wickedness of oaths of test and abjuration; they form insurmountable barriers which keep conscientious persons from serving their country, at the same time they admit to office, with frightful facility, all those to whom all religion is equally indifferent. When bishop Ken had refused this oath, he was by no means certain that he had not incurred the penalties of *præmunire*, for he wrote to bishop Lloyd¹ to ask him "whether that oath was to be enforced?" for, pursued the venerable prelate, "I will rather leave the kingdom, old, sick, and infirm as I am." No evil consequences of the kind followed his refusal; but the queen, early in her reign, once more caused a confidential friend, one of her bishops, to write to Dr. Ken, telling him "that his advice and presence were necessary to them all in London, at the delicate conjunction of affairs which had taken place on the death of king William." "A journey to London," answered Ken, "is neither consistent with my health, purse, nor inclination. I have often been offered money, but have refused equally that and the oaths required. There is a way to heal the unhappy schism in the church, but it is needless for me to mention it."² Thus was queen Anne disappointed in her wish of consecration by Dr. Ken, likewise in all her attempts at familiar communication with him. Dr. Ken was permitted to withdraw himself once more into his poverty, and pursue his usual routine of life, unscathed by any political persecution for refusing the oath of abjuration. Instead of prosecuting him, Anne had the generosity to offer him any money he needed, which he pertinaciously refused while the man whose religious principles he deprecated held his see, and he persisted in signing himself as the bishop thereof.

The approaching coronation of queen Anne now absorbed every thought of the public. It was one of the most singular features of the times, that, contrary to every precedent in British history, the consort of the queen was excluded from all participation in her regal dignity. Whether this exclusion emanated from the queen, from the parliament, or from the wishes of prince George of Denmark himself, has never been clearly analyzed; but popular opinion leads to the conclusion, that the prince himself declined sharing in the honours of regality. It was at this period that the queen sat to Kneller for a portrait, remarkable for the total absence of all ornament, excepting the simple medallion of the order of St. George, suspended by a broad, light-blue ribbon round the neck, for the portraits of Anne after her coronation are rather vulgarly laden with crown, sceptre, necklaces, and heavy decorations. The original is inserted into the panels of the gallery of St. George at Windsor-castle; it is a fine and firmly painted

¹ Palin's History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717, gives many interesting particulars of Ken at this period, to which we refer the reader for further information.

² Life and Letters of Bishop Ken.

specimen of Kneller's pencil. As the designs for the queen's medallion-portraits were then executed, her costume partakes of the classic simplicity of numismatic art; her hair is arranged in the style of her well-known coinage profile. The portrait is sitting; the air and attitude are decidedly majestic, if not graceful; the dress is chiefly concealed by the flowing mantle of the order of the Garter, excepting the star on the side. The queen's features are rather stronger than those generally recognised in the soft and comely visage of Anne, while they are indicative of far more natural energy, and practical abilities. The medallion of St. George is partly concealed by the hand of the queen. It is traditionary, that Kneller persuaded the queen to assume this attitude, in order to give him the opportunity of painting the most beautiful hand in England.

The queen had again lost the use of her feet, from gout and corpulence, an infirmity which made the important ceremonial of her coronation very fatiguing, and even embarrassing to her.

The coronation took place April 23, o.s., 1702, St. George's-day, About eleven in the morning, her majesty came privately in a sedan-chair from her palace at St. James's to Westminster-hall,¹ whence she was carried to the court of wards. As usual, the individuals of lower rank were marshalled to lead the way in the commencement of the ceremonial. Prince George of Denmark, preceded in the entrance procession by the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord keeper of the great seal, walked before his royal consort and her group of state attendants. The great officers, as the earl-marshal (lord Carlisle), the lord high-steward (the duke of Devonshire), and the lord high-constable, stood ready there, by the queen's state-chair, at the command of her majesty, to distribute the regalia to its appointed bearers. The procession went through New Palace-yard into King-street, so along the Broad Sanctuary,² into the west door of the abbey-church. The way was covered from the steps of the throne at the King's-bench, Westminster-hall, to the steps of the royal platform in the church, with broad blue cloth, two breadths in width, spread upon boards railed in on each side. This footway for royalty was, as usual, strewn with sweet herbs and flowers; the month was April, and the day of St. George is usually most redolent of the early glories of spring. Formerly the poor commonalty used to break in, and cut away "the rayed cloth" almost as fast as the steps of the sovereign had passed over it, for it was considered the fee of the populace. But now blue cloth took the place of the striped or rayed cloth, and elective royalty *lined the way with guards.*

¹ Planche's Royal Records, edited from Bankes's Collection, Brit. Museum; likewise from MSS. in the college of Arms, ably collected by Mr. Planche.

² Edward the Confessor's Sanctuary was

then standing, according to the account of Dr. Stukeley; likewise the Holbein-gateway by the Banqueting-house, and the Gatehouse at the end of King-street.

Strange it was, that when the prerogative of crown and church were many degrees higher, the populace of England surrounded their monarchs without an idea of harming them.

Queen Anne, like her father and her uncle, retained the title of sovereign of France. As part of the pageantry, she had at her coronation two heralds, representing Normandy and Aquitaine. This antique custom has been omitted in the latter coronations, with some wrong in regard to the dukedom of Normandy at least, since our queen still enjoys a very goodly inheritance in the beautiful Channel Islands as rightful duchess of Normandy, more especially as the high-spirited descendants of the Norman chivalry, inhabitants of the said islands, consider that England, and all its people and dependencies, appertain to them, not they to us. When the representatives of Normandy and Aquitaine (who, we are concerned to report, bore the home-spun names of James Clark and Jonathan Andrews¹) were summoned to take their places, they stood at the foot of the steps leading up to the queen's canopy, in Westminster-hall, but did not go up nearer to her throne. It is certain that, on account of the queen's infirmities of the feet, she was relieved from the fatigue of walking in the procession from Westminster-hall to the abbey. "She took the conveniency of being carried in an open chair,"² says a contemporary. "Along by the Broad Sanctuary, the houses on each side were crowded with spectators, who rent the air with cries of joy when they beheld their queen." The queen, although carried, had, nevertheless, a long train, which was passed over the low back of her chair, and so borne behind her by the duchess of Somerset, and the noble maidens her assistants. The lady who was entitled to perform this office, on this occasion, was the personal friend of her majesty, the heiress of the illustrious house of Percy, and wife to the representative of lady Katharine Gray, called the proud duke of Somerset, who took his place as the nearest relative of the blood-royal then in the country. Lady Elizabeth Seymour aided her mother in the office of train-bearer, with lady Mary Hyde (one of the queen's first cousins) and lady Mary Pierrepont, then a girl of thirteen, only remarkable for the promise of surpassing grace and beauty, but afterwards still more celebrated as one of the first among the *litterati* of her country, under the name of lady Mary Wortley Montague. The queen was escorted by the lord chamberlain, lord Jersey; she was supported by the bishop of Durham and the bishop of Exeter, and guarded by the late king's favourite, Arnold Keppel, earl of Albemarle, who was still retained as captain of the royal guard. He was the only person of king William's Dutch colony who had ever shown any civility to queen Anne, who did not now forget his courtesy and humanity. The recognition was performed in

¹ They were two gentlemen of the privy-chamber.

² Boyer's Annals of Queen Anne, April 1702.

the old-accustomed manner, the queen rising and standing by her chair while Tennison, archbishop of Canterbury, presented her to the people with these words, turning her and himself to the four sides of the platform—east, west, south, and north, and repeating the query each time:—“Sirs, I here present unto you queen Anne, undoubted queen of this realm. Whereas all you that are come this day to do your homages and service, are you willing to do the same?”¹ The people answered with loud and repeated acclamations, all crying out, with one voice, “God save queen Anne!” The trumpets sounded after the conclusion of the recognition, and the choir burst into this anthem: “The queen shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord! exceeding glad shall she be of thy salvation. Thou shalt present her with the blessings of goodness, and shalt set a crown of pure gold on her head.” Queen Anne required the actual aid of sustaining hands to support her person in a standing position: and singular as the fact is, was the only infirm person ever crowned monarch of England, either before or since, and yet her majesty had only just completed her thirty-seventh year. By the assistance of the bishops, the queen contrived to reach the altar, where she went through the ceremonial of the first offertory; unlike her immediate predecessors, William and Mary, when the exhortation was heard, “Thou shalt not appear before the Lord thy God empty,” queen Anne had provided wherewithal to put in the gold basins, and duly made all her oblations. The offering of the swords on the altar, and the chanting of the litany, according to the ritual of the church of England, followed in the usual order. At the end of the Nicene creed, which was begun by the archbishop, and sung by the choir, the queen stood up. When the creed was concluded, Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, presented himself to preach the sermon, to which office the queen had herself appointed him. The pulpit was placed upon a pillar at the north-east corner of the platform, very near the queen’s chair. The sermon was short and impressive: it was printed by the queen’s express desire. The text was from Isaiah xlix. 23: “Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.” The protestant coronation-oath, which was permanently established at Anne’s inauguration, was preceded by the following dialogue and declaration: The archbishop of Canterbury, after the sermon, rose and went to the queen; standing before her, he said, “Is your majesty willing to make the *declaration*?” The queen answered, “I am willing.” The archbishop read it thus from a parchment roll:—

“I Anne, by the grace of God, queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,² &c., do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the sacrament

¹ Planche’s Regal Records, p. 113.

² The important words, “Head of the

Church,” are either omitted, or supposed to be included in the “&c.”

of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. 2ndly, That the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass as they are now used in the church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. 3rdly, And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read to me, as they are commonly understood by English protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the pope, or any other authority or person, or without any hope of such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking I am, or can be, acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration, or of any part thereof, although the pope, or any other person or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

"The queen audibly repeated the same, and afterwards subscribed it." Then the archbishop asked the queen, "Is your majesty willing to take the coronation-oath?" The queen replied, "I am willing." Her majesty at the same time had a book in her hands, by which she fully understood the nature of what she undertook. "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes of parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same?" asked archbishop Tennyson. "I solemnly promise so to do," replied queen Anne. "Will you, to your power, cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?" asked the archbishop. "I will," replied queen Anne. "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the *protestant reformed* religion established by law? and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?" asked the archbishop. "All this I promise to do," replied queen Anne. Then the queen, arising out of her chair, supported as before, and assisted by lord Lindsay, the great-chamberlain, the sword of state carried before her, went to the altar, and there made her solemn oath, in sight of the people present, to observe these promises. As the queen knelt on the steps of the altar, with her hand on the gospel, she said these words: "The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me God!" Then her majesty kissed the book. Having thus taken her oath, the queen returned to her chair, and kneeling at the faldstool, the *Veni Creator* was sung by the choir.

The anointing and all the ceremonies connected therewith proceeded

according to the ancient form. The queen's infirmities did not cause her to dispense with the ceremony of standing to be solemnly girt with the sword of St. Edward, or from going with it to offer it at the altar. It was redeemed, according to the usual form, for one hundred shillings: the noble who bore it was the last of the De Veres, earls of Oxford. The sword was forthwith unsheathed by him, and carried before her majesty during the rest of the ceremonial. The spurs were, however, only presented; they were sent by the queen directly to the altar. Her majesty was then invested with the ring and staff. The coronation-ring put on the fourth finger of Anne's right hand was, indeed, a balas ruby, with the cross of St. George engraved thereon; but it was not the ancient jewel of Edward the Confessor, "the wedding-ring of England," as it is quaintly called by the old heralds and chroniclers. That venerable gem, according to report, was sent by the last surviving grandson of James II. to the present royal family of England, and has been worn by the last three sovereigns of Great Britain. The archbishop made the investiture of a ring, standing before the altar, according to this ancient formula:—"Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the *Catholic* faith, that as you are this day consecrated head of this kingdom and people, so being rich in faith, and abounding in good works, you may reign with him, who is the King of kings, to whom be honour and glory for ever.—Amen." After investing her with staff, sceptre, and orb, he took the crown, representing that of St. Edward, in his hand, and placing it again before him on the altar, made the following invocation:—"O God, the Saviour and rewarder of them that faithfully serve thee, who alone dost govern them with mercy and loving-kindness, bless and sanctify this thy servant Anne, our queen, who now in lowly devotion boweth her head to thy divine majesty." The manuscript has a marginal direction: "*Here the queen must be put in mind to bow her head,*"—little needed, indeed, if Anne had the least appreciation of the sense of the beautiful aspiration. "And as thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon her head, so enrich her royal heart with thy heavenly and abundant grace, and crown her with all princely virtues which may adorn the high station wherein thou hast placed her, through him who is the King immortal, invisible, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever." The archbishop put the crown on the head of Anne, at which sight the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cried "God save the queen!" the trumpets sounded, and the Tower guns answered a signal made from the turrets of Westminster-abbey by thundering discharges. When silence had succeeded to this joyous uproar, after a solemn pause the archbishop's voice was heard in address to the queen:—"God crown you with a crown of righteousness and virtue, of victory and honour. The Lord himself be unto you for a crown of glory, and a diadem

of beauty; and may you also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God. Be strong and of a good courage; observe the commandments of God, and walk in his ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life; that when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of glory, and honour, and immortality that fadeth not away, which God, the righteous judge, shall give you at that day." The choir then broke into a short but rejoicing anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;" the peers and peeresses put on their coronets while it was being sung. One of the prebends of Westminster then brought the Holy Bible to the dean of Westminster. The dean, after first placing it on the altar, brought it in procession to the archbishop, who, attended by the bishops, presented it, with great reverence, to the queen, with this address:—"Our gracious queen,—Thus saith the Lord of old to his peculiar people, When thy king sitteth upon the throne of the kingdom, he shall write him a copy of this law in a book, and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life, that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, and so keep all the words of this law to do them, and that he turn not aside to the right hand nor to the left, to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children."

Which passage must have seemed like a denunciation to the childless queen, who had so recently put off her mourning for her only son.

And now queen Anne, having been anointed and crowned, and having received all the ensigns of royal dignity, the archbishop solemnly blessed her; and at each clause of the benediction, the peers and bishops, who stood round about her, joined "in a loud and hearty Amen." "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make the light of his countenance to shine ever upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord protect you in all your ways, and preserve you from every evil thing; the Lord prosper the works of your own hands upon you; the Lord proursper your handy work. May all the blessings of heaven and earth plenteously descend upon you," continued the archbishop; "the Lord give you of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, a fruitful country and healthful seasons, a faithful senate and a quiet empire, wise counsellors and victorious armies, a loyal nobility and a dutiful gentry, and an honest, peaceable, and obedient commonalty." "Amen," responded the peers and bishops "very heartily and devoutly;" and there were some points in this aspiration wonderfully suited to the urgent necessities of the times, for the most dismal weather in winter and summer, attended by famines and agues, had plagued the island since the accession of William III., and greatly added to his unpopularity with "the honest, peaceable, and obedient commonalty," who laid the whole blame upon his majesty; insomuch, it is traditionary in the Highlands, "that on the 8th of March, a cottager going out to trench

his nail-yard, and seeing the first fine day he had beheld for twelve or fourteen years, threw down his spade, gave a Highland fling in the air, and an exclamation in Gaelic, "The wicked king is dead to a certainty!"

"The Lord preserve your life, and stablish your throne," continued archbishop Tennison, "that your reign may be prosperous and your days many; that you may live long in this world, obeyed, and honoured, and beloved by your people, ever increasing in favour both with God and man, and leave a numerous posterity to rule these kingdoms after you by succession in all ages." "Amen," responded queen Anne's surrounding peers and bishops; but this clause, like more than one in the coronation-rite, must have brought remembrance of her recently lost Gloucester sorely to the memory of the bereaved and hopeless mother. The archbishops and the prelates did their homage *as temporal peers* after prince George, who offered his as duke of Cumberland: they kissed her majesty's left cheek, and afterwards touched her crown. While her gracious pardon was read, and her coronation-medals of gold and silver thrown about among the people, "as her majesty's gracious largess and donative," the homage of the lay lords was performed, and the grand final anthem was sung by the choir with instrumental music. At the end of the anthem the trumpets sounded, and all the people shouted "God save queen Anne! Long live queen Anne! May the queen live for ever!" The royal family acknowledged by the country, had dwindled to a small and distant span indeed, for the childless and Roman catholic widow of Charles II. was the only person, besides the sovereign, remembered by name in the prayers of the church of England. "O Lord our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers, with our thanksgivings, for our sovereign lady queen Anne, set over us by thy grace and good providence to be our queen; and so, together with her, bless Catharine the queen-dowager, and the whole royal family." Catharine of Braganza was then reigning as queen-regent in her native country with some *éclat*. It seems singular that she should be remembered in the prayers at the coronation, and that queen Anne's protestant consort should not be named in the first protestant coronation that had occurred in this country of a queen acknowledged as entirely sovereign-regnant, which her sister and predecessor could scarcely be considered, unless at times when she was formally invested with the regency.

At the retirement of the queen to St. Edward's chapel (called in coronation-language the recess), her divestment of her consecrated crown, robes, and regalia (termed those of St. Edward), and the offering of them on the shrine of the regal saint and lawgiver, her collateral ancestor, her assumption of the state-crown and purple velvet robes, which she was to wear at the banquet in Westminster-hall, proceeded, according to the usual routine, without any variation peculiarly personal to queen

Anne. Her majesty's day's labour was only half performed: she could not avoid appearing at the banquet, lest the Jacobite portion of the community might say that she dared not suffer the champion, Dymoke, to perform his challenge, as that had proved a remarkably awkward step in the coronation ceremonial¹ of her predecessors, William and Mary. Queen Anne, therefore, went through all the ceremonials pertaining to her coronation-banquet, from the entrance of the *dillegrout* to that of the champion, without any of the perverse accidents which had marked her sister's and brother-in-law's coronation. At the banquet, his royal highness prince George of Denmark dined at the table of the queen-regnant, his consort; "he sat at the end thereof, at her majesty's left hand." As the parliament were in sessions sitting, the members of the house of commons were assigned seats in the abbey, in the north-cross, and at the banquet in the gallery at the east end of Westminster-hall. At the foregoing coronation, the commons (who had taken to themselves, in the preceding century, almost every function of crown and church), had been not a little astonished and offended at finding that a specific place of entertainment had been provided for every estate of the realm excepting their own important body. William and Mary, who were nearly penniless themselves, rather ungratefully followed the ancient regulation, and the commons, although they had proved the means of crowning their majesties, went dinnerless at their coronation-banquet. Lamberty, one of the secretaries of the then prime-minister, discusses the fact drily, as if he thought, privately, that it was a mighty good joke. Queen Anne treated her commons with more hospitality, they were regaled with a good dinner in the Exchequer-chamber.²

It was past eight in the evening before all the services and ceremonials of the coronation-banquet were finished by her majesty, who after resting and disrobing at the court of wards, was carried back to St. James's-palace in her close sedan, exceedingly fatigued. The palace, with the rest of the metropolis, was in a tumult of joyous excitement, and prince George of Denmark, with a circle of the private friends of royalty, was disposed to do what most persons that night were doing; which was, passing a considerable portion of it in a carouse, drinking their sovereign lady's health. Her majesty was, however, disposed to seek repose from all her fatigues of regality on her pillow. The lord chamberlain noticed that the queen was exceedingly tired, and would be glad if his royal highness would propose going to bed. "*I propose?*" replied the prince, jovially; "*I cannot. I am her majesty's subject—have done and sworn homage to her to-day; I shall do nought but what she commands me.*"—"Then," replied queen Anne, laughing, "as that is the case, and I am very tired, I do command you, George, to come to bed."³ Her majesty was obeyed.

¹ Life of Mary II.² London Gazette, April, 1702.³ Hutten's Visit.

Altogether, this coronation proceeded prosperously, and gave general satisfaction to all classes of society, not excepting the very worst; for the thieves, who were numerous and audacious beyond all modern computation, stole the whole of the plate used at her majesty's banquet in Westminster-hall, together with a vast quantity of pewter and valuable table-linen.¹

The coronation-medal of Anne bears the impression of her profile, representing her as very fat and swollen, her throat exceedingly short and thick; on the reverse of the medal is a heart, crowned, amidst oaken foliage, surrounded by the expressive legend ENTIRELY ENGLISH, from her speech on the opening her first parliament. Another medal bears the queen's head, depicting her still fatter and thicker: it was struck on the appointment of her husband, prince George, as high-admiral. There were several different designs in the medals given, or thrown, at the queen's coronation, but the principal was the "entirely English heart," quoted from her accession speech.

CHAPTER V.

QUEEN ANNE's manifesto of war against France, issued May 4, 1702 was received by Louis XIV. with a *bon-mot*: "It is a sign that I grow old, when ladies declare war against me."² Anne must have risen to memory as he had last seen her, when she was four years old, trailing her long crape veil and black train about the Palais-Royal,³ as mourning for her aunt Henrietta duchess of Orleans.

The house of commons voted thanks to queen Anne, for the first important step taken to secure the crown of Great Britain to the next protestant line of the royal family, and the very next Sunday the princess Sophia was prayed for in all English churches.⁴ Her majesty went from St. James's to Windsor. Prince George of Denmark went forward to Portsmouth the same day: he was there received with all the distinction due to the "dear consort of her majesty." The mighty naval preparations of England for the war were reviewed by the queen and her consort before sailing from Portsmouth. He proceeded next day to the Isle of Wight, where all the newly-raised forces were encamped—from whence they could only desert into the sea, which great numbers of them attempted. The prince, in quality of her majesty's generalissimo, pardoned several of these unfortunate men, at the moment

¹ Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London.

² True and Secret History of the Lives and Reigns of the Kings and Queens of England:

from the library of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

³ Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

⁴ May, Boyer's Annals.

when they were led out to death.¹ The contrast, in this action, to the cruelties of punishment which will render the reign of William and Mary ever notorious, was believed to spring from the merciful disposition of queen Anne, and that, of course, augmented the love that the common people bore to her. The queen had the more pity for deserters, because the maintenance of large standing armies, perennially consumed in foreign warfare, was new to the British population. Such had not been usual since the invasions of France under the Plantagenets, and at that era, the military code of St. George, adapted to a high-spirited yeoman or franklin class of soldiery, was essentially different from the discipline-lash inflicted by the mutiny bill.

The political history of the reign of queen Anne (from which the pages of her biography will be kept as clear as perspicuity will permit) appears, to the eyes of readers in general, to consist of violent and interminable contests between two classes, into which the whole kingdom was divided. The names of these two parties are frequently heard in the present times, yet it has never been satisfactorily proved from whence the name of either Whig or Tory was derived. Each was undeniably one of those nicknames in which party malignity especially delights. Whig is said to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon word signifying war and contention; the term was found thus oddly spelt and sounded by Cromwell's soldiers when they invaded Scotland and defeated the Scotch at Dunbar, and they seem to have imported it into the south to denote persons they found more contentious than themselves. Yet it soon after designated their own party throughout the island, as systematic opposers to royalty. It was thus used by the piper of Dundee, who so bitterly aggravated the insurgents at Bothwell Brigg by playing and singing the following stave just as the battle joined:—

“Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
And do no good at a'!
Awa, Whigs, awa!”

The poor piper was sent tumbling down the banks of the Clyde² into the stream by a whig bullet; but the refrain of his song was taken up, and has been echoed by a powerful English party ever since. Thus one great division of English politicians were named from a civil war in Scotland; and they, not to be found wanting in similar courtesies, becalled their opponents from the predatory guerillas, who fought in Ireland, under the names of Rapparees, or Tories. The duchess of Marlborough calls them *Rapparees*, and very often, like her royal mistress, spells whigs as *wigs*.

The whigs, in the time of queen Anne, chiefly contended for the

¹ May Boyer's Annals.

² Jacobite Relics.

policy and propriety of keeping up a perpetual war against France, ostensibly in order to prevent the re-establishment of the son of James II. Their opposition to the Anglican church was really more violent than to the church of Rome, and the chief object of their opposition was, to prevent the sovereign of England (who bore the awful responsibility of Head of the Church in the eyes of her people) from naming those of the clergy she approved to any sees or benefices that became vacant. The whigs chose that church preferments should be in the gift of the prime minister who could command most votes in the house of commons. The Tories supported the prerogative of queen Anne to name the dignitaries of the church; they resisted the predominance of the Calvinistic party, vulgarly termed 'low church.' They were for economical government, and for naval war instead of continental regimental war; they advocated the extension and protection of the noble colonies planted by the Stuart kings; they had exposed the enormous corruptions of William III. and his party in the house of commons. They were generally considered Jacobites—they would have gladly been so, if the son of James II. had been of the same religion as his grandfather, Charles I. They appear to have been unwillingly, but sincerely, convinced of the impossibility of a Roman catholic acting as the head of the church of England. There is reason to believe that the restoration of the church of England to the vital right of electing her spiritual dignitaries was meditated by the queen, and by her uncle, lord Rochester, whom she chose for her prime minister when she ascended the throne, and declared him as such soon after. By his assistance, queen Anne carried into effect an act of benevolence, which will make her name for ever gratefully venerated by our church. Her majesty, at her accession, was entitled to the first-fruits of every benefice or dignity conferred by the crown. With praiseworthy self-denial, instead of appropriating these gains to the amplification of her personal power or magnificence, queen Anne formed with it a fund to augment the miserable livings, or rather *starvings*, which too often fall to the lot of some of the most excellent of our clergy. The fund bears the expressive name of 'queen Anne's Bounty.' Words would be wasted in dwelling on it with panegyric; it speaks for itself, for it is still in beneficial operation. A plan of similar beneficence was first carried into effect, from the savings of his preferments, by the self-denying archbishop Sancroft. Queen Anne followed his example on the most extended scale of royal munificence, and her generosity has placed her name high on the list of royal foundresses in the Christian church.

Lady Marlborough was now at the pinnacle of her long anticipated glory; she had reigned supremely over the formation of the newly-formed royal household, disposing of all places therein as it seemed good in her eyes. From the mighty Dutch magnate Portland, down to the

humble clear-starcher Abrahah, Sarah of Marlborough placed and displaced whomsoever she thought fit. Very unceremoniously, at her instigation, did the queen eject lord Portland from the rangership of Windsor-park. At the same instant he had the vexation to behold the object of his avowed hatred, lady Marlborough, leap into the place.¹ The queen, too, testified some of her hoarded antipathies: Charles earl Macclesfield was discharged by her from all the rich offices and sinecures with which he had been loaded by her sister and her spouse. Her majesty's reasons, according to his own quotation of her words, were "because he had thrown blood in her father's face"—a startling metaphor, whereby queen Anne indicated her remembrance that he was the chief instigator in the calumny that loaded her father with the death of lord Essex, who destroyed himself in the Tower at the explosion of 'the Rye-house plot.'²

Queen Anne abolished, by order of council,³ the injurious practice of permitting the sale of places in the royal household. It was a French custom, brought in with the restoration, but openly and officially transacted since the revolution, when places at court were purchased of the former possessor, exactly as officers buy their commissions in the army at the present time. When queen Anne issued her palace ordinance to the public, "that no more places were to be sold in her household," lady Marlborough records the fact; but, after indulging at length in the warmest flow of self-praise on her own generosity, assures her friends, public and private, "that the command was really issued by herself." The queen actually followed the impulse of her own bountiful temper, and her favourite made the best of the royal orders for the exaltation of her own consequence, by holding a sort of tribunal in the palace, something like the court of requests, where, with great pomp, she took petitions and heard grievances.⁴ Among other appointments of more consequence, she created Mrs. Abrahah "the queen's starcher," and settled a hundred a year on her, because she had washed the queen's heads for twenty pounds a year when she was princess. The "queen's heads" were the Brussels-lace cornette caps of three stages, an old-lady style of dress, which had been made fashionable throughout Europe by

¹ Coxe's MSS., lady Marlborough's statement.

² Lord Macclesfield was at that time entitled lord Brandon: he had been banished for slaughtering a poor sentinel, who only did his duty by stopping him and another nobleman from entering the palace of Whitehall by the stairs that led from St. James's-park to the Long Gallery at a forbidden hour. The transaction was a cowardly one, for the two titled ruffians, setting upon the poor youth together, flung him over the balustrade, and broke his bones miserably on the pavement. For this detestable murder lord Brandon was justly condemned to die, but his punishment was

unwisely commuted by James II. to banishment. While in Holland, he became the author of the numerous attacks on king James, charging him with the death of lord Essex, to which queen Anne alluded. He returned as a patriot with the prince of Orange; became a minister of state, and, when earl of Macclesfield, enjoyed an immense share in the enormous grants which William III. bestowed on his supporters.—Trial of lord Brandon for murder; Howell's State Trials.

³ Toone's Chronology, July 10, 1702.

⁴ Coxe MSS., vol. xlv.; letter to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited; Brit. Museum.

the costume which madame de Maintenon, the elderly spouse of Louis XIV., thought proper to adopt. Even babies wore this very queer cap, which somewhat resembled the façade of a church, with three galleries, each higher than the other. Between the queen's starchy, Mrs. Abrahall, and the duchess, a fierce feud ensued afterwards, but all was harmonious at this halcyon period.

The queen caused an order of council to be enforced in the department of the green cloth, that every person taking office was to testify, by solemn oath, that he did not pay anything for his place.¹ The duchess of Marlborough claims all these steps as the result of her own bright integrity and scorn of ready cash, while giving the only information leading to the fact, that queen Anne was the sovereign who actually destroyed the place-selling system at the British court. It had been winked at by easy Charles, her uncle, who suffered his court-harpies to fill all lower offices with mercenaries, who could not be removed for their misdeeds, because "the poor folk, oddsfish! had paid their cash to Buckingham or Killigrew, or some other merry villains." Intelligence of this custom went forth into distant provinces, and shoals of harmless country gentlemen swarmed up to court with their ready cash in hand, to deal for court places with the said "merry villains." The story was rife at queen Anne's board of green cloth, that Killigrew had actually sold to some of these good people the imaginary offices of "the king's physic-taster," and the "royal curtain-drawer;" and when the injured parties claimed their places, or the return of their gold, they found that the gold was spent, and the invention of these absurd offices deemed a capital good joke. Although queen Anne had put stringent restrictions on the sale of places, such regulations had the sole effect of limiting the negotiations, and the attendant profits, to her female "mayor of the palace;" for, notwithstanding lady Marlborough's vehement praises of her own honesty and disinterestedness in these cases, the assertions of her contemporaries directly contradict her: "Within the palace itself was a very busy market for all the offices of government. All things were transacted by the sole authority of one woman, to whom there was no access but by the golden road."²

The queen, alarmed at the effects of an asthma, which had in the course of the summer, endangered the life of the prince, her husband, resolved to make a western progress, from Windsor to Bath, for the recovery of his health. Her majesty took Oxford in her way, and though she rested there but one night, was received with the most fervent loyalty. The example of William III., who refused to eat the banquet provided for him at Oxford, on some suspicion of poison, in the year 1696, was not followed by his successor, who did more than ample

¹ Coxe MSS., vol. xlv.; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson: inedited.

² Cunningham's Hist. of Great Britain.

justice to the hospitality of the university; likewise, she took most graciously the accustomed gift of Woodstock gloves, and a Bible, promising at the same time a future visit.¹ On the confines of Somersetshire her majesty and prince George were welcomed by one hundred young men of Bath city, uniformly clad and armed, and two hundred of the young women dressed as Amazons, who conducted her *cortège*, by a road cut for the occasion, from the summit of Lansdowne to the western gate of Bath, where the corporation received the royal visitors, and conducted them to their apartments.² The first day of September, 1702, is the date of this arrival, and about the same period is recorded a curious *incognito* visit which George of Denmark, at some time or other, made to the neighbouring city of Bristol, where he visited the Exchange, attended solely by a military officer, remaining there till the merchants had withdrawn, none of them having either the courage or the inclination to ask him to partake of any hospitality. All departed excepting a humble bodice-maker, one John Duddlestone, who walked up to prince George, and asked him, "Are you, sir, the husband of our queen Anne, as folks say you are?" The prince replied "that such was the fact." John Duddlestone resumed, "that he had seen, with great concern, that none of the prime merchants on 'Change had invited him home; not for want of love or loyalty, but merely because each was afraid of addressing so great a man." John Duddlestone added, "that the shame to Bristol would be great, nevertheless, if the husband of their queen was obliged, for want of hospitality, to dine at an inn; he therefore begged him, humble as he was, to accompany him home to dinner, and to bring his soldier-officer along with him—if they could eat what he had to offer them, which was a good piece of roast beef, a plum-pudding, and some ale of his wife's own brewing." Prince George was charmed with this most original invitation, and accepted it with gratitude, although he had already bespoken his dinner at the White Lion. His royal highness and his noble companion accompanied John Duddlestone to his home, who called to his spouse at the foot of the stairs, "Wife, wife! put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and a soldier-gentleman are come to dine with us." Dame Duddlestone descended forthwith, clad in a clean blue apron, and, according to the national English custom of that era, was saluted by prince George when she entered the parlour. In the course of their dinner, his royal highness asked his entertainer "if he ever went to London?" John Duddlestone replied, "that since the ladies had chosen to wear stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went thither to buy whalebone." The prince, when he took leave, requested his host "that the next time he travelled there, he would bring his wife, and to be sure to take her to court." He at the same time gave him a card, which he said would facilitate his admission at

¹ Boyer's Annals, 1702.

² Warner's History of Bath.

Windsor-castle. Whensoever John Duddleston's hospitality to George of Denmark might have occurred, it is certain that, on Thursday, September, 3, 1702, that worthy citizen had an opportunity of seeing the queen, with his former guest by her side, make their state entry into Bristol in the royal carriage. The records of the bright city expressly remark that the queen's coach was black, drawn by black horses, with black harness and housings. These dismal trappings, which were likewise seen on the twelve carriages that made up the royal procession, were in consequence of the deep mourning which still prevailed for king James and for king William. The Bristol annals likewise mention that the mourning worn by the royal persons was purple. The queen and prince George went through all the usual routine of a grand civic reception, and then partook of a magnificent dinner, at the great house of Sir Thomas Day, Bridge-end. Here queen Anne gave court receptions to Mrs. mayoress and other Bristol ladies, who kissed her majesty's hand, and went through the regular court presentations. When the fatiguing day came to a close, the queen, with her invalid consort, entered their black vehicle, and, followed by their long funereal-looking procession of mourning coaches, returned safely to Bath that night.

In the course of the first four months of her accession, the queen seems to have taken considerable pleasure in rewarding any instances of disinterested attention which either she or her consort had experienced during their previous long eclipse of court favour. The kindness of Mrs. Davies, of Twickenham, was recognised by a renewal of her expiring lease of the house she had lent for the reception of the duke of Gloucester, for which purpose queen Anne wrote an especial request to Catharine of Braganza, of whose dower the old manor-house and its demesne made part. The royal visit to Bristol evidently brought John Duddleston to the memory of prince George, and caused that worthy citizen's connexion with royalty to conclude in a very satisfactory manner. The queen remained at Bath until within a few days of the assembling of her parliament. On her homeward progress, the following picturesque incident occurred: queen Anne, when hunting near Lippock, alighted from her equipage and reposed herself on a green bank, while the lord of the manor caused the whole of the deer in his district, five hundred in number, to be driven past her; so that she may be said to have reviewed them. The queen said, "that she had never before seen so many deer in her life at once, and considered it a stately sight for a prince to look upon." This tradition was retailed, from an old man who had assisted with the deer in his youth, to the celebrated naturalist, White of Selborne.

When John Duddleston needed a new supply of whalebone, he took his worthy dame behind him on his pack-horse, and journeyed Londonward. He found an easy admittance at the royal castle of Windsor in

his way from the west, and was introduced by prince George to the queen. Her majesty thanked them for their hospitality to her consort, and in return invited them to dine with her. She told them they must have court-dresses for the occasion, which should be provided by the officers of her wardrobe, but she wished them to choose the material. John Duddlestone and his dame chose purple velvet. The suits were made, and worn at the royal dinner-party, queen Anne herself presenting the Duddlestones to her guests "as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol." After dinner, her majesty desired John Duddlestone to kneel down, and according to the very words and accent of his good help-mate in her oft-repeated description of the scene, first laid a sword on his head, and then said, "Ston up, Sir Jan." Queen Anne offered Sir John Duddlestone a place under government, or a gratuity in money; but with the sturdy honesty of by-gone days, the hospitable citizen would accept of neither; "for," he said, "they wanted nothing, and had fifty pounds of savings out at use; and he doubted, from the number of people he saw about her majesty's house, that her living must be very expensive." Queen Anne, however, presented the newly made lady Duddlestone with her own gold watch from her side. With this mark of royal favour the good dame was particularly delighted, and never failed of wearing it over her blue apron-string whenever she went to Bristol market. Such is the tradition of Bristol, related in a topographical work descriptive of that city.¹ But the tale has its discrepancies, unless the incident had really happened previously to the accession of Queen Anne. Tradition is always defective in chronology.

CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN Anne's fond devotion to lady Marlborough had been nearly commensurate with her own existence. Her majesty was but in her thirty-eighth year, and for full thirty years her love had lasted. The agreeable occupation of inducting friends or customers to the sweets of places and preferments, and the still greater luxury of expelling enemies from them, had, however, blinded lady Marlborough to the important fact, that her royal mistress began her reign with altered feelings towards her. The queen's words, whether written or spoken, were more caressing than ever; "for," says her contemporary, Swift, "there was not, perhaps, in

¹ Corry's History of Bristol. It is likewise quoted in Hone's Year-Book, and related in the Gentleman's Magazine. There is another Sir John Duddlestone, created a baronet in

1691, a wealthy tobacco-merchant, who with his lady were buried in All Saints' church, Bristol.

all England a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions, than queen Anne. Upon her first coming to the throne, lady Marlborough had lost all favour with her, as her majesty often acknowledged to those who told it to me."¹ He meant Abigail, and her sister Mary Hill, and much the historian importuned these persons to tell him the particulars of the offence given; they never told him, but he expresses his belief that it arose from a mere breach of etiquette—that some ruffle, periwig, tag, tassel, or furbelow, worn disrespectfully in its wrong place, had caused the quarrel. However, no one knew the reason of the change but Abigail.

When the grand affairs of the coronation were over, lady Marlborough, the new mistress of the robes, began instinctively to feel rather than to perceive this change. She forthwith commenced carping, quarrelling, and hunting for affronts—practices which appear not in her previous proceedings, at least with her royal mistress. The queen, on the other hand, was eager to grant the Marlboroughs all the advantages which their avarice and ambition had anticipated on her attainment of power. Marlborough had yet his fortune to make from her bounty. He, who had begun the world with nothing, had, notwithstanding his almost preternatural efforts at saving, no capital commensurate with his title of earl. Queen Anne was willing to indulge the appetite of the pair for wealth, hoping her presumed favourites might feed quickly and peacefully, for she did not wish to incur their reproach of sending them empty away.

The first step the queen took, consonant to her intentions of rewarding the earl of Marlborough for his former adhesion to her interests, was announced in a letter to his lady, written two days after the opening of parliament:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH.²

(*In the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

“St. James's, Oct. 22.

“I have had, this evening, the satisfaction of my dear Mrs. Freeman's [letter] of yesterday, for which I give you many thanks; and though I think it a long time since I saw you, I do not desire you to come one minute sooner to town than is easy for you, but will wait with patience for the happy hour; and only beg, when you do come, you would send for a coach, and not make use of a chaise.”

Lady Marlborough, it seems, did not then keep a carriage of her own. She was therefore to send for one of the queen's coaches, and give up her plan of travelling from Windsor in a post-chaise. The queen continues:—

“It is very uneasy to your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, to think

¹ Swift's *Memoirs of the Queen's Ministry*.

² Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*.

that *she* has so very little in her power to show you how sensible *I* am of all lord Marlborough's kindness, especially when he deserves all that a rich crown could give. But, since there is nothing else at this time, I hope you will give me leave, as soon as he comes, to make him a duke." It will be observed, that there is no actual mention of suitable provision to support this dukedom in the queen's letter. No wonder, then, that the announcement of the royal intentions gave lady Marlborough more alarm than pleasure. "When I read the queen's letter, I let it drop out of my hand," said lady Marlborough, "and was for some minutes like one that had received the news of death." It will be seen that the queen rectified this mistake before she sent her message to the house of lords for the creation of the dukedom. Lord Marlborough returned from his campaign in November, and, on the 28th of the same month, the queen put in execution her plans regarding his dukedom. Her majesty's hurry to remunerate the Marlboroughs for all they had done, suffered, or lost in her behalf, almost defeated its own object; she forgot that her uncle, Lawrence earl of Rochester, whose honest vigilance had detected the inroads made on her income when she was princess, was at the head of affairs. In pursuance of her intention, her majesty sent a message to the house of commons, declaring "that it was her pleasure to create lord Marlborough a duke; she therefore requested a pension of 5000*l.* per annum might be secured to *him and his heirs* from the post-office." Sir Charles Hedges brought the queen's message into the house, signed with her hand. When the royal pleasure was announced, a pause so deep ensued in the house of commons, that the speaker,¹ Mr. Harley, rose, and looked about him, to ascertain who meant to break the portentous silence.² Sir Edward Seymour was the man, and, after warm debates, the queen's request was respectfully denied, on the plea "that lord Marlborough's services, although considerable, had been sufficiently rewarded, and that the dangerous custom of the preceding reign in alienating the crown-revenues for favoured individuals ought to be avoided."³ The queen returned the following extraordinary answer to this remark:—

"I shall always think myself much concerned to reward those who deserve well of me and the public. On this account, I bestowed some favours on the duke of Marlborough, and am glad to find you think them well placed."

From hence arose the lifelong animosity that the duchess of Marlborough manifested to the tory party, in whose ranks she and her husband had been reckoned since their well-known expulsion from court by William III. A saying, at the same time, went forth among the populace, "that the queen meant to give to one duke [of Marlborough], all the gold gained at Vigo by the other duke [of Ormonde],"—alluding to the recent victory and spoils taken there by Ormonde and admiral Rooke.

¹ Robert Harley, elected speaker October 20, that year, 1702.

² Ralph.

³ Ibid.

In hopes of somewhat soothing the rage of the new duchess against the tories, her majesty immediately wrote to her thus, December 16, 1702.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.¹

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"I cannot be satisfied with myself without doing something towards making up what has been so maliciously hindered in parliament, and therefore I desire my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman [the duchess and duke of Marlborough] would be so kind as to accept of two thousand pounds a year out of the privy purse, *beside* the grant of five.² This can excite no envy, for nobody need know it. Not that I would disown what I give to people that deserve, especially where 'tis impossible to reward the deserts; but you may keep it as a secret or not, as you please. I beg my dear Mrs. Freeman would never any way give me an answer to this, only comply with the desires of your poor unfortunate, faithful Morley, that loves you most tenderly, and is, with the sincerest passion imaginable,

"Yours."

The donation from the privy purse failed to satisfy the enraged duchess, who refused the compensation of 2000*l.* per annum with scorn. Afterwards, the queen had little peace, either in her hours of retirement or on solemn occasions of state; she was liable to the most violent vituperation from the woman she had raised, to use that person's *own* words, "from the dust," to be her scourge and punishment. The duchess of Marlborough kept no measures with the queen, in fact, either in writing or speaking of her or to her. While the tories were in power she constantly abused them as enemies, and reviled the queen as their accomplice, until, strengthened by the great victories obtained by her husband, she effected their expulsion,³ and the queen fell into her hands "a crowned slave," as her majesty afterwards pathetically called herself.

In the ensuing spring, the firm establishment of Greenwich hospital was one of her cares. "Her majesty and his royal highness prince George commanded that the model of Greenwich Hospital should be brought to St. James's, and were pleased to view the same, and highly approved of this noble foundation, designed for the maintenance of disabled seamen."⁴

The following letter, hitherto inedited, was written by queen Anne to her cofferer, Sir Benjamin Bathurst. Although a homely, business-like communication, its tone does her honour:

¹ Cox. ² The queen must mean *instead* of the intended grant of five thousand pounds per annum: for that had been positively refused by the commons.

³ Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne.

⁴ English Post, Dec. 16, 1702.

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR BENJAMIN BATHURST.

" Windsor, June 8.

" I received yours yesterday, and should be very glad if Potvin would bring down y^t part of my bed he shewed you ; but as for y^e confectioner you mention, I do not *approve* of him, for I will never take any bodys servant from them, tho they seem never soe willing to it. Therefore I desire you would look out for some other, or if you could meet with a woman y^t *dos* those kind of things well, I had rather have one than a man, w^{ch} is all I have to say, but y^t I am your very affectionate friend,

" ANNE."¹

Few sovereigns, perhaps would have allowed themselves to be restrained from acquiring a desirable servant by the reverence here paid by queen Anne to that excellent clause in the tenth commandment which prohibits us from coveting our neighbours' servants any more than their goods—a clause which the selfishness of human nature rendered peculiarly necessary. The queen dislikes that a man should be employed in the office of confectioner, because a woman can serve as well in that department. The incident deserves consideration by those who employ men-servants in many offices that are better suited to the strength and capacity of women. The higher classes do so from the supposition that it is more consonant with their dignity ; wealthy persons sedulously imitate them, and many of the middle classes follow an example they can ill afford. Let all remember how very few modes of gaining a livelihood remain to a destitute woman of any degree ; when the laundry, the needle, in-door service, and tuition are mentioned, all is said. Let, then, the ladies of the British empire consider, that if they in any way circumscribe this very short list by employing men in household offices which the weaker sex can perform, they deprive women of their virtuous subsistence, and thereby drive them to want—the strong temptation to wickedness. Not so her who was not undeservedly called by the populace their " good queen Anne."

The enormous settlement of 100,000*l.* per annum was given prince George of Denmark for life,² and with remainder in case he survived the queen, by the parliament of 1702, to which was added a grant of the palace at Winchester. Sir Stephen Fox very gravely asserted " that *fifty thousand pounds* was sufficient for the income of the prince of Denmark, because his grandeur would not be expensive to him, as her majesty would provide him with lodgings, bed, wax-light, and all the expenses of food and housekeeping."³ It seems that the propriety of giving prince George the title of king for life, with continuation of the

¹ Most courteously communicated by the lady Georgiana Bathurst, to whom our grateful acknowledgments are offered.

² Calamy's Diary.

³ Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

high offices he held in case of the death of the queen, was urged rather warmly by her personal friends; but it was ultimately rejected.

The petty and peevish complaints with which the duchess of Marlborough continued to torment the queen will sufficiently appear from her letters. Four notes every day made the average of the queen's task of writing to her humoursome attendant.¹

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Monday night.

"Just as I came from basset,² I received my dear Mrs. Freeman's letter, and though it is very late, I cannot content myself without thanking you for it. I hope by this time you have seen lord treasurer, and then you will see how innocent I am of one complaint, and so I think I am in all the others; for as for my not saying anything to you on the D. of M.'s letter, I did not think it necessary, nor you would not neither at any other time. And as to not inquiring after you the first time you came from Margate, how was it possible, not hearing of it till just as I was going out of town myself? I shall dine at St. James's, an it please God, to-morrow, and shall be very glad to see you there when I am alone; and be assured, whenever you will be the same to me as you was five years ago, you shall find me the same tender

"MORLEY."

The game of basset mentioned by the queen in the commencement of this note, occupied, as in her young days, a considerable portion of her majesty's time and thoughts, and broke into her hours by day as well as by night. At the basset-table the players sat so closely crowded round queen Anne, that she could scarcely "put her hand in her pocket,"³ an obligation not unfrequent, since her majesty was usually unfortunate at play. The irksomeness of the slavery of making up affronts, and soothing the self-esteem of the haughty duchess, had not as yet made any alteration in the humble and caressing style of the queen, whose next letter is more self-abasing than ever.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[May, 1703.]

"It is now so late, that I can only thank you for your letter, and congratulate the duke of Marlborough's being well after the siege of Bonn,⁴ which is more pleasing news to me than all the conquests he can make. May God Almighty, that has preserved him hitherto through many dangers, continue to do so, and send him safe home to his and my dear *adored* Mrs. Freeman."

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² The gambling game so called.

³ Duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr

Hutchinson; *Coxe MSS.*, Brit. Museum, inedited.

⁴ Bonn capitulated May 13, 1703.

The allowance of the queen's privy-purse was 20,000*l.* per annum ; "not half the sum of king William's," observes the duchess of Marlborough, who, having the management of it, was most intimate with its contents. "It was very little, considering how many pensions were paid out of it; there were the queen's bounties, play-money, *healing-gold*,¹ and charities. The queen was pleased to give me, as soon as she came to the crown, the rangership of the Great and Little parks at Windsor. The house is an agreeable place to live in, and her majesty was pleased to give it to me of herself, remembering, that when she was princess, I had wished mightily for such a lodge, as we rid by it to take the air. The lodge in the Little park was no better, at that time, than such as the under-keepers live in. I gave it to a brother of the duke of Marlborough for his life."² The queen continued to urge the duchess of Marlborough, by letters and conversation, to take the annuity of 2000*l.* per annum from the privy purse, and "lay it up to buy something with." It was not the pleasure or policy of the duchess to do so. Yet, when she drew the proceeds of the queen's privy purse, through the hands of Mr. Coggs, goldsmith, in the Strand, opposite to St. Clement's church (who acted as her majesty's banker,) it was very evident that these two thousand pounds were not appropriated to the royal expenditure. The places the queen had given to the duchess of Marlborough, according to that lady's own account, amounted to the great annual income of 5600*l.*: they were only the same offices which she had performed for the queen, when princess, at a yearly salary of 400*l.* The queen it seems, was not liberal in presents ; never gave her a "diamond, or a fan, while she served her, but only the remainder of some baskets of fruit and red deer, some seals of king William's and an old harpsichord," which, she adds, "is the only thing I ever asked whilst in her service. This I obtained with some difficulty, it being at the time when Abigail Hill was a concealed favourite, and it happened to be lent or given to her, which I did not then know."³ Indeed, it seems to have been a customary proceeding for the queen to offer anything to the duchess of Marlborough that she seemed to desire, from great masses of guineas to mere trifling articles, the objects of female admiration. The haughty favourite always refused the queen's presents strenuously, her self-esteem not permitting her to acknowledge any obligation. But, in course of reflection on the subject, avarice never failed ultimately to obtain the victory over pride, and she was sure to demand the gift she had positively refused, to the queen's great inconvenience ; for if, after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, it had been pre-

¹ It may be observed how very soon *healing-gold* is named in the enumeration of the queen's privy-purse expenses.

² Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess ; inedited Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

³ *Ibid.* The musical tastes of Abigail were remarkable, and with them the gift of this harpsichord was connected : the queen herself was fond of music.

sented to some one else, and could not be reclaimed, her royal mistress had to undergo a series of reproaches for such offences.

The duchess records one of her own caprices in refusing the queen's gifts, and yet laying claim to them when years had passed away: "Another time, indeed, upon my commending very much a japan box, which her sister, the princess of Orange, had sent her, worth about 20*l.*, she would needs give it to me; yet I did not *then* accept it, but said, 'it was too pretty for her to part with.' However, fifteen years after, when it had never appeared, but was buried, as I thought, with many other things which she used to keep in a wardrobe, I told her, after she was queen, 'that I was now grown less modest, and if she would give me that box, which she was formerly pleased to offer me, and which I found she did not use, I should be much pleased with it.' The queen said, 'I should have it,' but never gave it to me."¹ How could the poor queen remember the particularities respecting "that box," for fifteen years together, and with the cares of empire recently devolving on her inexperienced head? One inference is certain, that the person whose mind could dwell among such small rubbish while dynasties were tottering and empires crashing around her, had no such mighty intellect as it has pleased biographers to assert of the Marlborough duchess.

The audacious woman proceeds boldly to describe, in the midst of her exculpations from public accusations of selling places and peerages, her success in her project of making a peer of the house of lords—an hereditary senator, truly, made by her! *the* privilege exercised by regal authority, which is often carped at. "I was confident the queen thought the house of lords so numerous, that she would make none [*viz.*, new peers]; but that if ever she did, I would certainly speak for the making of my lord Harvey. I have a letter from his wife, which shows that it was not for money, as the report went, but to perform a promise I had made to Sir Thomas Felton, when the queen first came to the crown."² The intrigue relative to lord Harvey's peerage occurred while the duchess of Marlborough was in retirement from court, on account of her affliction for the death of her only son, lord Blandford. Like her royal mistress, she too had been, by a sudden stroke, deprived of him, who was to carry down and perpetuate all the honours and emoluments which their patriotic labours in the stormy field of revolution had harvested for them. Queen Anne, who knew best whence the political falsehood which branded her brother as an impostor emanated, had shuddered, and acknowledged the justice of her bereavement, when she lost Gloucester, her only one. Again the queen was startled, as if the coincidence was more than accidental, when she saw her partner

¹ Letter to Mr. Hutchinson from the duchess: inedited Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

² Inedited MS. of the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe's Papers, vol. xlv., Brit Mus

in the iniquity likewise deprived, in the midst of her exulting maternity, of her promising heir. The grief of the duchess could not have been very great, if the evidence of her own words may be trusted; for she was roused from its indulgence by the distant tocsin of party warfare, to set all engines of intrigue at work to wring from her unwilling mistress the boon of making—a whig peer. In her manuscript this passage is to be found: “When the queen came to the resolution of making the four peers, I happened to be in the country, in great afflictions upon the death of my only son. However, having heard of it accidentally, I writ to my lord Godolphin, ‘that if lord Harvey was not made a peer with them, I neither could or would show my face any more.’ This accordingly was done, purely at my desire and on my account.”¹ The queen was forced to yield to the importunity of her domestic ruler.

The regnal history of queen Anne retains some traces of the now-forgotten custom of sceptring acts of parliament; but it was only in connection with her authority as queen of Scotland, and was performed by commission. Lord Tarbut wrote to queen Anne, May 8, 1703, to tender his resignation of secretary of Scotland. His words imply that the deed was not wholly ratified, as her sceptre of Scotland had not yet given it legal vitality. “I will not venture to give judgment on it now. Your majesty’s authority is recognised in the first act, and touched by the royal sceptre, and *so is law*; the last is passed in parliament, but not yet touched, nor the other ratifying presbyterial government, but waits your majesty’s commissioner *to give them the touch*.”² All classic readers will remember the sacredness of the sceptres of the kings in the Iliad, and it might be thought that the Scotch, who drew their cruel national laws from the Romans, had been to the Greeks for their sceptre ceremonial; but it was a regal custom in England as well as Scotland, for a slight but indisputable notice of it occurs in the parliamentary journals after the coronation of Mary I. No notice exists of this picturesque act of regality, that we can find, excepting in the annals of these queens-regnant of England and Scotland, for lord Tarbut’s letter refers to the ceremonial as done in behalf of Anne *queen of Scotland*, not Anne queen of Great Britain. Since the accession of James I., the island sovereigns had been titular kings and queens of Great Britain, but the island was only united in name. Her majesty had resided, some months in her youth, in her good kingdom of Scotland; yet she never visited it during her reign, neither apparently was her presence ever desired there.

The most dismal storm that ever ravaged England occurred at the decline of the year 1703. The queen was then at her palace of St.

¹ Inedited MS. of the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe’s Papers, vol. xlv., Brit Mus.

² Sir Henry Ellis’s Historical Letters, second series, vol. iii.; reign of Anne.

James, and was eye-witness to the extraordinary desolation of the park, where ancient trees, of historical celebrity, were laid low before her eyes.¹ Among others, the group planted by the children of James I., near the passage of the Horse-guards—those trees which awoke a tender reminiscence in the breast of Charles I., who, when he was marching across the park on the morning of his death, said to his newly-found friend colonel Tomlinson, pointing to one of them, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."² The storm began on the evening of November 26, and raged without intermission until the next morning—not like a winter tempest, but with continuing peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. The leads of most of the churches in London were rolled up by the power of the wind like scrolls. The Thames was choked at London-bridge with boats and barges dashed together. The severity of the storm set against the south and west of England; the north scarcely felt it. Sixteen of the largest ships of the navy were wrecked and utterly lost, with all on board. Many tempests cause great devastations on the sea-coast that do no mischief inland; but this swept the interior of the southern and western counties with the besom of destruction. Whole families were crushed under their own roofs, and multitudes of people killed and wounded. Among the most remarkable accidents of the kind, was the fall of a stack of antique chimneys in the episcopal palace of Bath and Wells, which killed the bishop and his lady, Dr. and Mrs. Kidder, in their bed.

When the news reached queen Anne of the tragical death of the intruding bishop of Bath and Wells, she determined to restore the see to its ejected bishop, Ken. A nobleman (supposed to be his friend lord Weymouth) intimated to him, by her majesty's orders, "that he was to return to his diocese, without any oaths being required or any questions asked of him, just as if he had merely left his palace on a long journey." The true bishop of souls replied, "that he was an old man, stricken with years and infirmity, and overborne with hard work;" but if it were permitted him to resign his charge to a faithful son of the church of England, who had already taken the oaths to the daughters of James II., he would cheerfully lay down his pastoral staff as one o'er-wearied." It was further intimated, that the primacy was meant for him by the queen. Ken had too much wisdom to be tempted with the promise. He said, "he felt that his sole worldly business was to perfect his resignation to his chosen successor, Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, his friend, whose principles he had known since they were

¹ Congreve Correspondence; Bromley Collection.

² Pennant's London.

³ To quote the words of one of his biographers, "He had, in the midst of his poverty, performed all the spiritual duties of his

diocese. The people of the west almost adored him, because of his noble and courageous resistance of the slaughters of the monster Kirke, in Monmouth's rebellion. He saved the lives of hundreds."

both thirteen years of age." Our readers will remember Hooper as chaplain to Mary II., when princess of Orange, and afterwards appointed by her to the deanery of Canterbury, to the great anger of her husband.¹

When queen Anne had, with great joy, confirmed a bishop of Hooper's known loyalty to her in the episcopal see of Bath and Wells, the abdicating prelate celebrated the event by a poem, of which these lines are a fragment :²—

"Forced from my flock, I daily saw with tears,
A stranger's ravage two sabbatic years;
But I forbear to tell the dreadful stroke,
Which freed my sheep from the Erastian yoke.
Yet Heaven was superfluently kind,
In sending them a pastor to my mind,
In whom my spirit feels the like repose,
As old Valerius when he Austin chose."

After Dr. Ken had resigned his bishopric to Dr. Hooper, he signed himself "Thomas, *late* Bishop of Bath and Wells." Nothing could induce him to discontinue his episcopal signature till that time. It is to the honour of queen Anne that she settled on the old man a pension of

¹ Dr. Ken always said, that God, by his misfortunes, had preserved him from a death very horrible to human contemplation; since, if he had not been ejected from his episcopal palace, he should have been crushed to death in the great storm, as Dr. Kidder was, because, when resident at Wells' palace, he had always occupied the same chamber. Like most persons who struggle to keep the middle path between furious extremes, Dr. Ken had been calumniated by fanatics, and was sometimes assailed by a "no-popery" howl. Although he knew that the Roman catholics were as inimical to his doctrine as were his revilers of the low church, such attacks disturbed not the serene and studious life he led, after he had consigned his pastoral staff to the hands of the friend of his youth, Hooper, who, he was rejoiced to observe, became infinitely beloved throughout the great western diocese. Dr. Ken, as before, spent his winters in Salisbury-close, under the roof of his dutiful nephew, the rev. Isaac Walton (the son of his sister and the well-known and excellent author, Izaak Walton); summer he passed among the shades of Longleat, the seat of lord Weymouth. The welcome visit of death met our Ken at Longleat,—welcome, for he was a great sufferer from ill-health, or rather, it ought to be said, from frequent bodily torture, arising from a dire malady. In the cessation from paroxysms very hard to bear, he soothed his mind by the composition of divine poetry. He is one of the inspired lyrists of our church. Before Ken expired, he thus expressed his faith: "I die," he said, "in the holy and apostolic faith professed by the Christian church before the disunion of the East and West. More particularly, I die in

the communion of the church of England, as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross." If the egotism may be forgiven the sisters who have written these Lives (who have been calumniated by the same sect that persecuted Ken), they say, likewise, such is and has been their belief, and may God give them grace to die in it.

The room, at Longleat, where Ken died is still shown. It is said that he put on his shroud before he expired, and then composed himself for the sleep of death, "not out of any superstition," as he observed, "but from the wish that my remains might go to the grave just as God had left them." Ken was attended to his humble grave in the parish churchyard of Frome Selwood by true and simple-hearted mourners,—the children from the village school he had established and taught. These little ones followed the earthly remains of their beloved pastor and friend in silence and tears. He was buried at dawn of day; and just as the last spade of earth had been cast upon his coffin the sun rose, and the children, with one voice, burst forth into that holy and familiar strain, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun" (the Morning Hymn, written by the departed prelate), which closed his obsequies. He died March 19, 1711. Dr. Hooper died at Berkeley, on September 6, 1727, in the 87th year of his age. He was interred in Wells cathedral. Both of these prelates had been domestic chaplains in Holland to Mary II., when princess of Orange, Hooper entertained a higher opinion of her than did Ken, who lived with her when she was three years advanced in life

² Biographia Britannica.

200*l.* per annum, which he thankfully accepted, as it was clogged with no conditions which his conscience rejected.

The seas were scarcely tranquillized after "the great storm," when the fleet of the rival candidate for the throne of Spain, Charles of Austria, appeared off the western coast; and as he was on his way to take possession of his kingdom, to which queen Anne had sent succours in support of his claims, he wished to pay his respects in person to her. The queen immediately despatched her master of the horse, the duke of Somerset, to Portsmouth, to receive the royal stranger on his arrival at Spithead, December 26, 1703. The duke went on board Charles of Austria's ship, and delivered to him "a compliment," and a letter from queen Anne, informing him "that she had come to Windsor-castle, in order that he might more conveniently pay her the visit he had given her reason to hope for." As the duke of Somerset occasionally resided at Petworth, his seat on the coast, he invited Charles of Austria to repose there until the prince-consort arrived, who had undertaken to escort him to the presence of queen Anne. Prince George of Denmark appears to have set out for Petworth from Windsor-castle, December 27, expecting to arrive there in a few hours, the distance was but forty miles; yet the roads—then guiltless of tolls or turnpike gates—were in a deplorable state. He was fourteen hours travelling that distance, the last nine miles occupying six hours. "This was the more singular," observes one of the Danish gentlemen of his household,¹ who records the fact, "since the prince made not any stop on the road, excepting when his coach was overthrown or stuck in the mud. Thrice was his royal highness's carriage overturned in the course of the said nine miles, and never should we have arrived at our journey's end, if, in the deep, close lanes, the nimble Sussex boors had not walked on each side of his royal highness's coach, bearing it up with their hands by main strength." Great contrast is offered in this narrative to the present state of travelling; only, to be sure, people did get up again with their heads on after a roll in the Sussex mud, which is not always the case after a railway collision.

Charles of Austria had, perhaps, met with a similar series of mischances in his progress to princely Petworth, for he arrived there just at the same hour of the night as George of Denmark. One day's repose for rest and refreshment was needful, both for the prince of Denmark and his guest. They set out from thence for Windsor on the 29th of December, and they had comparatively a favourable journey, as they were not overturned more than once every dozen miles in their progress thither. At what hour they arrived at the regal towers, where queen Anne kept court, is not noted; but they were received by torch-light, and supper is mentioned as their refection.² The earl of Jersey, lord cham-

¹ Letter quoted in the third vol. of Ellis's *Historical Letters*.

² *London Gazette*.

berlain, lighted the king to the stair-head, where queen Anne herself came in person to welcome him. Charles of Austria made an elaborate compliment to her majesty, acknowledging his great obligations to her for her generous protection and assistance. He then led her to her bedchamber, for such was the royal etiquette at that time. The next formality was, that prince George escorted his guest to his sleeping apartment, but only for temporary repose; many other ceremonials, as tedious as the Chinese prostrations of welcome, were still to be perpetrated. Charles of Austria supped the same night in state with queen Anne; her majesty gave her royal guest the right hand at table, and there was a long and tiresome contest of courtesy before he would receive this honour. Prince George sat at the end of the table, on the queen's left side. Another formal procession took place, of escorting the tired guest to his bedchamber, where he was at last left in peace to his own attendants, for the purpose of proceeding with that rigid code of etiquette, which is inevitable before a Spanish monarch can rest his head on his pillow. The next day was to be considered the public one, and all parties rose with the intention of going through a second series of formalities.

As Charles of Austria received timely notice that queen Anne meant to return his visit at his own apartments, he came to receive her majesty at her drawing-room door. It seems that it was reckoned good manners to prevent her from taking the trouble of visiting him, and a most elaborate series of compliments and protestations forthwith took place. At last queen Anne, not to be outdone by either Austrian or Spaniard on the point of etiquette, persisted in her intention, and paid her visit in her guest's apartments, from whence he led her majesty to a grand state-dinner, which was as public as a state-dinner at Windsor-castle, in the dark days at Christmas, can be. A choice concert, vocal and instrumental, was performed.¹ The evening was spent in music.

Labour dire and weary woe must the lengthy entertainment have proved, from the dinner hour of the royal Anne, three in the afternoon, till after supper; for to supper they all went before the day's hospitalities terminated. When the latter meal was at last concluded, the grand scene of Spanish courtesy took place, and that, indeed, had an air or long-departed chivalry. Her majesty had presented, as part of the high ceremonial of the public day, several ladies of the highest rank to the Spanish claimant, who took the privilege of his regal station, and saluted them by kissing each in turn.² The more polished graces were reserved for the propitiation of the ostensible favourites, the duke and duchess of Marlborough. To the husband he presented his sword, with the rather touching observation, "that he had nothing worthier of his acceptance;

¹ Postman.

² Ibid.

for he was a poor prince, who had little more than his sword and his mantle." He, however, found a more valuable offering when the hour arrived, which he had devoted to win the good graces of the mighty duchess. When supper was finished, Charles of Austria, after another series of elaborate compliments, prevailed on the duchess of Marlborough to give him the napkin which it was her office to present to the queen, and he held it for her majesty when she washed her hands. At the moment of giving back the napkin to the duchess of Marlborough, he presented her with "a superb diamond ring—thus imitating the proceedings of his great predecessor and ancestor, the emperor Charles V., when he was a guest in France, who left a costly diamond ring in the bason for the duchess d'Estampes; his descendant, with more gallantry, pressed his on the finger of queen Anne's favourite. Supper and its ceremonials having been happily accomplished, Charles of Austria gave his hand to queen Anne, and led her to her bedchamber, where he made some stay, informing her majesty that it was his intention to depart early the next morning, and therefore he would take his leave that night. Prince George was ill, but meant to escort the Spanish claimant back to his ship at Portsmouth. Charles positively refused because of his state of health; but the prince insisted on attending him to his coach-side when he departed the next morning. Charles of Austria was scarcely seen in England, or by the English, in his dark December visit to the royal seclusion of Windsor. The queen, her consort, and the great officers of state only could judge of him; but the idea went forth that he was odd and dull.¹

The next birthday of queen Anne, February 6, 1704, was nobly celebrated by her message to the commons for finally settling her munificent gift to the church of "the first-fruits" she had bestowed at her accession for the amplification of impoverished livings. The fund was incorporated by the house of commons, and measures taken to enable any other charitably disposed individuals to add bequests to the queen's foundation.² The circumstance is thus mentioned by one of her contemporary historians:³ "The queen's birthday was kept with more than usual solemnity when her majesty, desiring to celebrate her nativity by an act of benevolence, sent a message to the house of commons, 'that it was her wish to remit "the first-fruits," which she had a right to claim from the church, for the benefit of the scantily endowed clergy, and that she prayed the commons to find a way to make her gift legal.' The queen received the thanks of parliament, of the convocations of the

¹ Yet an original miniature of Charles of Austria, the claimant of Spain, in possession of the countess-dowager of Cathcart, represents him as a handsome, elegant man, wearing the graceful national costume of Spain,—black velvet doublet, with slashed sleeves and point-lace collar.

² Journals of the House of Commons, quoted in Somerville's History of Great Britain under Queen Anne.

³ For further particulars on this important subject, we are happy to refer our readers to Palin's History of the church of England from 1688 to 1717.

clergy of the *two provinces*, Canterbury and York, and of the clergy of every diocese in England." The annual income of "queen Anne's Bounty," as it is emphatically termed, amounted, at the end of the last century, to eleven thousand per annum.

As her majesty's birthday fell on the Sunday, she received the usual compliments on the occasion on the Monday following. Dryden's play, "All for Love, or Antony and Cleopatra," was acted before her majesty at St. James's, in the presence of the court, by the chief tragedians of both houses.¹ But where was the theatre of the palace of St. James? All the great banqueting-halls of the English palaces, such as Westminster-hall, Inigo Jones's Whitehall, Wolsey's hall at Hampton-court, had been and were occasionally used as theatres; but no remnant of any such building can be traced at St. James's palace. It is true that it has suffered various devastations by fire since the days of Anne. It is, besides, possible that some or other of the corridor courts were, in the old Shakspearian style, converted into temporary theatres. The actors, her majesty's servants, who had hastened from her great theatres to divert their royal mistress, performed next day for the entertainment of her loving lieges. "Next day," they announced, "will be represented the tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, out of compliment to prince George: singing by Mrs. Leveridge." She was, it may be presumed, the Ophelia of the night. Many advertisements of the kind, mentioning performances of her majesty's servants in her royal presence at St. James's prove that queen Anne went not to the play, but that the play came to her. The officers of the royal household and their connections were present, and the nobility invited, but the public were not admitted.

Contests concerning the "occasional conformity bill," as it was called, now convulsed the senate. The bill against occasional conformity meant to enact, "that the persons taking the church of England sacrament must continue in all the observances of the established religion—at least whilst they were in office, under pecuniary penalties."² Prince George, an occasional conformist with the church of England, yet a Lutheran, with a chapel tolerated by the marriage-articles of the queen; manifested fellow-feeling with those persons who received the sacrament as a measure of worldly expediency. The prince, moreover, was violently offended at the inquiry which the tory ministers had made into the corruptions and robberies to which the navy had been subjected during his administration as lord high-admiral,³ he therefore made common cause, whilst his life lasted, with the whigs, whose own corruptions prevented any very vigilant examination into the delinquencies of others. All real events combine to show that the prince was secretly the patron of the

¹ Postman and Daily Courant. Brit. Mus.
seum.

² Somerville's Reign of Queen Anne.

³ Ibid.

whigs, who lost office soon after they lost him.¹ General history asseverates that he was a high tory: the duchess of Marlborough knew better.

Early in her reign, queen Anne claimed that mysterious pretension to the power of healing which the Roman catholic hierarchy of the middle ages asserted pertained to the immediate heirs of St. Edward who were anointed sovereigns of England. William the Conqueror and William the Hollander had equally repudiated the claim of healing the sick: they were too much occupied with slaying those who were well. The uproarious sons of the Conqueror, Robert and Rufus, affected no share in the sacred mesmerism of their saintly predecessor. They manipulated the sword, the lance, and the wine-cup; occasionally knocked healthy folk at head, but carefully eschewed the company of the sick. Their learned brother Henry, the Ulysses of the Norman dynasty, very wisely married a saint's niece and a saint's daughter, who brought with her something like a title to the throne; but what was better, she renewed the old loving bond that subsisted between the Anglo-Saxon monarchs and the populace. Saintly queen Maude, or Matilda the Atheling, spent most of her time in rectifying and ameliorating the "new poor-laws" of the roystering Norman usurpers, who seem literally to have taken for their text, "that when men asked for bread, they gave them a stone;" fortunate it was for their Saxon subjects when they did not give them much worse. Chronicles speak of the washing and healing the wounds and sores of the poor by Matilda Atheling, but we can trace no imposition of hands. Her haughty heiress, Matilda the empress, would certainly have taken the tongs, if she had been obliged to touch a Saxon serf who was whole and well; of course, she earnestly avoided them when sick and sore. Her warlike son, the first Plantagenet, does not appear to have been aware of any gift of healing that his person had inherited from his royal Saxon grand-dame; and as for his successor, the Lion's-heart, it is to be doubted that, if any Saxon serf had knelt to beg the imposition of the royal hand, it would have been given with his weighty battle-axe. As for king John, who wanted "to make the penny loaf worth a shilling," the least said of his imposition of hands the better; his impositions were always connected with "pilling and polling," and "robbing and reiving" his subjects. But his son, the quaint, the original and peace-loving Henry III. (who seems to have been James I. by anticipation), found it good policy to cultivate the good-will of the Anglo-Saxon commonalty, and identify himself as the representative of their royal saint and beneficent legislator, Edward the Confessor.

The plan worked well for Henry; by the aid of the people, he brought,

¹ According to Calamy, prince George of Denmark was looked up to as the protector of the dissenters.

after half a century's struggle, his perverse barons to order. The Norman barons had clamoured louder than their Saxon thralls for "the laws, the righteous laws of St. Edward," and had gained them at Runnymede; but, like the higher classes in the revolutions of the seventeenth century (particularly those in the reigns of the Stuart queens-regnant), they meant to keep them exclusively for their own benefit. Edward I., the name-child of his Saxon ancestor, although a destructive on an extensive scale, affected a good deal of St. Edward's piety; we suspect him of "healing by manipulation, for he named three sons after the Saxon saints, St. Edward, St. Edmund, and St. Thomas-à-Becket. Edward II., the name-child of the popular Saxon king, poor soul, probably performed the healing-office, for he was beloved by the lower classes, and his only intelligible crime was making too free with them. Now we come into a little glimmer of actual fact connected with the mysterious office of royal healing. It seems that the kings of England, from the era of Edward I. to Edward III., kept an alchemist, Raymond Lully,¹ who *made* gold for them at the Tower. If we must acknowledge our wrong thoughts, we *actually* suspected that these warlike Plantagenets, who were like all conquerors, sinfully poor, employed false coiners there to vitiate their own circulation. But no; a royal tradition, preserved among the Chaillot MSS., informs us that Raymond the alchemist's Tower-gold was the purest *angel* gold; and, howsoever he came by the ore, the coins were so called because the reverse was impressed with the figure of an angel.² On account of its superior purity, the angel-coins stamped from Lully's gold were devoted by the kings of England as the healing-gold, and bound by their royal hands on the arm of each of their subjects touched in the healing-office for the king's evil. Among the other crimes aggravating the murder of Richard II., his virtue as an anointed descendant of the Saxon saints is not forgotten. Henry IV. was in the predicament of William the Dutchman—not the lineal successor; whether he touched, we have no evidence. Henry V.'s skill with the sick is not on record. Henry VI. was looked upon as prophet as well as king; he certainly practised this office—indeed, he had an additional title to success in healing by descent from St. Louis. As touching for cure of the king's evil was identified with the rightful claim to lineal succession, there was nothing in earth, air, or sea, which those bold sinners, the brothers of York, would not have touched that led the way to the royal garland. It was a practice very consistent with the quiet policy of Henry VII. As to his son, Henry VIII., who united every claim, spiritual and temporal, of the rival disputants to the throne, of course all regal offices were carefully observed by him; and he insisted on his numerous queens per-

¹ Many traces are to be found of this curious fact in Rymer's *Fœdera*. Other alchemists were employed at the Tower

Mint till the troubles of Henry VI. broke out.

² St. Michael triumphant over the dragon.

forming a religious office of blessing cramp-rings, some of his chroniclers having discovered that this privilege had been enjoyed by queen Edith, consort of Edward the Confessor. Anne Boleyn, to prove herself a rightful queen, consecrated and distributed these rings, which, it may be presumed, was a branch of the gift of healing inherent in queens-consort, even in those who were not royal by birth. The two Tudor queens-regent, papist and protestant, duly performed the royal ceremonies of the healing office and consecration of cramp-rings. These offices were not abolished at the reformation. Strange that so many hospitals and charities should have been swept away as superstitious overmuch, and pertaining to "the sinful nature of good works," whilst such veritable rags of righteousness were retained. James I., to his great joy, found these ceremonials flourishing. They suited his purpose right well; for, if his predecessor healed by virtue of her descent from the Saxon line, he was rightful heir of St. Edward—the representative of Matilda Atheling's elder brother, St. David, and, as matter of course, possessed the miraculous gift in a higher degree. The Jacobites were exceedingly delighted with the fact that Mary II. dared not, and her spouse would not, perform this ceremony.¹ But they were proportionably displeased when they found that queen Anne, in order to assert her claims as the heiress of both branches of the Saxon royalty, through Plantagenet and Stuart, meant to treat her brother as a nonentity, and perform the rite of the royal healing-service. It is supposed that this measure was adopted in rivalry to her brother's original healing establishment at St. Germain's, since vast numbers of diseased people yearly made pilgrimages to seek the touch of the disinherited heir of their royal line; and, what with the sea voyage, the change of air, and change of scene, his cures were marvellous. Our readers will smile when they consider that all this implicit belief in miracles by touch was in a state of activity in the last century. However, the soft white hand of the regal lady, beneath which Dr. Johnson bowed his suffering body in childhood to receive the royal prayer and benediction, was not worse than the passes of the modern mesmeriser; and many a brow that has not submitted to the cross in baptism, as "too superstitious," has bent beneath the sway of a mesmeriser. Sometimes the trials for cures were failures on the part of the royal personage. Sometimes, the crowd was so great around the doors of the chapel-royal, that the unfortunate children who were brought to be healed were squeezed to death, owing to the dense pressure of the populace, eager to witness the miracle they devoutly believed was inherited by their sovereigns, of the faculty of curing "the king's evil," as they quaintly called it—not because the sovereign of

¹ "There is a form for touching for 'the evil' in the liturgy printed under queen Anne but," adds William Whiston, in his

autobiography, "neither king William, queen Mary, or George I. or II., ever touched for the evil."

the line of Stuart were afflicted with any such dire disease, but because their touch was efficacious in dispelling it. Evelyn records the fact that, in the reign of Charles II. several persons were pressed to death in the crowd that surrounded the doors of the court-surgeon, where individuals applied for tickets, in order to present their children for cure to the king.

Queen Anne thus went through the form when seated in state in the banqueting-hall, her great officers in their usual places near her, and her chaplains officiating; one of the chaplains especially knelt near her, with white ribbons on his arm, strung with the pieces of "pure angel-gold" which the queen was to place round the necks, or bind on the arms of her poor patients, after she had stroked and touched them. The healing-office commenced with the Collect:—"Prevent us, O Lord," and continued through an antique but rather impressive service, still extant in many of Anne's contemporary common prayer-books, for she made an order of council in February, 1704, for printing her healing-service.

There are two or three letters in the State Paper-office addressed personally to queen Anne, written in elegant Italian, from the pope, by the hand of his ordinary, congratulating her in affectionate terms on her conversion to the Roman catholic faith. Not any notation of answer is appended to these epistles. After carefully reviewing the whole of queen Anne's life, these letters appear inexplicable, for the fact of a Roman catholic claiming any person as belonging to his religion is a very different matter from fanatics calling members of the Anglican church "papists." Very often persons so reviled are, on the other side, persecuted as much by the Roman catholics themselves—a certain evidence that they strive to gain the narrow and difficult path which lies between the two extremes—that *viâ media*, which has been pronounced the best by Christian sages. How queen Anne ever manifested sufficient participation in the Roman catholic rites to induce the Roman catholic pontiff to claim her as a member of his church, is a mystery of history that must remain such; unless the solution be, that the queen had, in the first year after her accession, celebrated the healing-office according to its original service, which, both in the English translation and the Latin formula, contains invocations to the Virgin Mary. Moreover, she claimed the performance of the miracle by her double descent from the heirs of St. Edward, a king canonized by the papal see. The original formula of the service included a mass.¹

¹ In queen Anne's edition of the Common Prayer, just cited, the most efficacious means for anti-papal purposes are resorted to. What makes the pope's loving letter (extant in the State Paper Office) to queen Anne, as a Roman catholic, the more unaccountable is, that it contains the renowned hymn of Robin

Wisdom, of Carfax, to be sung before sermon beginning—

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear Word;
From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord."

In the litany, the prayer for the royal family is this: "For thy servant Anne, our

The passionate love that the people bore to "their good queen Anne," was partly founded on her condescension in thus suffering the most wretched and pitiable of her subjects to approach her, when she with her alms, and her benedictions, soothed their miseries for the love of God. As to the questions of whether the queen performed the healing-office with a little jealousy of the cures wrought by her brother, "the king over the water," or entirely with the simplicity of a heart earnest in good works, —let them rest. One thing is certain, that never was any measure better contrived by the most sagacious statesmen to fix the sovereign in the love of a populace when her regnal power was circumscribed, and almost defied, by a majority among the aristocracy of wealth, who had profited by the religious revolutions of the preceding eras. It appears that the queen performed the healing-office on her progresses whensoever she rested at any provincial city. Her progresses were chiefly journeys to Bath, the springs of which were in equal repute to those of Bourbon. It is supposed that the queen touched Dr. Johnson for "the king's evil"¹ in one of these western progresses. She actually spent the autumn of this year at that city, chiefly for the benefit of the health of her consort.

The queen usually began her retreat from St. James's-palace at the Easter recess. She then visited Kensington-palace for occasional breathings of fresh air, and settled there in April or May, according to the weather. It was a place in which her consort, prince George of Denmark, greatly delighted, and actually coveted it so much, as to induce him to take rather hasty possession of it on the demise of William III. Kensington-gardens owe much to him and queen Anne. They were merely gardens in those days, since king William's palace-grounds consisted of only twenty-five acres, and were bounded by the broad gravel-walk in front of the palace. Queen Anne's new additions were called "the upper garden of Kensington," it was nothing but a deep, wild gravel-pit, open to the Uxbridge-road, and often a crouching-place for the Paddington footpads. The alterations were commenced by queen Anne directly she took possession of Kensington-palace. There was a mount in Kensington-gardens planted with trees in the time of queen Anne.² Another mount, still called in the Kensington traditions "queen Anne's mount," is at present the site of one of the company's water-works, and, according to tradition, was once included in her grounds at Campden-house. These remains were probably fragments of fortifications when Kensington was the king's *don* and summer seat in the Saxon era, and subsequently the nursery palace for the children of Henry VIII. appended to the dower-palace of Chelsea. Leases were granted, from

most gracious queen and governor,"—and "to bless and preserve the princess Sophia, and all the royal family." Mr. Bernard Gilpin has a Bible, of the same date with the Common Prayer, containing the healing-

service, printed just after the thanksgiving for the 8th of March, queen Anne's accession-day.

¹ The effect it had on Dr. Johnson's mind throughout life is a well-known instance.

² Addison's Spectator.

time to time, of this beautiful situation to various palace servants, when royal nurseries were no longer wanted.

Queen Anne's banqueting-room at Kensington was commenced directly the body of William III. was conveyed out of the palace. Any person who looks therein may see that it has been originally divided into three beautiful rooms, adorned with Corinthian pillars; there are elegant friezes, and niches for statues bearing girandoles. There is a circular room at each end, one a drawing-room, the other a music-room; the middle apartment was a ball-room. Taking advantage of the broad windows, it afforded a spring or summer stand to the queen's myrtles, oranges, and other evergreen exotics, which, in the winter, she sent to the famous gardeners, London and Wise of Brompton-park, to be sheltered.¹ Near the western end of the palace may be observed a gateway leading directly to the banqueting-hall, through which queen Anne used to be carried in her chair when she went to her illuminated galas on spring evenings. Her majesty gave concerts and balls. The public were admitted into the royal gardens on these fête occasions, but were expected to sail about, *à-la-Watteau*, in full dress. The open alcove, the back of which abuts on Kensington-street, was built by queen Anne as a sheltered seat on these occasions for the promenaders. Hyde-park coming up to the broad walk, which runs from Kensington to Bayswater "the poor commonalty" could have a peep at their beloved Anne, her consort, and all her noble suite and guests in the illuminated banquet-hall, through the grille which divided it from their authorized haunts, and could criticise the full-dresses of the genteel people who glided about the gardens "in brocaded robes, hoops, fly-caps, and fans."² On these evenings, some of the chief diversions were musical entertainments, with songs by the court lyrist, D'Urfey,—some humorous, some political, others pastoral. For one of these concerts he wrote and set to music the well-known ballad, "'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,"—a song which, although adopted as Scotch, is neither national in costume nor character. Queen Anne's known partiality to flowers occasioned D'Urfey to compliment her, according to the mythology of that era, under the appellation of "Great Flora," in his lyrics written for her concerts. It is probable that the banqueting-room was used occasionally as a theatre, for D'Urfey superintended the performance of his dramas at Kensington in the presence of queen Anne, as he especially notes. He likewise endorses several of his most profligate compositions, "that they were performed at Kensington before queen Mary II., to her great delight."³ Kensington-palace was conveniently near London for councils and ministerial visits in early summer. Before the queen made her gradual advances towards Windsor, by way of Hampton-court, she used to visit the old palace manor-house at Twickenham, where she

¹ Knight's London² Defoe's Tour through Great Britain.³ D'Urfey's Works.

had been nursed in infancy. Here she was pleased in having a private tea-party occasionally. Sometimes she extended her spring tour as far as Hampton-court, and even held councils there, if we may trust Pope, who says, invoking Hampton-court,—

"Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

Hampton-court was usually the queen's residence for some little time after the summer prorogation of parliament. August and part of September she spent at Windsor-castle. Her parliament often met in October, and then she returned to Hampton-court, and with visits to Kensington-palace, as the cold set in, she found herself again at St. James's-palace the last days of November. Queen Anne seldom made any progresses, excepting to Bath for the benefit of her health, or that of the prince. In the first years of her reign, it was frequently expected that the queen would bring an heir to the crown. On one of these occasions, the prince positively forbade her to go to the Newmarket October meeting, on which she had fixed her mind. Her courtiers greatly lauded, in their letters to each other, the conjugal obedience of the queen on this occasion.¹

CHAPTER VII.

As far as the personal affections of all sorts and conditions of the people were concerned, Anne was the most popular female sovereign who had, up to that time, ascended the English throne. "Our good queen Anne" is an appellation not yet obsolete among the lower orders. She was, as she said, "entirely English," her comely person bore the national characteristics of the middle classes; her very limited education confined her language, tastes, and prejudices entirely to everything English; her feminine helplessness of mind well fitted her for the limits to which an encroaching oligarchy had confined the functions of a British monarch. If it be a maxim of the constitution "that the king can do no wrong," who could look on the soft features of the comfortable matron who filled the British throne, and make her accountable for the wrong-doings of her ministers? She was, too, the last of our native line of princes, the natural object of the fond loyalty of the protestant adherents to the house of Stuart, who were numerous, notwithstanding all theological discrepancies. Without possessing the refined taste for literature and the arts which the worst enemies of the Stuart royal line are forced to allow, Anne inherited the munificent spirit of her race. As soon as she ascended the

¹ White Kennet's MS. Correspondence; Brit. Museum.

throne, poetry and science breathed in a different atmosphere from the cold and chilly blight that had fallen on them when the Dutch persecutor of Dryden assumed the sceptre of the islands. Who can wonder, then, that the "good queen Anne" of the middle classes was eulogized by the pen of every writer? Her reign, too, was a series of brilliant continental victories, and she died before the bitter reaction of national poverty, which ever follows English wars, had fully taken place. Her personal generosity to the church, and her mildness of government, made her adored by the lower classes, still looking to churchmen as the kind alleviators when bitter miseries occurred, for not only the weekly, but the daily offertory was customary in her reign, and "farthings to the poor" from crowds of individuals saying their prayers at the short morning service in every church amounted to a vast amount of alms. It supplied funds for charitable purposes to the incumbents of livings too small to allow of efficient private almsgiving on the part of the indigent pastor, who is too often compelled to behold distress, without the power of supplying nourishment to the sick, or clothing to the naked of his flock.

Queen Anne extended her beneficence to the church of England so far as to permit the sittings of her convocations, which her sister and brother-in-law had interrupted and, as far as they could, abolished. The convocation is the parliament of our church, and, like the temporal parliament, consists of upper and lower houses—the first composed of the dignitaries, the other of the commoners of the clergy. Until the middle of the reign of her present majesty, the convocation existed but in a half-lifeless state, it was convened with all legal forms simultaneously with new parliaments; but the moment a clergyman proceeded to speak, he was silenced, ostensibly by order of the sovereign, and the assembly was dissolved, according to the precedent of William III. Such indeed was still the case even when the earlier editions of these biographies were published. Happy are we by reason of queen Victoria's sense of rectitude towards the church of which she is the Head, to be enabled to add that her majesty and her parliament have restored the convocation to its protestant functions.

To discuss the origin, uses, and privileges of the convocation would fill a huge book; it would, moreover, lead us from our proper course—the personal life of queen Anne. Yet it stands, like a huge rock, direct in the stream, and it is impossible to induce any perspicuous ideas of the fierce party-storm raised in the name of "high church," without devoting a few words to its primary cause. In these storms queen Anne was whirled from side to side, guided by no purpose of action, excepting an earnest desire to do as much good and as little harm as possible. Finally, she permitted the spiritual parliament, or convocation to proceed to business without arbitrary interruption. Her majesty, of course,

received the thanks and benedictions of her clergy, especially of the lower house, for her grant of the first-fruits and tenths, which was an incalculable relief to the commonalty of the church. Strange to say, that the lower house was, according to the jargon of her political history, "high-church;" the upper house of convocation was "low-church." The explanation of this seeming paradox is not difficult. The upper house of convocation consisted of those who enjoyed the great riches and high dignities of the church: they had been given them by the will and pleasure of William III.¹ In general, the "conforming prelates," or as they were called by the populace, "the swearing bishops," having taken the oaths, were not beloved and esteemed equally with those who embraced poverty rather than give up, for the lucre of temporal advantage, the principles in which they had been educated; but these conforming prelates formed the majority of the upper house of convocation. It is easy to imagine that the lower house of convocation could not agree with dignitaries who had been put over the heads of the sons of the Anglican church, bred up with earnest devotedness to her ordinances and works of beneficence.²

The duchess of Marlborough, as the agent of the triumphant faction, endeavoured to wrest from queen Anne the privilege which, even so lately as the commencement of the last century, appertained to the crown, of nominating the holders of vacant dignities in the church. It will be shown, that the first serious cause of dispute between the queen and her imperious domestic arose from her majesty's demur in nominating bishops to vacant sees agreeably to that lady's sense of religion. The queen was neither qualified by nature nor education to trace the original causes of historical events. Her majesty was evidently greatly perplexed wherefore all the dignitaries of her church ranked themselves in the party of "low church." Having the greatest veneration even for the nomenclature of spiritual dignities, she was much mystified why the people at large, cried out most piteously "that the church of England was in danger." Perhaps they had their reasons, which reasons we leave for the discussion of those they may concern, marking only this fact, that most of the populace who now clung with affection to the Anglican church had had the opportunity of comparing their happiness under her guidance, with their experience of Cromwell's dissenting ministry.

For further information, the author refers the reader to the learned and interesting volume by the Rev. William Palin, M.A., *History of the Church of England from the Revolution to the last acts of Convocation, from 1688 to 1717*. It is the only digest of this important subject that exists, presenting at the same time a continuous stream of narrative, the facts of which are supported by faithful and exact references.

¹ A great swarm of deistical works, from

the pens of Toland, Asgill, and Wollaston with reprints and discussions on Hobbes, marked this epoch, and caused injury, not only to the church of England, but to the general cause of Christian belief. The dreadful state of the morals of the poor, at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, forms the best criterion of the influence of the *latitudinarian* bishops. No deistical philosophers trouble themselves with the poor.

The Augustan age of queen Anne, and the glories of literature under her sway, are phrases on the pen or lips of every one, and some readers may expect to learn how her majesty's name came to be connected with such praises. No person would, we think, have been more puzzled than good queen Anne herself, if she had been expected to account for the same. The duchess of Marlborough asserted "that the queen never read, and that cards entirely occupied her thoughts in her youth." It may be noticed that, throughout a voluminous correspondence, her majesty never makes a literary quotation, nor mentions any book as if she had ever actually read it. Although she promised once to read a pamphlet much pressed on her attention by the duchess of Marlborough, there is no evidence that she really did so. On the grounds of bishop Wilson's¹ thanks to "our unnamed and illustrious benefactress," the queen has been considered as the foundress of one of the first Bible societies, but the fact has been denied. A tradition likewise existed that the *Tatlers* were printed at an early hour that they might be laid on the royal breakfast-table: these papers contained postscripts, which were summaries of passing political events. Hopes were entertained that her majesty would read them on that account, and every facility was afforded for that purpose: whether she ever did read them is another affair. The disorder incidental to her eyes was the excuse for neglect of study; but it required as much eyesight to write perpetually as to read—queen Anne often wrote four times in the course of one day to the duchess of Marlborough.

The literature of her era, it is now allowed, has been greatly overpraised: its fame is chiefly based on the efforts of translators or imitators of the classics, who praised themselves and their patrons with indefatigable ardour. The list of works of real originality is short. When the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, and the *Rape of the Lock* are named, where else are we to look for originality,² unless a few comedies of Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Congreve are mentioned?—which certainly deserve the doubtful praise of presenting true, though atrocious pictures of the manners of the times. The wits reckoned Defoe among the dunces: posterity has righted him.

In the first years of the reign of Anne, an annual was established called the "*Ladies' Diary*; or, *Women's Almanack*;" according to its prospectus "it contained directions for love, marriage, preserving"—not hearts, but plums and gooseberries—"cookery, perfumery, bills of fare, and many other concerns peculiar to the fair sex." The editor's descrip-

¹ The apostolic bishop of Sodor and Man, who, without taking any part in the furious dissensions of the day, bent all the energies of his saintly life to civilize and reclaim a miserable and neglected population, by whom he was infinitely beloved. He had been educated by the Anglican church which sank

for awhile when Mary II. deprived archbishop Sancroft and bishop Ken.

² The title of the *Rape of the Lock* is not original, as all Italian scholars know; but the poem itself is truly so, and in that respect stands alone among all Pope's works.

tion of this unique performance throws some light on the domestic customs of an age little known, though near. There was a "copy of verses in praise of queen Anne, which were actually spoken in the lord mayor's parlour by one of the *blew-coat* boys (at the last thanksgiving-day, about the *Vigo* business), with universal applause." Then the calendar, with the common notes of the year, "the times when marriage comes in and out,¹ and the eclipses, all in one page. A picture of the queen in copper [that is, a copperplate engraving], very well performed." The rest of the literature consisted of "delightful tales." The preface was a dissertation on the happiness England enjoyed "under the reign of queen Elizabeth and the present queen [Anne]." Many ardent aspirations the worthy editor made to obtain the lives of celebrated queens, more particularly queens of England, and he even names Margaret of Anjou on his list, but declares that he gives up the undertaking, on the most solemn conviction "that no dates even of birth or death can be found for any queen, excepting queen Elizabeth and queen Anne." Nevertheless, we earnestly wish he had made the attempt.²

The literature of the early days of queen Anne included the writings of some recluses of gentle birth and manners, who sighed for retirement "from the loathsome manners of the age, and wished to make seraphic celibacy popular and honourable among English ladies." Mrs. Mary Astell, a learned and beautiful lady, wrote an essay on the pleasures of retirement, and proposed a sort of female college, in which "the young might be instructed, and ladies nauseating the parade of the world find a happy retirement." Queen Anne, then princess, wonderfully admired this project, and made up her mind, should she ever have it in her power, to endow it with 10,000*l*. After her accession, the whole plan was disconcerted by bishop Burnet, who rang a loud alarm of "popery" in the ears of her majesty, and declared "that Mary Astell's college would be called a nunnery."³ The name would have mattered little, for it was not based on any principle that would have rendered it an object of interest to the people at large. Self-devotedness to the tuition and moral government of the poor, added to the task of soothing their miseries, entirely for the love of the divine Founder of Christianity, is the only principle which can draw public respect to such female communities. It does not appear that Mary Astell's plan, however elegant and refined, aimed at this high intent. Schemes like hers have been

¹ The regulations concerning the times when marriage can be celebrated, were still observed by the church of England according to the discipline of the Roman catholics.

² See Ellis's *Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, where occurs, from p. 304, a series of letters from Mr. J. Tipper, of Coventry, giving a most amusing account of the progress of this periodical. Its history is a

curious one: although retaining the name of "*Ladies' Diary*," it has become the only mathematical periodical in Great Britain,—not because ladies are exclusively devoted to such abstruse science, but because the authors who carried it on knew less of ladies' literature than of the mathematics.

³ Scott's *Notes to Swift*.

tried before and since the days of queen Anne, but, for the want of some better motive of union,¹ have fallen into contempt, by degenerating into knots of whimsical women occupied with wrangling factions.

In the *Tatler*, Swift aimed a few handfuls of dirt at Mary Astell, after the fashion of his own Yahoos. The *Spectator* subsequently did her gentler justice,² but the envenomed shaft had sped, and the protestant convent, which had won the approbation of queen Anne, and obtained her gracious promise of endowments, languished and took no root in the land. Another literary recluse graced the reign of Anne. This was Elizabeth Elstob, the daughter of a country clergyman, the gentle lady-student of Anglo-Saxon lore. There never were but two English ladies besides Elizabeth Elstob who have won public renown in the study of the ancient languages of our islands, and they are both ornaments of our own times.³ Thanks, for the preservation of much precious history of the early days of their country, are due to them. Neither the meekness of Elizabeth Elstob, however, nor her utter abstinence from challenging public attention, could defend her from the vituperation of Swift. Her contemporary, the fair Mary Astell, had probably mingled a little coquetry with her profession of seraphic celibacy; but Elizabeth Elstob, immersed in the records of our Saxon kings and heroes, and of saintly queens and princesses, possibly departed this world without knowing there was such a person as Dr. Swift in it, much less that she had excited his spleen.

Female authorship of a far different tendency may likewise be traced to this era. Queen Anne had a French cook, or yeoman of the mouth, called Centlivre, whose name is connected with dramatic literature. "The Wonder," "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," and the "Busy-Body," are comedies still occasionally acted—not that her majesty's cook made them, but he fell in love with a fellow-servant of the crown, one Mrs. Carrol, an actress, who usually came to Windsor-castle to perform with others of the theatre-royal before the queen. The actress was pretty, and had withal brilliant literary talents, although she was not imbued with a very nice morality. However, the yeoman of the royal mouth wooed and married Mrs. Carroll, therefore her popular comedies are known as the works of "Mrs. Centlivre."

The duchess of Marlborough, early in 1704, successfully effected her purpose of disuniting her royal mistress and lord Rochester. She

¹ Since the earlier editions of this Biography many female communities have been formed—chiefly we believe of members of episcopalian churches—intent on soothing and relieving the miseries of our most wretched poor, as Sisters of Charity. Making due allowance for the occasional infirmity of party irritation on all sides, love and gratitude have rewarded their labours. Florence Nightingale,

too, conceived and performed her noble mission since then, and irrespective of sects or party, her country has risen up and called her blessed.

² In rather an affected paper, full of "Leonora," "groves," and "purling streams." Swift's malignity had the most literary power.

³ Lady Charlotte Guest, and Miss Anna Gurney of Norfolk.

worked on the mind of the queen against her uncle by that worrying pertinacity against one object on all occasions, small and great, which seldom loses its purpose. By awakening the queen's jealousy that lord Rochester regarded her unfortunate brother with secret affection, the favourite carried her point. When lord Rochester requested his royal niece to permit his eldest daughter, the young and charming lady Dalkeith, to be one of the ladies of her bedchamber, on the vacancy made by the death of the Dutch lady, Charlotte Bevervaart, he could scarcely expect denial, because she was the queen's nearest female relative in England. Nevertheless, the request was denied.¹ The refusal arose from long-hoarded vengeance of an old bitter grudge. The duchess of Marlborough remembered that, in the outset of her crafty career of life, lord Rochester had pointed out to James II. that some domestic locust devoured the revenues of the princess Anne, and mysteriously involved her in debt—a denunciation which Sarah took angrily to herself. Lord Rochester had recently opposed the extravagant grant the queen had attempted to bestow on the Marlboroughs in the first months of her reign, and converted them by that act from self-seeking Tories into virulent Whigs. The duchess tauntingly observes, “that the queen had been pleased to forgive her uncle all his ill-behaviour in the reigns of king Charles, king James, and queen Mary.” If the queen had done so, her favourite had not. With much thanksgiving to God for her own incapability of bearing malice, the duchess instigated her majesty to drive away her uncle, hinting “that he had better return to his government in Ireland.”² All these mortifications had the effect on the mind of lord Rochester that his female foe anticipated: he flew into a passion, and resigned all his offices of state. Moreover, he refused to visit his royal niece, and never attended her councils. When these derelictions had been sufficiently pointed out to the queen, she ordered that her uncle should no longer be summoned to council, with this observation: “It is not reasonable that lord Rochester should come to council only when *he* thinks fit.”³ So ended, virtually, all connection between the sons of the great lord Clarendon and his royal grand-daughter. Henry earl of Clarendon, the queen's elder uncle, was, as previously shown, a self-banished exile from her presence; and his half-witted son, lord Cornbury, whose merits in being the proto-deserter from James II., required some gratitude, was sent to play his imbecile pranks in the latter-founded English colonies of North America, which owed their existence to the statistical wisdom of that prince.⁴ Among

¹ Conduct.² Ibid.³ Ibid.

⁴ The English colony of New York was the first in the chain of valuable colonies planted by James, when duke of York, in every quarter of the globe. The State Papers printed in Lister's Appendix of the Life of Clarendon, will give some intelligence of this fact, and of the expedition for the capture of

Manhattan. There is no occasion to dwell on the facts of who supported and encouraged William Penn, in his inestimable labours as a colonist; the charters of the colony of Pennsylvania, if honestly quoted, will declare. At the time the duke of York extended his protecting friendship to Penn, the latter was a persecuted and tormented man, involved in

other apish tricks, lord Cornbury is said, when holding his state levees at New York, to have dressed himself in complete female court costume, and then received the principal colonists, because, truly, he represented as governor the person of a female sovereign, his cousin-german, queen Anne!¹ It is likewise said, and with great probability, that the follies of this ruler laid the foundation of that system of evil colonial government, which deprived Great Britain finally of one of the brightest gems in her crown.

The duchess of Marlborough, after many shouts of triumph over the fall of the queen's uncle, concludes with these words: "'Tis an amazing thing he should imagine he was to domineer over the queen, and everybody else, as he did over his own family." Yet, after all, it would have been less "amazing" if the queen had been "domineered" over by her uncle, than, as the case really was, by her quondam chamber-woman, for the proud duchess was originally nothing more. With the queen's uncle retreated from her government lord Jersey, the duke of Buckingham, and several powerful leaders, who had been considered personal friends of the late king James II. The earl of Nottingham remained at the head of a ministry which, although exceedingly weakened by secession, was still zealous for "high church," and was considered tory, the leading object was to prevent unconscientious dissenters from using the most solemn sacrament of the church of England as a test to obtain seats in the house of commons.

Although the duchess of Marlborough had triumphed in the dismissal and disgrace of the queen's uncle, she was by no means satisfied with the persons who remained in power, for the house of commons was the same that had denied her the 5000*l.* per annum in perpetuity. She carried on a wrangling correspondence with the queen during the summer against the powers in office, till the occurrence of the great victory of Blenheim turned the scale irresistibly in her favour.

Queen Anne was sitting in her closet at Windsor-castle, which commands a fine view over the north terrace, when the news of the victory of Blenheim was brought to her. For several years the banner by which the duke of Marlborough holds the manor of Woodstock was deposited in this apartment, in memory of the queen's reception of the news.² The closet forms a boudoir to one of the royal state bedchambers, where, in an alcove, is a ponderous article of furniture, being an embroidered bed of queen Anne, which was carefully preserved by the orders of George III., who would not suffer it to be displaced. By these traditions, the suites

debt: most of his co-religionists were, withal, groaning in the horrible gaols of England. The late slanderous attack on William Pen will bring the advantage of inducing research, that will soon place the truth of his connection with James Stuart, both when duke of York and king, in the clear light of open

day, to the honour of both as Englishmen. Half truth is almost as bad as bold falsehood: the "Friends" cannot defend Pen effectually, without acknowledging his and their obligations to his royal benefactor.

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Horace Walpole.

² Pyne's Palaces.

of rooms at Windsor occupied by queen Anne can be traced. On the following Thursday afternoon, colonel Parkes, aide-de-camp to his grace the duke of Marlborough, arrived express with the following letter to her grace his lady duchess, dated August 13, (x. s.)¹

"I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the queen, and to let her majesty know that her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard, and two other generals, are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, colonel Parkes, will give her majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it, in a day or two, by another more at large."

"MARLBOROUGH."

The news of the victory of Blenheim was received with a degree of national rapture that requires some retrospect to explain. It was the only great foreign battle that had been gained by England since that of Agincourt; in fact, the insular energies had been wasted on such interior victories as those of Flodden or Pinky fields, the still more deplorable contests of the wars of the Roses, or the calamitous civil strife at Edgehill, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester. Not one victory had rewarded the national pride in exchange for all the blood and treasure expended by William III. in his continental wars, and the saying went through Europe, "that the island bull-dogs could only tear each other." While any monarch of Great Britain retained the foolish title of sovereign of France, the English populace were as much bent on French conquest as they were in the days of the Plantagenets, and the wisest peace-ruler was unpopular if an army were not always in the field, struggling to gain a footing over the frontier of France. Englishmen had forgotten the woes and exhaustion that succeeded the brilliant conquests of the showy hero, Henry V., and were constantly sending addresses to queen Anne, as they had done to her predecessors, to remind her of the propriety of reconquering her dominions in France—as Normandy and Aquitaine. If the queen had cherished so insane an idea, it is to be feared she would have met with only too much encouragement among all parties in England. The victory of Blenheim was therefore celebrated with unequalled splendour. The unfinished cathedral of St. Paul was the place appointed for the chanting of the *Te Deum*, and the queen and her consort went thither in procession to return thanks to Almighty God, with all the pomp of royalty. The rev. Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, preached the sermon. The great guns at the Tower, those upon the river, and the train in St. James's-park were thrice discharged—the first time when her majesty took coach at St. James's, the second at the singing of the *Te Deum*, and the third when her majesty came back to her palace."²

The warmest invitation to visit England, and to bring her grandson

¹ Flying Post.

² The duke wrote this letter on horseback, "with a leaden pencil."

³ From a transcript in the Additional MSS.

(afterwards George II.), was sent to the electress Sophia by Anne's government, but not by herself. One positive effect the invitation to the electress had : the queen, utterly exasperated, immediately threw herself into the arms of the whigs, who negatived the invitation. The queen, directly after, notified her feelings to the watchful duchess by these passionate words :—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.¹

“I believe dear Mrs. Freeman and I shall not disagree as we have formerly done, for I am sensible of the services *those people have done me that you have a good opinion of* [the whigs], and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of *them* [the tories] that you have been always speaking against.”

From that moment the queen gave herself up to the party of which the duchess of Marlborough was the agent and mouthpiece in their domestic life, and she sank for years into the slavery which she afterwards so bitterly deplored. At the close of 1704, the duke of Marlborough returned, with his prisoner, the general of the French army, count Tallard. The colours taken at the battle were presented to the queen : she ordered them to be hung up in Westminster-hall. The new parliament joined with her majesty in profuse grants of money and lands to the victor, January 1705. Unfortunately, the queen chose to alienate one of the most interesting historical demesnes that pertained to the crown of England. Woodstock, with all its Norman antiquities, its memories of the Plantagenets, its nymph-like baths, its mysterious labyrinths, and its haunted bowers, whispering of royal love and queenly vengeance—Woodstock, where the peerless chevalier of the black armour, first-born son of the third Edward, unclosed his eyes to the light ; where his mother, Philippa the Good, spent her young married life—Woodstock, which Chaucer sang, and described with topographical fidelity every court, every pleasaunce, every mighty tree therein, and every Gothic nook and embrasure ; and not only Chaucer, but elder poets of exquisite simplicity have told the tales associated with its glades, in strains not even now effaced from English memory. Yes, the Woodstock of Henry the Beauclerk, and of Henry the Plantagenet—the Woodstock of his much-wronged Rosamond, whether wife or deceived *fiancée*—the Woodstock of Edward and Philippa, of the regal Elizabeth, of the beautiful Henrietta, was delivered to Vanbrugh and Sarah of Marlborough as a prey, to be defaced and destroyed, and worse, to load its green glades and lawns with heavy hideousness ! The Dutch architect himself, struck with the grandeur of the royal ruins, spared them awhile, for “the purpose of prospect,” as he said ; but she,

¹ Conduct.

with the taste of the thorough *parvenue*, never rested until the towers of Woodstock were blasted with gunpowder, and their last vestige effaced from the site.¹ In this exploit she seems to have been actuated by the idea that induces a person who has appropriated a horse, which he thinks may be claimed by some former owner, to cut off his mane and tail, and shave his skin. But before the duchess Sarah perpetrated her tasteless mischief, queen Anne signified in person to the house of commons, "that she was inclined to grant the honour and manor of Woodstock to the duke of Marlborough and his heirs for ever, and that she desired the assistance of the house to effect it." The act passed a few weeks subsequently, with the addition of the hundred of Wotton, in consideration of the eminent services performed by the duke of Marlborough to her majesty and the public. Would the grant had been thrice as much in the fattest lands that the island could furnish, so that the historical towers and bowers of Woodstock had been spared!

The queen ordered an exquisite portrait to be painted of the duke of Marlborough, in the minutest style of miniature: instead of crystal, it was covered with a diamond of pellucid water, cut with a table surface, surrounded with an edge of brilliant facets. When the whole had been mounted in an exquisite style of art, the complete device was valued at 8000*l*. The gift, worthy of royalty, was presented by the queen to the duchess of Marlborough as a souvenir of the victory of Blenheim.

The natural generosity of queen Anne found exercise by affording private relief to persons incarcerated in her prisons, especially those prosecuted by her government and in her name. About the time of the resignation of lord Nottingham as prime minister, 1705, he left in the horrid dungeons of Newgate a remarkable object for the queen's charity, an author whose name (when he at last discovered the true bias of his genius) became and remains enduringly illustrious. This was the celebrated Defoe, who had been condemned to the pillory,² to an enormous fine, and to imprisonment that promised to be life-long, for writing a pamphlet called the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters." To the present hour, no mortal can tell whether it was written on the side of the nonconformists, or in favour of their enemies. Queen Anne heard of Defoe's miseries with concern. She sent him relief, and vainly ordered Nottingham to release him, for he remained afterwards four months in Newgate. But he shall tell the queen's conduct himself. "When her majesty came to have the truth of the case laid before her, I soon felt the effects of her goodness and compassion. At first, her majesty declared that she left all to a certain person,³ and did not think he would have

¹ Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough and Vanbrugh; Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

² Defoe stood thrice in the pillory, and

from possessing opulence as a London trader-man, was absolutely ruined.

³ Lord Nottingham.

used me in such a manner. Her majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances and family, and to send by her lord treasurer, Godolphin, a considerable supply to my wife and children, and to send me, to the prison, money to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge. Thus obliged by the sovereign under whose administration I was suffering, could I ever act against such a queen? her who fetched me out of the dungeon and gave my family relief?" When Defoe paid the above manly tribute to the memory of queen Anne, she had been for years mouldering in the grave.

Her majesty made a long sojourn at the palace of Newmarket in the spring of 1705; from thence she took her excursion to Cambridge, April 16, accompanied by her husband and the principal persons of her household. When she alighted at the Regent-walk, opposite to the schools, she was received by her kinsman, "the proud duke of Somerset," then chancellor of the university. A *regia comitia* was held at the Regent-house, and honorary degrees distributed among the noblemen and gentlemen of her court, the presence of the sovereign dispensing with the necessity of the receivers having earned them by exercises and due qualifications. This day was made for ever memorable in the annals of the era, by the queen bestowing knighthood on Dr. Isaac Newton at Trinity-college, where she held a court. Afterwards, her majesty dined at Trinity-hall; and, after hearing evening service in the beautiful chapel of King's-college, returned to Newmarket that night.¹

Meantime, the war was brilliant with victory both in Spain and Flanders. But what comment of biographer or historian can do justice to the absurdity of the contest on which the blood and treasure of England were wasted in the reign of Anne, like unto the despatches of the persons in power at that day? Charles of Austria, it has been shown, had been received by queen Anne at Windsor-castle, and moreover, placed on the throne of Spain. He was held there by the might of English arms, and the almost preternatural genius for war of lord Peterborough;² yet the emperor of Germany, the ungrateful father of the Austrian competitor, absolutely wounded his son's royal benefactor in the tenderest point, by refusing to give her the title of majesty. Much he might have done more injurious to the country of Great Britain, which its queen, in her historical and statistical ignorance, could not have comprehended; but this was a wound which touched Anne to the quick, for the only knowledge she had was regarding the arrangements of rank and title. Not that she was skilled in the ennobling science of the genealogist and herald, which naturally leads the mind to inquire somewhat into the deeds of those gone before, commemorated by pedigree and scutcheon, for her mind dwelt on the mere rags of etiquette, the

¹ Memorials of Cambridge.

² The 1st Lord Monmouth of the preceding volume.

breadth of ribbons, the length of mantles and width of trains, and worse than all, the sort of wig (then an important part of court-costume) proper to be carried on the heads of her courtiers into her august presence. Let us judge, then, how much the bosom of the royal matron was moved when the emperor, for whose son the war which devastated Europe had been with difficulty extended to Spain, refused to give her the title of royalty, and that, too, on the eve of an enormous subsidy! The emperor's chancery had addressed the majesty of England merely as serenity.¹ Former queens-regnant of England would have comprehended the insult at a glance, and returned the arrogant missive to the hand that brought it, with an exordium in extempore Latin, such as would have made the ears of the imperialist tingle for a month. There cannot be a more striking illustration than this incident affords, of the contrast between the lightning intellect of queen Elizabeth, and the dull apprehension of queen Anne.

Since her prosperous accession to the throne of Great Britain, her conscience, and all the affection for her near relatives which had awakened when she stood by the death-bed of Gloucester, had been lulled to sleep. But in the year 1705, a letter was known to pass through the Hague from St. Germain's to queen Anne: it contained a beautiful miniature of her young brother. It was ascertained that it reached the queen's hands safely, that she gazed on the picture, and, recognising the strong Stuart resemblance that no one can deny to the expatriated heir, she kissed it, and wept over it piteously.² It was verified more touchingly to her by the striking likeness of features and expression to her lost son, young Gloucester. Notwithstanding this access of feeling in her hours of seclusion, Anne, finding that the whig party had carried majorities in the house of commons, complied with the temper of the times, and consented to form her agents of government entirely from their ranks. The duchess of Marlborough teased her into appointing the Cowpers to places of importance—a very sore trouble to Anne, since the modes of thinking and acting of both these brothers were little consistent with the usages of Christians in general. The people raised the woful wail of the “church in danger,” when they found their queen place the great seal in the hands of Sir William Cowper in July.³ The following witty *jeu-d'esprit* was handed through the literary coffee-

¹ Stepney Papers, No. 2, 7059.

² Lamberty, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 18^{me} Siècle*.

³ The following note, by sir Walter Scott, casts some light on the disgust the people felt at these appointments. The tenor of the new lord chancellor's life, and that of his brother, did not promise much regard to the ordinances of the church he was bound by his office to protect. “Some unfortunate stains” beserves sir Walter Scott, rather drily, “are attached to this ingenious family. Lord-

chancellor Cowper was branded with bigamy, because he had written a work on plurality of wives, and had,” adds Voltaire, “actually two lady Cowpers in his domestic régime.” His brother, the judge, had previously been tried for the murder of a young woman, one Sarah Stout, whom he had deluded by a feigned marriage, while he had a wife alive. The poor creature, a beautiful young quakeress was found drowned in a pond, and he was the last person seen in her company, under circumstances of great suspicion.”

houses in London, and dropped in manuscript in the thoroughfares by night :—

“When Anna was the church’s daughter,
She did whate’er that mother taught her;
But now she’s mother to the church,
She leaves her daughter in the lurch.”

From the diary¹ of the new keeper of Anne’s conscience, curious particulars present themselves of her regnal life, and her mode of performing its duties in the interior of the palace. It seems that Sir William Cowper had his doubts whether or not he was appointed wholly against the queen’s consent; and as he had driven an unexampled bargain of profit to himself on his appointment, he was naturally desirous to ascertain whether the queen would let him remain long enough to reap the rich fruits of peerage, pension, allowance for equipage, and other goodly profits. To ease his mind, lord Godolphin put into his hands a letter written throughout by the queen to the duke of Marlborough, with the observation, “that as it was penned while lord Godolphin was at Newmarket, it must perforce be the genuine emanation of her mind.” —“Her majesty,” observes her new lord keeper,² very naïvely, “expressed as much concern for the good of her country, as if her letter was intended to be made public,”—a first-rate piece of satire on the patriotism of that era, but apparently mentioned as a simple matter of unbelief in the possibility of such feelings having been genuine in any mind, and never assumed excepting as grimace. Another clause in the royal letter is, “that *the two lords* had so behaved themselves, that it was impossible for her ever to employ them again;” whereupon the heads of the junta, lords Halifax, Somers, and Godolphin, “expounded” the two misbehaving lords to be “the queen’s uncle, lord Rochester, and the earl of Nottingham.”

At noon, the queen was in her closet at Kensington-palace, for the purpose of receiving her new lord keeper; her treasurer, lord Godolphin, went there to prepare her for the interview, leaving the dignitary expectant waiting in the royal bedchamber, which the queen and her prime minister presently entered, and there the presentation took place, Anne herself making this laconic address to her lord keeper: “I am very well satisfied of your fitness for the office of keeper of the great seal;” and then she personally delivered it to him. When he had made the usual professions of honesty, but incapacity, each of which terms should have been reversed, he kneeled down and kissed the queen’s hand, asking at the same time “her leave to go out of

¹ MSS. among the Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xiv. It is, as far as the author is aware, hitherto inedited.

² He was not lord chancellor until two

years afterwards. Lord Somers was the actual lord chancellor, but, for some reason, the office had been for many years transacted by a lord keeper of the seal.

town, in order to avoid the clamours of solicitation for places in his gift." The same night, being Friday, October 12, 1705, the queen received in council at Kensington his oaths of allegiance and church supremacy, and he does not forget to record that he paid 26*l.* as fees for each oath.¹ Such were the makings of a lord chancellor, or lord keeper, in the days of queen Anne—a sovereign who has only been removed by a century and a half from the present day.

Queen Anne, it is well known, not only spoke to the great Dr. Johnson, but, as already recorded, touched him when a boy for his woful affliction of king's evil; now many persons at present in existence have heard the late Eleanor, dowager-countess of Cork, dilate on her favourite topic of her conversations with her friend Dr. Johnson. Thus there was, very lately, a living link between the present generation and the person to whom queen Anne had spoken, and even touched; but, oh! how many armies, fleets, heroes, orators, statesmen, and even dynasties of sovereigns have passed away during those two long lives, which thus mysteriously linked the breathing present with the historical past.

The queen received the personal services of her new lord keeper the next Sunday, falling October 14, when he marched before her from the palace of St. James to the chapel; and he adds, "A little before anthem finished, I went up after sermon to her closet, and so returned before her lodgings again,"—meaning the suite of private apartments in the palace, where her majesty usually resided. There was an important meeting a few days afterwards of the whig junta, of which Halifax, who did not even affect to believe in Christianity, was the presiding spirit; the object was (now they thought the foot of power was upon the neck of our church) to alter her prayers and ordinances to suit *their* views. "In the evening," says the lord keeper, who was to be one of the principal instruments of this rending and dislocating, "I visited with my lord Halifax, and met the duchess of Marlborough, who declined all acknowledgment I offered of thanks for my advancement; and waiving that talk, went on to other subjects, and in the whole, expressed herself very averse from the high church."² She could not have poured her detestation into more willing ears than those of this creature of her advancement, since he notes "taking the sacrament, as a test to *qualify* him for his office."

Never did a period look darker for the church: on whichever side, destruction seemed at hand. There were few in the places of her dignitaries but had been professors of some species of dissent. The queen's husband was supposed to be no friend to the establishment; her acknowledged favourite and ruler, the violent duchess, loudly pro-

¹ Cowper MS. Diary. Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum. ² Cowper MS. Diary. Brit. Museum.

claimed her hatred to the church of England, and she headed a mighty band of avowed freethinkers, then in power; the queen herself was harbouring resentfully some affront from the plain-speaking of her uncle, and her favourite was helping her "nurse her wrath to keep it warm." When all these circumstances are considered, the cry of the people of England, who watched the proceeding of the court with angry jealousy, that "the church was in danger," seems not so unfounded as the historians of the times would make us believe. But that cry had some effect on the enemies of the church; they might deface and sap, but they were forced to leave the venerable fabric standing. "At night," says the new lord keeper, "I visited the prince of Denmark at Kensington, whose compliment to me was, 'that he was glad the queen had made so good a choice for the great seal.' I assured him 'none was more devoted to his service, both because he was always in the *true interest* of England, and also for that I knew there was no surer way to render my poor services acceptable to her majesty than in my being first accepted by himself.'" ¹

The diary of the lord keeper plainly shows the queen exercising the royal functions of disposing, not only of the dignities, but of the livings and benefices of the church that were in the appointment of the crown, according to the dictates of her conscience. Her own letters, and those of the duchess of Marlborough, affirm the same fact. Whether the exercise of this power be best entrusted to the will of the sovereign, or regulated by an ecclesiastical commission of bishops appointed by the crown, as in the reigns of the first Anglo-Stuarts, or, as of old, by elective power of the church herself, is no vocation of ours to declare; but only to say, that on whomsoever this mighty and onerous duty devolves, there should the responsibility rest. Queen Anne had not only the responsibility of this department of her high functions, but positively and virtually exercised it. The proof is from the manuscript of this lord keeper, as follows: "Sunday, March 21. Waited on the queen: walked before her to chapel [St. James's] the second time. Cabinet council at six at night: I spoke the first time in council. At the said council the queen desired that her speech might be prepared, which the secretary was ordered to do.² After which the queen withdrew, and I was admitted into her bedchamber; and there I laid before her two livings for which presentations were desired, which she received very kindly, and said 'she would discourse with me further next opportunity.'" Here the decision is plainly left to the communings of the queen's own thoughts, and many a quarrel afterwards ensued between her majesty

¹ Cowper's MS. Diary; Brit. Museum.

² Here occurs a curious marginal note by lord Hardwicke, explanatory of this custom and the usages of royalty. "I believe," says

the MS. of lord Hardwicke, "that function, viz., writing the royal speech, having been long in the great seal, is *reverted back* to the secretaries of state."

and her furious favourite, the duchess of Marlborough, on account of the slowness of the royal resolve¹ in appointing such churchmen as the predominant junta prompted to her. Far astray from her functions as mistress of the robes, or groom of the stole, did this bold woman go, when she dared to open her lips to dictate to her sovereign the appointments in the church. In the fits of irresolution under which the poor queen laboured, the upstart tyrant would enter her presence with a flouncing swing, and quicken her majesty's determination with the somewhat vulgar exclamation of, "Lord, madam! it *must* be so."²

The queen opened her parliament, after her speech had passed the consultations of several cabinet councils, and been deemed fitting for the occasion. It must have been a very remarkable one, although the passages recorded in it by her lord keeper have escaped the attention of the historians of her reign: "She promised her people 'to take care of the church,' which caused the lord mayor, Sir Thomas Rawlinson, at his dinner-table to jeer before the lord keeper, a few days after."³ Queen Anne likewise spoke "of calumnies afloat regarding herself." On these calumnies Dr. Stanhope, preaching before the queen, made her a most extraordinary address from the pulpit, "persuading her to bear the slander taken notice of in her last speech, with christian patience; and he spoke with *smartness* [sharpness] against it at the same time. 'Twas thought, some months before, he would not have preached such sermons," adds the lord keeper; he had been long a non-juror, and was now one of the most powerful writers in the church of England.

Cowper attended divine service at Westminster-abbey as "speaker of the house of lords." He mentions the fact of the offertory for the poor distinct from other contributions. His words are, "I gave at the *basin* one guinea, and silver to the poor." This was one of the usages his party was earnest to alter, and which they contrived to bring into disuse in the days of George I., in order to obviate the influence the dispensation of this charity gave the regular clergy. Her majesty fully exonerated herself from the charge of listening to the advice of her female servants on the disposal of church preferments,⁴ ill-naturedly

¹ Two letters from the duchess of Marlborough, and one from the queen on this subject; Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum. Likewise various passages (much modified in print), throughout the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² Scott's Swift; the information from eyewitnesses, Harley and Abigail Masham, and probably lady Winchilsea and the duchess of Monmouth.

³ Cowper's Diary. Coxe's MSS. Brit. Museum.

⁴ Cowper's Diary. In common justice to

queen Anne, whose resistance to the disposal of livings by her state-ministers drew on her the furious abuse of the duchess of Marlborough and all her party, and a succession of historians to the present age, a glance ought to be given at the working of the system when, subsequently, crown patronage was successfully wrested out of the hands of the sovereign, and placed in those of the lord chancellor for the time being, as it has remained for the last hundred and fifty years. At the very time the diary of lord-chancellor Cowper was incorporated into this biography.

brought against her by lord chancellor Cowper and archbishop Tension; indeed, it seems that her presumptuous *parvenue* favourite was the *only* one "among her women" who dared open her lips on a subject so utterly unbecoming her station and vocation.

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"I own I have been very much to blame in being so long in disposing of those livings; but when these are filled up, there shall be no more complaints of me on that account. You wrong me very much in thinking I am influenced by some you mention in disposing of church preferments. Ask those whom I am sure you will believe, though you won't me, and they can tell you I never disposed of any without advising with them, and that I have preferred more people upon others' recommendations than I have upon his, that you fancy to have so much power with me. You have reason to wonder there *is* no more changes made yet; but I hope, in a little time, Mr. Morley [prince George] and I shall redeem our credit with you, at least in that matter, which now is all that I can trouble my dear Mrs. Freeman with, but that her poor unfortunate Morley will be *faithfully* yours to her last moment."

(Remark by the duchess, as endorsement.)

"The letter was in answer to one I had writ, to tell her *not to be so long before she disposed of the livings to the clergy*; adding, how safely she might put power into the hands of such a man as my lord Cowper."

There are hints in the following letter, as if the smothered warfare was in the act of breaking into open hostilities between the queen and her favourite, who appears to have checked the slightest indication of forgetfulness in minute points of observance, not only as due to herself, but to the various connections which she had made her own by the marriage of her daughters. Prince George was the offending party in the remonstrance she had addressed to queen Anne, which is not forthcoming like the queen's humble apology:—

THE QUEEN TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.¹

[Date, after 1705.]

"I am very sorry my lord treasurer's [Godolphin] cold is so bad, and I will be sure to speak to the prince to command all his servants to do their duty. If they do not obey him, I am sure they do not deserve to be any longer so, and I shall use my endeavours that they may not; but

the clerical nephew of the late lord-chancellor Thurlow has departed this life, possessed of a rectory valued by some at 3000*l.*, by others at 2127*l.* per annum; a prebendary of upwards of 600*l.*, another rectory worth upwards of 500*l.*, another upwards of 500*l.*, a vicarage worth nearly 200*l.* The utmost research has not enabled us to furnish an instance of so unequal a distribution of the livings of the

church made by the sovereigns of England in the seventeenth century, or by the ecclesiastical commissioners (whom they authorized in the place of the more apostolic elections of the primitive church), or even by the veto of queen Anne herself.

¹ Cox's Papers, *in*edited hitherto; vol. xlv. f. 117

I hope they will not be such *villains*, and if they do not do what they ought, I am certain it will be none of the prince's *fault*. I am in such haste I can say no more, but that I am very sorry dear Mrs. Freeman will be so unkind as not to come to her poor unfortunate, faithful Morley, who loves her sincerely, and will do so to her last moment."

"At the queen's cabinet council," notes lord Cowper, "Sunday, November 11, 1705. Foreign letters read in her majesty's presence: the substance remarkable. For at Hanover was a person, agent from the discontented party here, to invite over the princess Sophia and the electoral prince [George II.] into England, assuring them that a party here was ready to propose it. That the princess Sophia had caused the said person to be acquainted, 'that she judged the message came from such as were enemies to her family; that she would never hearken to such a proposal but when it came from the queen of England herself;' and, withal, she had discouraged the attempt so much, that it was believed nothing more would be said in it."¹ The moderate conduct of the princess Sophia—conduct which the irrefragable evidence of events proved was sincere and true, did not mollify the burning jealousy of queen Anne. The duchess of Marlborough was reckless in her abuse of the protestant heiress,² and it is certain, by her letters, that she worked on the mind of the queen with all her might, to keep up her jealousy and alarm regarding the advent of her high-minded cousin Sophia. A running fire of angry correspondence was actually kept up between the queen and the princess Sophia for some months. It was renewed at every violent political agitation, until we shall see the scene of this world's glory close almost simultaneously on both the royal kinswomen.

The routine of the palace life of Queen Anne is preserved by her bedchamber woman, Abigail Hill (then lady Masham), for the instruction of Mrs. Howard, bedchamber woman to queen Caroline, consort of George II. The bedchamber woman came into waiting before the queen's prayers; and before her majesty rose, if any lady of the bedchamber was present, the bedchamber woman handed her the queen's linen, and the lady put it on her majesty. Every time the queen dressed in the course of the day, her habiliments made the same formal progress from hand to hand. The princesses of the blood in France had the privilege of passing their queen's garments from one to the other, till the princess of the highest rank came to clothe her majesty, who has been known to stand shivering in the midst of the circle of her ladies while the most needful articles of apparel were travelling round the room from one noble or princely dame to another, according to the rigour of precedency. Queen Anne was somewhat less tormented with these transfers than were the queens of France; her fan, it is true, made

¹ Cowper MS. Diary. Coxe's Papers, Brit. Museum.

² MSS. of the duchess of Marlborough. Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum.

rather a circuitous progress before it came safely to her royal hand. "When the queen washed her hands, her page of the backstairs brought and set down upon a side-table a basin and ewer. Then the bedchamber woman placed it before the queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the queen, the lady of the bedchamber only looking on. The bedchamber woman poured the water out of the ewer on the queen's hands. The bedchamber woman pulled on the queen's gloves when her majesty could not do it herself," which was often the case, owing to her infirmity of gout. It will be remembered, that in the performance of this duty, the chain that so long bound queen Anne to the imperious dame of Marlborough was accidentally reft and broken. "The page of the backstairs," proceeds Abigail, "was always called to put on the queen's shoes. When queen Anne dined in public, her page reached the glass to her bedchamber woman, and she to the lady in waiting." In due time it arrived at the lips of royalty. "The bedchamber woman brought her majesty's chocolate, and," observes Abigail, "gave it to the queen without kneeling." In fact, the chocolate was taken by queen Anne in the privacy of her chamber, and just previously to lying down to repose, this too-nourishing supper tending greatly to increase the obesity of the royal matron. The royal dinner-hour was exactly at three, and both the queen and prince George manifested no little uneasiness if ministers of state intruded upon that time. At six o'clock was the usual hour for the queen's councils. On Sunday evening the most important cabinet councils were held. The queen usually ate a heavy supper, and in one of her letters she owns that writing after that meal was "not easy" to her. At the public dinners, when royalty admitted the loving lieges of their commonalty to look on, solemn etiquette was observed, first introduced by the Lancastrian kings, and even amplified by the Tudors.¹ Such usages were first altered by the kings of the Hanoverian line, according to the following notation of Defoe.² "Charles II., James II., William, Mary, and Anne, whenever they dined in public, received their wine on the knee from a man of the first quality, lord of the bedchamber in waiting; and even when they washed their hands, that lord on his knee held the basin. But king George hath entirely altered that, as he dines privately at St. James's."

Lord-keeper Cowper has left several notices of queen Anne's proceedings at council. "When the queen came into the cabinet council, she sent the secretary two letters to read, one from the king of Spain, the other from lord Peterborough," who was then prosecuting the succession war in Spain, with small resources, yet in a manner that almost rivalled the military glory of Marlborough. Each party had his hero, and duly depreciated all that was done by the other. Slight were the

¹ Despatches of La Motte Fenelon, who says the people fell on their knees whichever way the queen looked.

² A Journey through England.

lasting results that arose from the vaunted victories of either. It was the custom for the queen to bring the letters she received from foreign potentates on affairs of state to her cabinet council, and send them to the secretary of state to read aloud. Sometimes a little embarrassment took place; for instance, one evening, when a rather curious letter from lord Raby, the queen's resident minister at Berlin, was read, he observes, "that the old king of Prussia, surnamed 'the Corporal,' had drunk with him 'Confusion to those who first deserted the allied powers against France'—a strong assurance," adds lord Cowper,¹ drily, "from a German prince." The queen's consort, prince George of Denmark, being then sitting at the council table, the next letter unfortunately alluded to him: "it was a despatch from Copenhagen, complaining 'that the king of Denmark was pushed on by prince George, his uncle, to insist on some injurious arrangement concerning Lubeck, on account of the narrowness of the prince's continental estate.' When the secretary came to this awkward passage, his only resource was to read it so low, that the prince of Denmark, although sitting by, could not hear it."² Another of the interior scenes of queen Anne's government was, pricking down the high sheriffs at the privy council. "The lord keeper, Cowper, handed the roll to the clerk of the council, who stood by the queen, and read over aloud the gentlemen named for the counties in order. If no lord in the privy council objected, her majesty usually pricked the first name of the three."³ Such ceremonial clearly referred to the times when the possessor of the royal power could not write, and, moreover, decided by a species of chance-medley out of the three names presented. After the regal part of this singular ceremony was concluded, the roll was handed by the clerk to the lord keeper, and the "riding six-clerk"⁴ came to that dignitary for it "to make the patents by." In those stormy times, this document was sometimes mysteriously missing or made away with when wanting for official purposes, on which account the former lord keeper always obliged the "riding-clerk" to give him a receipt⁵ for the roll her majesty had pricked. The state machinery in this department was not always effective, and alterations were occasionally needed; these were effected by the queen writing with her own hand "*Vacatur*" on the side of the roll, against any objectionable name which she might have pricked. She then pricked another of the two remaining, or if reasons had come to light that neither of the three were eligible for sheriffs, the queen, with her own hand, inserted a fourth name. Such revision was found needful in 1705, eight or nine days subsequently to the first ceremony, and was still further carried on early in the new year. "The queen, Saturday, January 5, 1706, having a mind to alter the sheriff of Stafford, appointed a council, but could not come, being hin-

¹ Cowper's MS. Diary, Brit. Museum.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid

⁴ So written by lord Cowper.

⁵ Ibid.

dered by the gout; the council and clerks were therefore admitted into her bedchamber, or closet, where she lay on a couch, and there she writ the new sheriff's name on the roll." Throughout that month, cabinet councils were noted as held in the queen's bedchamber, or in the closet, where she was confined to her couch with the gout. "On one of these occasions," says lord-keeper Cowper, "I was alone with the queen in her closet. She asked me 'to propose a judge for England, and a chief-baron for Ireland.' I said that 'I understood her majesty had *reduced* her thoughts to two, Sir John Hawles and Mr. Dormer.'—'Yes,' replied the queen. 'Yet lately I have had reason not to have so good an opinion of Sir John Hawles;' meaning, I suppose (adds lord Cowper), 'his late foolish speech for the clause against offices in the house of commons.'¹ As to the Irish chief-baron, I stated to the queen 'the difficulty of procuring a fit man;' and told her it was the interest of England to send over as many magistrates thither as possible from hence, *that* being the best means of preserving the dependency of Ireland on England." The observation will not be lost, for even under the Tudors and Stuarts, men who had some share in the native blood of Ireland, and consequently some feeling for her miseries, were permitted to govern her. The Fitzgeralds, the Eustaces, the Talbots, the Butlers, those noble Norman-Hibernian lines were invested now and then with power in the government of their native land, even by the jealous Henry VIII. A new system arose with William III., and the dialogue between queen Anne and the lord keeper of her conscience is curiously illustrative of it, reminding us irresistibly of the refrain of an old Jacobite song, which, enumerating sarcastically the care queen Anne took of Ireland, says—

"She sends us our *judges*, our bishops, our deans,
And better she'd send us, if *better* she had!"

Slight as was the share of power of any kind enjoyed by queen Anne, she took fire at the idea presented to her of the independence of Ireland, slyly suggested by her cunning lord keeper, and rejoined, in the phraseology peculiar to herself, "I understand that they [the Irish] have a mind to be independent, but that they shall *not*." In all probability, the "independence" discussed in this notable historical dialogue was merely that of the Irish parliament, which, by an iniquitous ordinance called "Poynings' law," had, in the time of queen Elizabeth, been subjected in all its acts to the dictation of the English privy council. About ten days afterwards the queen received Mr. Dormer,² and gave him her

¹ Scarcely a member sat in the house of commons who was not an officer either in the army or navy. Like one of the parliaments under king William, it was called "the officers' parliament."

² The traditions of the ancient family of Cottrell-Dormer at Rousham, Oxfordshire, preserve the facts that he was called "Handsome Dormer," which his grand portrait there

fully bears out. His Christian name was Fleetwood, son of Sir Fleetwood Dormer of Shipton. Judge Dormer died broken-hearted in 1726, for the premature death of his eldest son, likewise Fleetwood Dormer. A fine scenic monument at Quainton Church, Bucks, presents another portrait of judge Dormer in his son's death-chamber.

mand to kiss on his appointment as a judge.¹ Her majesty seems to have persisted in her objections to the chief-justice for Ireland.

It is just possible that her new lord keeper, on reading over his last notation on the arcana of government as transacted between himself and his royal mistress, thought that he was betraying too far the secrets of the prison-house even to his private note-book, since he declares "he must break off, for he has sore eyes;" and that if he begins again, he must put his journal into short method—perhaps short hand, which in fact made it as illegible to most readers as if written in the Greek character, or in regular cipher. It is evident, from many expressions in the Cowper diary, that there was a scheme in agitation between Tennyson, archbishop of Canterbury, the lord keeper, and the duchess of Marlborough to alter the English liturgy, which providentially never took place; probably the following dateless autograph letter of queen Anne was written while this scheme was in course of agitation:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.²

"MY LORD,

"Tuesday." (No date.)

"This is to desire you would do me the favour, on Tuesday morning about eleven, to bring me the alteration that is to be made in the Common-Prayer, which you are to lay before the great council [privy council] that day, because I should be glad to see it before it comes thither.

"I am, your very affectionate friend,

"ANNE, R."

Endorsed—"For the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Another great victory having been won by the duke of Marlborough at Ramilies, Whit-Sunday, 1706, a solemn thanksgiving-procession was made by the queen to St. Paul's. Lord Peterborough threw up his command in Spain the same summer: he was succeeded by one of William III.'s naturalized military colony, who, in a few weeks, lost the battle of Almanza, as lord Peterborough predicted he would.³

In the course of the contests regarding the nomination of her son-in-law, lord Sunderland, to the important offices of lord privy-seal and, soon after, secretary of state, the duchess of Marlborough treated the queen with unexampled insolence, such as probably was never used, even by the mighty Frank nobles called "mayors of the palace" to their wretched *rois faînéants* of the Merovingian or Carlovingian dynasties. The immediate dispute between the queen and her tyrant arose from Anne's long reluctance to appoint the son-in-law of her female *maître du palais* to the most responsible offices in the English govern-

¹ Cowper MS. Diary.

² From Lambeth-palace library, 941, f. 66 a holograph.

³ Lord Peterborough, in his letter to admiral Wassenaar, August 23, 1706, positively affirms, that after two months' incessant

urging, nothing could induce Charles of Austria to advance to Madrid and seize the crown of Spain, which the British arms had conquered for him. The letters of Peterborough, (Stepney MSS. Brit. Museum.)

ment, every other appointment being already crowded with the Marlborough relatives. Whatsoever sympathy the world in general may feel with the duchess of Marlborough when she taunts her royal mistress with the misfortunes of her family, and above all, with those of her father, James II., it ought to be remembered that it was the boundless indulgence of the latter, and his misplaced trust in Sarah and her husband, that were the immediate causes of the misfortunes with which she reproaches his daughter, who was at the same time a partner in her guilt. Moreover, the queen was in the right respecting the wisdom and justice of the question, even as it regarded the public weal. It was injurious to the cause of the people at large that the greatest offices of state should be monopolized by *one* family; commander-in-chief, lord treasurer, secretaries of state—all filled by Marlborough, his sons-in-law, and the father of another son-in-law. Their connections, meantime, appropriated all lucrative offices, and the daughters formed a phalanx of ladies of the bedchamber round the queen; while the imperious mother, as mistress of the robes and groom of the stole, was supreme over the palace officials, and even royalty itself. Queen Anne was likewise right in her reluctance to investing lord Sunderland with great power; his enormous defalcations, a few years afterwards, proved but too well that he was best at a distance from the temptation of money.¹ Moreover, lord Sunderland resolved to fill whatsoever bishoprics fell vacant according to his own pleasure. Now, lord Sunderland affected not to belong to any denomination of Christianity; can the unhappy queen be blamed if she resisted, to the utmost of her power, the appointment of prelates who suited the ideas or interest of such a man? As the following odious letter was written by this person's mother-in-law instead of going to church one Sunday morning, just at the time of the strong resistance of the queen to appoint lord Sunderland her secretary of state, it may be presumed that resistance was the matter in dispute. The manner in which the palace despot speaks to her queen of "Mrs. Morley's post," and "Mrs. Morley's *place*"—meaning the regal functions, was scarcely exceeded by the verbal indignities of the French revolutionists in the most calamitous days of Louis XVI. It is certain that, in the present century, few gentlewomen born and bred would address the post-mistress of their village in phrases equally discourteous. Oh! how the iron must have entered into the soul of the unhappy queen-regnant of Great Britain, as she recalled the days when she permitted the lowering *aliases* of Morley and Freeman to be used in her correspondence with her climbing bedchamber woman. Those names, under which the reader has seen her carry on the darkest intrigues of her ambitious youth, were now her most venomous scourges.

¹ See lord Mahon's brilliant History of England after the Peace of Utrecht, especially his narrative of the South-Sea bubble.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.¹

(Under the names of Morley and Freeman.)

“Sunday morning, October 20, 1706.

“I must, in the first place, beg leave to remind *you* of the name of Mrs. Morley, and of your faithful Freeman, because without that help I shall not be well able to bring out what I have to say, 'tis so awkward to write anything of this kind in the style of an address, tho' none, I am sure, ever came from a purer heart, nor can be the tenth part so serviceable to *you* if you please; because *they* [query, an address] are generally meant for compliment, which people in Mrs. Morley's post never want, though very often it turns to their own prejudice. What I have to say is of another nature. I will tell *you* the greatest truths in the world, which seldom succeed with anybody so well as flattery. Ever since I received the enclosed letter from Mr. Freeman [the duke of Marlborough], I have been in dispute with myself whether I should send it to Mrs. Morley or not, because his opinion is no news to *you*, and after the great discouragements I have met with—*only* for being faithful to *you*, I concluded it was to no manner of purpose to trouble *you* any more. But reading the letter over and over, and finding that he [the duke of Marlborough] is convinced he must quit Mrs. Morley's service, if she will not be made sensible of the condition she is in, I have at last resolved to send it *you*; and *you* will see by it how full of gratitude Mr. Freeman [the duke of Marlborough] is by his expressions, which were never meant for Mrs. Morley [queen Anne] to see. He is resolved to venture his life and fortune whenever it can be of any use to *you*; and upon recalling everything to my memory that may fill my heart with all that passion and tenderness I had *once* for Mrs. Morley, I do solemnly protest I think I can no ways return what I owe her so well as by being plain and honest. As one mark of it, I desire *you* would reflect whether *you* have never heard that the greatest misfortunes that *has* ever happened to any of *your* family has not been occasioned by having ill advice, and an obstinacy in their tempers?” . . .

And here follow three lines, which the duchess or some person, out of alarm at their contents, has expunged. It ought to be remembered that the motive of this insolent attack was neither regarding any tyranny nor rapacity intended by the queen, but only because she manifested reluctance at putting the entire power of her government in the hands of *one family*—reluctance worthy of a constitutional queen. Thus it was pure self-interest that excited the manifestation of the “plainness and honesty” of which the duchess makes such remarkable parade.

“Though 'tis likely nobody has ever spoken thoroughly to *you* on

¹ Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough; Colburn.

those *just* misfortunes, I fear there is reason to apprehend there is nothing of this in the case of Mrs. Morley, since she has never been able to answer any argument, *or to say anything that has the least colour of reason in it*, and yet will not be advised by those that have given the greatest demonstrations imaginable of being in her interest. I can remember a time when *she* was willing to take advice, and loved those who spoke freely to her, and that is *not five years ago*; ¹ and is it possible that, when *you* seriously reflect, *you* can do the business upon your hands without it? Can flatterers in so short a time have such a power? Or can you think it is safer to take it [advice] from those *you* have little or no experience of, than of those who have raised your glory higher than was ever expected? And let people talk what they please of luck, I am persuaded that whoever governs with the best sense, will be the most fortunate of princes."

This is an incontrovertible apothegm, but not analogous to the object the writer was wrangling to gain; namely, the appointment of her son-in-law to a place of enormous power and profit. It is no manifestation of good sense in a monarch to suffer one grasping family to monopolize every place in an administration.

"I am sure this letter will surprise Mrs. Morley, who, I believe, was in hopes she had got quite rid of me, and should never have heard from me again on any such subject; but instead of that, I have ventured to tell *you* you have a fault. There is no perfection in this world, and whoever will be honest upon that subject, does one in Mrs. Morley's circumstances more service than in venturing a hundred lives for her; and if I had as many, I am sure I could freely hazard them all, to convince her (though I am used as I don't care to repeat) that she never had a more faithful servant. "I beg *you* will let me have this letter again, as well as Mr. Freeman's [the duke of Marlborough's letter, enclosed], because I have some reason to think Mrs. Morley will dislike this letter, as she has done many not written with quite so much freedom, and will accuse me to the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin,² without saying what is my fault, which has often been done; and having no copy of this letter, I would have it to show them in my own vindication."

It seems extraordinary why the duchess did not take the trouble of keeping a copy of her letter, instead of ordering her sovereign, whose domestic she then was, to return her this unique epistle after she had been favoured with its perusal, a proceeding which certainly stands alone in the history

¹ It may be observed how chronologically exact the duchess is regarding the change she had observed in the queen's affections, the reason of which she in vain tormented herself to divine, but which certainly arose from the incident of the gloves.

² The duchess uses the cant names Mr Freeman and Mr. Montgomery, for the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin, and sometimes their own titles in the same letter, which injures its perspicuity.

of royal correspondence. She proceeds with a flow of her usual enthusiastic praises of her own excellences when she contemplates her conduct to the queen:—

“For nothing *sets* so heavy upon me as to be thought in the wrong by Mrs. Morley, *who I have made the best return to that any mortal ever did*. And what I have done has rarely been seen but upon a stage, everybody having some weakness or passion, which is generally watched or humoured in Mrs. Morley's place, most people liking better to do themselves good, than really to serve another; but I have more satisfaction in losing Mrs. Morley's favour upon that principle, than any mercenary courtier ever had in the greatest riches that *has* been given, and though I can't preserve your kindness, you can't hinder me from endeavouring to deserve it by all the ways that are in my power.”

Endorsed by the duchess—“My letter to Mrs. Morley, which you should read before you read hers.”

Would not any one, who had not traced the rise and beginnings of the writer of this letter, suppose that her pure and virtuous mind was “like a star, and dwelt apart,” far from the “practices of mercenary courtiers?” And yet she and “her Mr. Freeman” had contrived to appropriate, by means honest and dishonest, the mighty income of upwards of 90,000*l.* of public money—nearly a tenth of the whole revenue (contested as it was) with which Charles I. carried on the government of his kingdoms without incurring a national debt. No wonder an economical ruler was considered guilty of “just misfortunes” in the eyes of “defaulters of unold millions.”

The queen's actual answer to this assertion of all the disinterested virtues, on occasion of a contest for a shameless monopoly of interest, has not been discovered. The result was, however, that her arrogant palace-despot gained her ends, and her son-in-law was, to the queen's grief, appointed secretary of state; and what gave Anne infinitely more anguish, he was coerced into appointing a bishop of Norwich (his tutor in his religious principles, such as they were) at *his* dictation.¹ The unfortunate queen suffered agonies of mind at this juncture. Her tears and agitation just preceding the crisis had actually touched the heart of one of the family junta—her old servant, Godolphin, who pleaded the cause of their royal mistress in vain to her pitiless tyrant. Few persons could have written a letter of such uncompromising insolence to any one, after the following picture had been drawn by Godolphin.² “You chide me

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 175. A contemporary historian, Cunningham, when unveiling the proceedings of Sunningdale, the father, during his exile in Holland, the revolution, declares “that he gave his son into the care of Trimnel, a pious clergyman in Holland to be instructed in the laws and religion of the Dutch republic.”—Cun-

ningham's Hist. of Great Britain, book ii. p. 97. Thus the new bishop of Norwich, the tutor of a professed freethinker, was a professor of instruction in the Dutch persuasion, although forced into domination over the clergy of the church of England.

² Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

for being touched with the condition in which I saw the queen: you would have been so too, if you had seen the same sight I did. But what troubles me most in all the affair is, that one can't find any way of making her sensible of her mistakes, for I am sure she thinks herself entirely in the right." The whole junta were utterly at fault to imagine in whom the queen reposed the confidence she had withdrawn from the duchess of Marlborough, who actually suspected George Churchill, the favourite of prince George of Denmark, as the confidential adviser of the queen. Her husband, however, exonerated his brother by writing to her these remarkable words:¹ "I cannot but think you lay a great deal more to George Churchill's charge than he deserves; for the queen has no good opinion of him, nor ever speaks to him."

The poor queen had scarcely taken breath after the letter of the duchess, wherein the disappointment of ambition was vented under the assumption of untainted patriotism, when her torments were varied by the high-minded stateswoman—the judge of erring dynasties, and hurler of judgments against her immediate benefactors—plunging, direct from her altitudes, into the midst of an insurrection of palace-chambermaids concerning—old clothes. As the particulars of this dispute are only recorded by the duchess's own pen, the facts can scarcely be considered as represented unfavourably to herself. From her narrative on this absurd subject may be gathered, that the queen was deeply offended by her previous conduct, and "that she considered herself *then* as much out of favour as she ever had been since, when the rupture with the queen was public and open." It was characteristic of the duchess of Marlborough, that after she had, by the most deliberate outrages of tongue and pen, estranged the affection of her royal mistress, she forthwith began to inquire what new favourite had prejudiced the queen against her, and to whose ill offices she could attribute her majesty's coldness. As yet, her suspicions had not glanced at her cousin, Abigail Hill; but in the course of the domestic *emeute* touching the queen's cast-clothes, her jealousy first received this direction. It will be seen, according to her own version, that the duchess distributed old mantuas, old gowns, old petticoats, commodes, headclothes, and *mantes*, with the justice of a Solon; nevertheless, the bedchamber women and dressers were perverse enough to declare, that "she kept all the queen's *best* old clothes for herself."² Among the minor objects of the duchess of Marlborough's jealousy was Mrs. Danvers, bedchamber woman, whose name occurs frequently, as if she were near the queen's person, from her youth until the last day of her life. The duchess had tried to persuade queen Anne, "that Mrs. Danvers was a spy on her majesty;" but on whose account, her deposition sayeth not. The queen was likewise informed, that Mrs.

¹ Private correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough; duke of Marlborough to the duchess.

² Coxe Papers, inedited; Brit. Mus., 9121.

Danvers had said "false and impertinent things of the duchess, and therefore ought to be dismissed from the royal household;"¹ nevertheless, the old servant was retained.

In hopes of placing all parties above these most wretched wranglings, her majesty generously gave her bedchamber women 500*l.* per annum, and New-year's gifts; and thus, according to the phraseology of the duchess, "put herself on the foot of a king,"—meaning that the queen gave her women of the bedchamber the same allowance that the kings of England accorded their grooms of the chamber. If Queen Anne thought she could preserve peace by her liberality, she was the more mistaken: the loud squabbles of the mighty duchess relative to her cast garments raged higher than ever. It was conceded by her grace "that the queen's mistress of the robes was a particular place; and the bedchamber women had no more right to her majesty's clothes than the grooms of the bedchamber, who never had anything but a part of his linen, had to take them from a king's master of the robes. However, I never failed to give the queen's women three or four mantuas² and petticoats every year, some little thing to her sempstress, with a *mante* or two to the women that looked after her clothes. There would not be more than two or three *for my own* service. The crossers railed at me everywhere, and said 'I took from them all the old clothes for myself,' though, in this case, everybody that had common sense must know they *all* belonged to me, and none of them to the bedchamber women after *she* came to be queen. When *she* was princess, by all the old rules of courts, they were but to have half the old clothes between them. I began this paper to show the power of 'my Abigail' in obliging Mrs. Danvers, whom she once hated, and her daughter too, who she thought did not look like a human creature, and was always the queen's version until the times changed."³ The first hint which directed the angry jealousy of the duchess against her quiet kinswoman, Abigail Hill, appears to have arisen from this Mrs. Danvers, who, believing herself to be dying, sent for the duchess, and implored her "to protect her daughter, and let her be in her place." The duchess told her she could not, for she was then on bad terms with the queen; which observation led to a long discussion by the sick woman against Abigail Hill, of her wickedness and ill principles, and secret enmity to the duchess, with a story of her behaviour when the queen took her to Bath. At this time, Abigail was still Mrs. Hill (or, in modern parlance, Miss Hill), and from the narrative may be gathered that the queen and the duchess of Marlborough were at serious variance in 1706. Some kind of some pacification took place, which tottered on until the grand and

¹ Coxe Papers, inedited; Brit. Mus. 9121.

Mantuas are court trains, open robes worn over rich *jupes*, or kirtles; *manties*, cloaks with hoods.

² Coxe Papers, Brit. Mus.; vol. xlv., inedited.

irreconcilable rupture. One cause of complaint was, that the duchess wanted to thrust into the queen's service a Mrs. Vain,¹ as bedchamber woman: her brother had fallen in one of the Marlborough battles, and lord Godolphin pressed the queen mightily to admit this "Mrs. Vain," who was very well bred and agreeable, in her service. The queen looked uneasy at the proposal, which the duchess afterwards believed was owing to the fact that Abigail did not love "mistress Vain." All the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin could say to the queen could not prevail on her to receive "the Vain" into her service. Her majesty answered, "She did not want a bedchamber woman," and when she did, she would not have any married person for the future." The first vacancy that occurred, the queen took Miss Danvers, the "inhuman-looking" daughter of her old servant, on purpose to keep mistress "Vain" out; a circumstance that enraged the whole family junta, male and female. How sedulously the queen was watched, and how low the prime-minister and the commander-in-chief descended, to waste time in intrigues concerning the appointment of a bedchamber woman, this tirade of the duchess can prove.² Her jealousy had not, even then, settled permanently on her cousin Abigail.

CHAPTER VIII.

To her people queen Anne looked, as the only means of atonement, pardon, and peace for the wrongs she had committed in her youth. To her they replaced the children, of which inexorable justice (if her expressed conviction may be quoted) had deprived her. Few readers of history have given this queen-regnant credit for the great good she actually did when on the throne; still fewer have given her credit for the extreme difficulty she had in performing it, struggling with the inertness of cruel disease, with her own want of historical and statistical education, and, worse than all, with the rapacity of favourites and factions, the nurturers of wars and revolutions for lucre of private gain. In truth, queen Anne is an instance of how much real good may be done by the earnest intentions of one individual, of moderate abilities and no pretence, actually bent on actions beneficial to humanity. Those who bow the knee in idol-worship before the splendour of human talent, would find it difficult to produce two measures of equal benefit to this island, performed by any queen-regnant of acknowledged power of mind and brightness of genius, with those brought to bear by queen Anne, and which were her own personal acts. The one is "the Bounty" she bestowed on the impoverished clergy of the Church of England; the other is the Union of England and Scotland. It is indisputable that the

¹ Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum; vol. xlv., inedited. So spelled; perhaps the name is Vane.

² *Ibid.*

most influential persons around her, the duchess of Marlborough and the lord Somers, hated the former and strongly opposed the latter important measure, the necessity for which was felt, not only by the queen, but by rational people of both countries. Lasting and ruinous civil wars, such as had occasionally desolated the island for centuries, were the only prospect Great Britain could look forward to, since the Scottish parliamentary convention had refused to ratify the settlement in favour of the next Protestant heiress to the island crowns—the princess Sophia. A considerable party among the Scottish populace had re-echoed this determination outside of the hall of convention at Holyrood in their usual style, by historical ballads:—

“The Lutheran dame may be gone,
Our foes shall address us no more;
If the *treaty*¹ should never go on,
The old woman is turned to the door.”

Unless the Union had been completed in the lifetime of queen Anne, Scotland must have been separated from England, as the convention² of that realm had, since the queen's accession, passed a statute, repudiating from the Scottish crown any sovereign whom the English parliaments might place on the throne.

The queen had found some support against the domestic tyranny established by the duchess of Marlborough in the friendship of her kinsmen, the duke of Hamilton and the earl of Marr; and to them she undoubtedly confided the injuries she suffered from her ungrateful favourite, since the pen of Lockhart of Carnwath, the member for Edinburgh, and one of the commissioners of the Union, has recorded the utter penury to which that person subjected her generous mistress, refusing to supply her, without a furious contest, with the least sum from the privy-purse, of which she was the keeper, and, by all account, the appropriator. Perhaps the state of deplorable poverty to which the queen was subjected while surrounded by the mockery of dazzling splendour was not the least punishment she had to endure for having once made an idol of the evil woman who now sorely tormented her. Anne's disposition was bountiful, therefore she felt this contradiction severely. In the course of Anne's career as princess, few charities or generous actions appear. It may be reasonably considered that she was deprived of all means of performing them, since, even in her regnal life, at the period when she had commenced some struggles to free herself from the domination that oppressed her, the duchess of Marlborough would neither permit her to be generous nor charitable. Lockhart of Carnwath, the intimate friend of the duke of Hamilton, the only real

¹ In the year 1703, the question of the Hanoverian succession, submitted to the senate of Scotland, was negatived by fifty-seven votes. Treaty for the union of England and Scotland.

² The Scottish convention signifies the whole Scottish senate, nobles and knights of the shire, and burghers, who sat together convened in one hall, as at Holyrood or Stirling

confidant of queen Anne, has left the following anecdotes of the state of her majesty's privy-purse in 1706: "When the queen happened to have occasion to call for a small sum of money, the duchess of Marlborough, who kept her privy-purse, would tell her, 'It was not fit to squander away money whilst so heavy a war lasted; though, at the same time, a vast sum of the public money was annually bestowed in building the duke of Marlborough's magnificent house at Woodstock.'¹ I remember that, just then, one Mrs. Dalrymple brought up from Scotland a very fine japanned cabinet, which, being her own work, she presented to the queen; but it was more than six months before her majesty could be mistress of fifty guineas, which she designed to give as a return for the compliment—that sum, indeed, being scarcely the value of it." As for charity the queen dared not make the demand of the dragon who guarded her gold. A case of touching distress became known to her of the sad fate of Sir Andrew Foster, a gentleman who had spent his life as her father's faithful servant; he had likewise been ruined in fortune by his adherence to him. The queen had known him when she was a child; and when she was informed that he had expired of famine in some wretched abode in London—his destitution having been so complete that he left not wherewithal for the purposes of interment—shocked at the fate of the unfortunate Jacobite, she was desirous that he might be decently buried. Yet her majesty, in all points, excepting food, lodging, and clothing, was as poor as the unconscious object of her remorseful charity, for which she obtained a loan of twenty guineas of lady Fretcheville, one of her ladies.²

The opposition of the duke of Hamilton to the Union was constant and effectual, until, on a sudden, it ceased. His conduct was considered, by all statesmen in and near those times, as most mysterious; but it was generally supposed that he was gained by the personal influence of queen Anne, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship. The secret has been divulged by Charles Hamilton (the duke's son by the unfortunate lady Barbara Fitzroy), who has given a quotation from a despatch of lord Middleton, prime-minister to the titular king at St. Germain's. James Stuart saw the progress of the Union with satisfaction, for the woful experience of a century of regal calamity in his family had convinced him that the island-empire would always be rent into miserable weakness until that long-needed measure should take place. He entreated the duke of Hamilton to forbear from further opposition to the Union, as he had it extremely at heart to give his sister (queen Anne) this proof of his ready compliance with her wishes, not doubting but

¹ It has been proved, that the Marlboroughs drew from the public purse at that very moment the enormous revenue of 64,000*l.* per annum; before the death of the duke, their income amounted to 94,000*l.* Yet, in the first

year of queen Anne's reign, they were so much limited in their means, as to have no conveyance of their own.

² Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers, vol. i. p. 316.

he should have one day the power of making amends to his ancient kingdom.¹

As the queen completed the Union while the duchess of Marlborough ostensibly governed her, it has been attributed to the influence of that person and her party. The assertion is completely erroneous. Witness the words of Maynwaring, the confidant of the duchess, and himself one of the under-ministers of state: "As for your Scots," says he, writing to her,² "it is impossible for you to think worse of them than I do, or to apprehend more mischief from them; and I think your being against the Union should always be remembered to your everlasting honour, for without that, it had been impossible for these people to have supported themselves for a month." The duchess of Marlborough was not the only person in violent opposition to the Union. Lord-chancellor Somers, soon after president of the council, did all he could to prevent the repeal of the cruel torture-laws pertaining to the Scottish national constitution, which, together with many savage customs in executions, were among the worst abuses which this salutary union swept away. Lord Somers opposed the abolition of torture, appointed at the will and pleasure of the Scottish council of state, "until after the death of the pretended prince of Wales."³ The tragedy of Nevill Payne, the Jacobite, whom we have shown tortured to death under the regal authority of Mary II., at a time when this Somers was in the English ministry, cannot be forgotten; his argument would betray the use his colleagues in Scotland had made of it since the revolution.⁴

Notwithstanding all opposition, the measure was passed early in the year 1707, both in Scotland and England. Queen Anne signed the Union, and ratified it, with great state, in presence of the Scottish commissioners, her own ministers, and the members of both houses of parliament. In the act of signing the ratification, the queen is said to have made use of words worthy of a more enlightened statist than herself. "The union with Scotland," she said, "is the happiness of my reign."⁵ On the same day, April 24, 1707, her majesty dissolved the last English house of commons, and finally summoned the first united parliament of Great Britain, to meet on the 23rd of the ensuing October. The queen celebrated the Union by a national festival. A few days afterwards she went in solemn procession to St. Paul's-cathedral, on May-day, 1707, when she returned hearty thanksgivings for the successful completion of an act of legislature which, she rightly foretold, would prove

¹ Hamilton's Transactions, quoted in Continuation of History of England; Sir J. Mackintosh.

² Cox's MSS.

³ Continuation of Mackintosh's History of England, vol. ix.

⁴ Torture was used then in private criminal cases, as the London Gazette, of April 1689, more than once mentions, with the coolness

of customary occurrence, that the murderer of Sir George Lockhart had been repeatedly tortured by order of the Scottish council, to force him to disclose his accomplices, without effect. Brit. Museum.

⁵ Vie de la reine Anne Stuart, printed at Amsterdam, 1715; and Edmund Calauys's Diary, vol. ii.

the true happiness of her reign. The magnificent routine of ceremonials which attended her majesty's May-day festival was an easy and pleasant part of the affair; but owing to the corrupt mode in which her ministry brought the Union into practical effect, Scotland, in the course of a few ensuing weeks, was almost in a state of open rebellion.

The queen's attention was, about the same period, diverted from these affairs of vital moment concerning her realms, to a fresh explosion of palace-dissension, arising from a cause which, for three succeeding years, left her little peace in the hours of domestic retirement. The strife originated in the furious jealousy now manifested in the behaviour of the duchess of Marlborough against her kinswoman, Abigail Hill. There is reason to suppose, from the extraordinary part taken by the queen in the secret marriage of this attendant with her page, Samuel Masham, that the suspicions of the duchess of Marlborough against her kinswoman had burst into open fury before that wedlock, which did not occur until the summer of 1707. The poor queen certainly played a strange part in the transaction, forgetting her sovereign dignity so far as to go into a corner of the palace to become witness of a stolen marriage between two persons of full age, who had the leave of no person to ask concerning their union, excepting perhaps her own, out of deference. And the queen condescended to such arrangement, in order that all parties might keep safe from the wrath of the imperious duchess; the whole forms a palace-incident too ridiculous for belief, were it not verified on all sides. How long the knot, tied in the presence of majesty, between Abigail and Samuel would have remained concealed in romantic mystery there is no knowing, if poor queen Anne, whose hand, like that of her unfortunate ancestors, was ever open to give, had not thought proper to dower the bride very handsomely from the privy-purse.

"The conduct," says the duchess, "both of the queen and Abigail, convinced me that there was some mystery: thereupon I set myself to inquire as particularly as I could into it, and in less than a week's time I discovered that my cousin was become an absolute favourite; that the queen herself was present at her marriage in Dr. Arbuthnot's lodgings, at which time her majesty had called for a round sum from the privy purse."¹ To add to these enormities, the inquiring duchess ascertained "that Mrs. Masham came often to the queen when the prince was asleep—he was then a declining invalid, and took naps in the middle of the day—and she was generally two hours every day in private with her. And I likewise then discovered, beyond all dispute, Mr. Harley's correspondence and interest at court by the means of this woman." She adds, "I was struck with astonishment at such an instance of ingratitude, and should not have believed it, if there had been any room for doubting." The duchess wrote a most exaggerated statement of these trivial circum-

¹ Conduct.

stances to her husband, who replied to her inflated complaints with the same calmness and good sense which had aided him in attaining the top of the ladder of ambition. "The wisest thing," he wrote, "is to have to do with as few people as possible. If you are sure Mrs. Masham speaks of business to the queen, I should think you might, with some caution, tell her of it, which would do good; for she certainly must be grateful and will mind what you say."¹ The duchess did not heed the temperate advice of her husband, but inflamed her mind with cogitations on the barbarity, ingratitude, and wickedness of the "queen's intrigues" with her cousin—a homely dresser, or chamber-woman. It is difficult to imagine how the word "intrigues" could apply to her majesty's conversations with her authorized servant during the day—numbers of her invalid and declining husband, since it was on Abigail Masham all personal assistance that the queen required in attending on him devolved; and at night she slept on a pallet, in the ante-chamber to her majesty's bedroom, within call. The queen often supported prince George when he was labouring under his dreadful attacks of asthma, and she required some help beyond what her own strength could afford.²

The terror that the queen's tyrant inspired may be ascertained by the fact, that Abigail Hill, of full age, and apparent liberty to please herself (indeed, she must have been what is usually called an old maid), could not marry a fellow-servant without keeping so un-romantic a wedlock profoundly secret to the world in general. The poor woman, although supported by her royal mistress, actually retained her own name for more than a year, for fear of the tigerish rage into which queen Anne fell knew the Marlborough duchess would be pleased to transport herself. Very much perplexed seems the duchess of Marlborough to have been in her endeavour to make out a case of injury to herself, or any one else, from the queen's intimacy with Abigail Masham. In the course of her investigation, she says, "My reflection quickly brought to my mind many passages which had seemed odd, but had left no impressions of jealousy. Particularly I remembered that, a long while before this occurred, being with the queen—to whom I had gone very privately, by a secret passage from my lodging to the royal bedchamber—on a sudden this woman, Abigail, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible; but upon the sight of me, stopped, and immediately asked, making a most solemn artsy, 'Did your majesty ring?' and then went out again." The queen and her attendant had already been taken to task and duly lectured for the stolen marriage, her majesty's portion of the objurcation was administered in the following manner: "The next opportunity I had of being alone with the queen, I could not forbear putting her in mind 'that she

¹ Dated Meldest, Germany, June 3, 1707; Conduct.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

used to say' when she was desired to keep anything a secret, she would tell it however to me, because, according to Montaigne's observation, telling a thing to a friend, is only telling it to oneself; yet she had kept the secret of my cousin Hill marrying Mr. Masham a long time from me. But the only thing I was concerned at, that it plainly showed a change in her majesty towards me, as I had once before observed to her, when the queen was pleased to say, 'that it was not *she* that was changed, but me; and that if I was the same to her, she was sure she was to me.' The queen added, with a good deal of earnestness, 'I believe I have spoken to Masham a hundred times to tell you of her marriage, but she would not.' This startled me, and blind as I had been before, I began to open my eyes when I came to reflect upon these words, which plainly implied that Mrs. Masham had often had consultations with the queen, though she would not have been thought to presume to speak to her majesty about this, or anything else. Mrs. Masham told me, regarding her marriage, 'she believed the other bedchamber woman had told the queen of it,' so far was she from owning to her inquisitor that the queen had acted as witness of the same. In the course of the fierce scrutiny henceforth instituted by the imperious duchess on the queen and Mrs. Masham in the sick room of the declining prince, she betrays the system of espionage kept up by her on these important palace secrets. "When the queen went privately to Abigail's wedding in the Scotch doctor's chamber," says the duchess, "the fact was discovered by a boy belonging to one of the under-servants, who saw her [the queen] going alone. After this," continues the duchess, "I went three or four nights together to the queen, hoping to do some good with her; but I generally found Mrs. Masham in the waiting-room, ready to go in as I came out. One of these times, as I passed by her, I told her that I had a desire to have some talk with her; and she answered me with a low curtsy and a great deal of humility, 'that she would wait upon me.'"¹ The duchess changed her mind in regard to her first intention, of giving "the party suspected" of ill offices with the queen a sound personal rating; instead of which, she wrote to her an angry letter from Woodstock palace. The superior style of the answer astonished her, and she became convinced that the serving-maid kinswoman had been prompted by her other cousin, the statesman Harley. Here the far-seeing duchess was mistaken, for Mrs. Masham wrote in a better style than secretary Harley, or the duchess, or any of the courtiers of the era, as any one may ascertain who compares their respective compositions.² Mrs. Masham had a large red nose, was very plain, and had miserable health; but she was a person of talent, and must have educated herself amidst the privations and miseries of her early life. It does not appear that she was guilty of any of the

¹ Coxe Papers; MS. letter, hitherto inedited.

² See the Swift Correspondence. Swift himself speaks very highly of her abilities.

circumventing ingratitude on which the duchess rails in theatrical rant, using the words “barbarous,” “horrid,” and even “ghastly.”¹ Much trouble would have been saved to the queen, if she had authorized Mrs. Masham to say to her cousin, “The confidential intimacy between the queen and me originated with *yourself*; for the queen, by accident, overheard you railing on her to me, and expressing loathing and hatred to her person without provocation, about a mere trifle. Hence the change in her heart and affections towards you.” But this was never done, and the duchess continued to search and strike in the dark, like a blind person enraged.

The queen’s attention was at last aroused from these grovelling wranglings, by the alarming state into which her favourite measure of the Union had plunged Scotland. Yet, in all justice, it ought to be added, that the discontents arose from the flagrant perversion of a large sum the English parliament had voted, as “equivalent” to Scotland, for the purposes of private interest and speculation, for no tittle of which was the sovereign accountable. The “equivalent money,” which was to smooth all impediments to the practical working of the union of Scotland with England, consisted of 398,085*l.* 10*s.* paid to Scotland as indemnity for a certain portion of the national debt, then first saddled on Scotland, which thenceforth bore an equality of taxation with England for the purposes of paying the interest. Unfortunately, none of the “equivalent” found its way into the possession of the great body of the people, or even of the middle-class tax-payers, who forthwith had to pay imposts on malt, salt, and all the endless inflictions of the excise. The poor commonalty showed their indignation by pelting the twelve waggons, that carried the “equivalent money” graciously sent by the queen’s ministry, through Edinburgh to the gates of the castle. Although a party of Scotch dragoons was the escort, this pitiless pelting could not be averted; indeed the guard, as well as the money-carts, took refuge in the sheltering walls of the fortress, thoroughly encased and encrusted with mud. No sooner was the treasure safely lodged in the castle, than a plot was hatched to seize it, by force or fraud, and effect a division somewhat different from that intended by the queen’s ministry. John Kerr of Kersland, esq., the leader of the Cameronians, was one of those persons who, like Marlborough, Godolphin, and the rest of the aristocracy, intrigued on both sides, and made ready to swim, either as Jacobite or revolutionist, as the tide set the strongest; he obtained information of this scheme, or rather, it is supposed, contrived it himself, and then denounced it to the duke of Queensberry, who was to receive the largest slice of the equivalent. The duke seemed surprised, but requested the informer “to go into the measures of the conspirators;” and that he might do so with security, the duke obtained for him a document, called “a privy seal,”

¹ Coxe MSS.

from the queen.¹ Her hand is not expected to be found among dark and treacherous schemes which recall to memory the turbulent under-currents of plots that agitated, not only public, but domestic life in the two preceding centuries. The last organized struggle against the union of England and Scotland was dissolved by this intrigue. The celebrated "equivalent" rested safely in the fortress of the good city until it was divided among those who had earned it, and the whole island, content or malcontent, obeyed ostensibly the sceptre of queen Anne as queen of Great Britain, instead of the sovereign of the separate governments of England and Scotland.

The Cameronians, however, showed their displeasure at the proceedings of Anne I., queen of Scotland, by formally deposing her at the Mercat-cross; the poets of the north exhaled their indignation in a different mode; and many quaint and comical ballads still remain in oral memory, which, as illustrative of the Union, must, by the way, be pretty considerable enigmas to "the spinners and knitters in the sun," if they are chanted by them at the present day.

"Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel e'en to our Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And I weed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

Anne's Great Seal was cancelled on occasion of the Union and a new one designed: instead of her figure delineated, as formerly, on equestrian progress, with greyhounds coursing by the side of her steed, her majesty was represented seated on a rock as Britannia with the Union flag flying near her, and the intersected cross of St. Andrew and St. George, national, from that time on her shield.²

The well-known asseveration of the queen, in her first speech after her accession, that "her heart was entirely English," had passed into a sort of motto-proverb, and was inscribed on various of her medals. These words were retorted by English satire, as a taunt on her supposed partiality to the Scotch after the Union:—

"The queen has lately lost a part,
Of her 'entirely English heart;'
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with Scotch."

¹ "ANNE, R. Whereas we are fully sensible of the fidelity and loyalty of John Kerr of Kersland, esq., and of the services he performed to us and to our government, we therefore grant him this our royal leave and license to keep company and associate himself with such as are disaffected to us and to our government, in such way and manner as he

shall judge most for our service.

"Given under our royal hand, at our castle of Windsor, the 7th of July, 1707; of our reign the sixth year. "ANNE, R."

Life of Calamy.

² Engravings of Medals and Seals; Brit. Museum.

The very small number of sixteen, elected as their representatives by the Scottish nobles, had been fixed with reference to the number who sat in the house of lords as English peers; queen Anne's parliament, however, denied such noblemen the privileges of their English peerages—a wrong which has been rectified at a later period. As a consolatory mark of favour for the injury of depriving the duke of Hamilton of his seat in the house of lords as duke of Brandon, the queen stood godmother in person for his third son; and, following the example of the celebrated queen of Louis XII., Anne of Bretagne, her majesty gave the boy her own name of Anne, unsheltered by the addition of any masculine baptismal name. The noble young Hamilton was, perforce, called "lord Anne," from his infancy to his arrival at guardsman's estate; for lord Anne Hamilton, although not quite so much celebrated, was (like his partner in nominal affliction, the great Anne duke de Montmorency) a valiant soldier.

In the sixth year of queen Anne, war with Russia was impending, owing to an odd circumstance in regard to the ambassador of Peter the Great, which occasioned important alterations in the laws of this country concerning foreign ministers. Prince Matveof, after attending the queen's levee, and taking formal leave of her when recalled to Russia, was arrested in St. James's-street, on the writ of Mr. Morton, laceman of Covent-garden, July 27, 1707, and hurried, with much indignity, to a spunging-house.¹ The noble Russian, who did not seem to comprehend the cause of the attack, resisted his capture manfully, laid several of the bailiff's posse low in the kennel, and wounded grievously more than one of them. There does not appear to have been the slightest intention to wrong the tradesman, and for the debt satisfaction was instantly given. Of course the Russian ambassador left England in great disgust, and made a very serious complaint to the czar of the insult. All beneficial intercourse of trade was immediately stopped by the czar, who threatened war; on which queen Anne entered into an explanation that the insult did not originate from any wrong intended by her or by her ministers, but from a tradesman that prince Matveof had employed. Czar Peter, however, answered by requesting "the high and mighty princess Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to return him by bearer the head of Morton, the laceman of Covent-garden, together with the heads and hands of any of his aiders and abettors that her majesty might have incarcerated in her dungeons and prisons for their assault on prince Matveof." The queen, who had very little knowledge regarding the varied customs of the kingdoms of the earth, was at once amazed and vexed at this oriental demand of the heads and hands of Mr. Morton and the bailiff's followers concerned in executing the writ. She desired her secretary "to assure the czar, that she had not the disposal of any heads in her kingdom but those

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet. Toone's Chronology.

forfeited by the infraction of certain laws, which Mr. Morton and his posse had not infringed." Czar Peter either could not or would not believe such was the case, and yet he had himself been long enough in England, in the preceding reign, studying ship-carpentry at Sayes-court, Deptford, to know that Englishmen did not have their heads and hands chopped off at the caprice of the crown. However, if he knew better, his boyars did not, and the angry correspondence between him and queen Anne or her ministers continued for two years.¹ Luckily the queen or her council thought of sending one of her officials, Mr. Whitworth, who understood Russian language and usages, to explain, that "although nothing had been acted against prince Matveof but what the English laws allowed, yet those laws were very bad and inhospitable ones, and that her majesty had had them repealed; so that his imperial majesty's ambassadors could never be subjected to such an insult and injury again." Such concession was no compliment, but mere matter-of-fact, which the queen, for the sake of the peace of her capital, was glad to extend to all the ambassadors and resident-ministers who came to England. From the reign of Anne, the persons of ambassadors and individuals of their suites have enjoyed the privilege of freedom from arrest.² According to court regulations, the persons of ambassadors had previously been sacred in England, but not, it seems, beyond the precincts of the royal residences. The regulations of queen Anne prevented the recurrence, not only of discontent, but of more violent or savage scenes. Czar Peter was the more exacting, because the duke of Marlborough, that summer, was paying great diplomatic homage to his rival, Charles XII., and treating him as the umpire of the war in Germany. The deference paid to the young warlike Swede lasted not long; the duke of Marlborough bestowed on him no further attention, when he had bowed and complimented him out of his way. It is said that Charles XII. was indignant at the finery of Marlborough's dress. Marlborough was shocked at the want of French, and bad writing, of the Swedish hero. "I am to make the king of Sweden's (Charles XII.) excuse, that his letter to her majesty queen Anne is not in his own hand. The reason given me was, that the king could not write French; but the truth is, the handwriting of Charles XII. is so bad, that her majesty could not have read it."³

The queen's unwise condescension, in making herself a party at the secret marriage of Abigail Hill and Samuel Masham, had now given to the duchess of Marlborough a tangible object of rivalry in royal favour,

¹ The State-paper Office contains a voluminous correspondence on this incident.

² A wise and just law, since no tradesman is compelled to give them credit, or to deal otherwise than for ready money; while, previously, the most infamous impositions were known to have taken place on the inexperience of foreigners. Likewise, instead of giving ambassadors precedence, as at present,

according to the date of their several arrivals, they contended for it according to the supposed rank of the sovereigns they represented. The London populace infinitely enjoyed these frays, and even preferred seeing the "mounseers" fight, to witnessing their own pugilistic encounters.

³ Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum

which had long caused her the most restless researches. An historian, taking notice of her vehement complaints of Mrs. Masham's thanklessness, observes: "It is true she was her near relative, and the defect of base ingratitude seems to run in her family." He declares, withal, "that she should have chosen her watch-dog on the queen, when she became too grand or too indolent to perform the needful office of keeping guard on her, from a better breed."¹

Whilst the duchess was in the mood for reviling, she penned the queen the following choice epistle. In the course of the letter she alludes to the princess Sophia, whose visit to England was so much dreaded by the queen as to occasion it to be a threat alternately held over her by two, at least, of the contending parties into which her subjects were divided:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.²

(Under the usual names of Morley and Freeman.)

"August 6, 1707.

"Lord Marlborough has written to me to put your majesty in mind of count Wratislaw's picture, and in the same letter desires me to ask for one that he sent lord treasurer [lord Godolphin], which came from Hanover, which I have seen, and which I know you would not have me trouble you with; and I have been so often discouraged in things of this nature, that I believe nobody in the world but myself would attempt it. But I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, and to let her run on in so many mistakes, that must of necessity draw her into great misfortunes at last, is just as if one should see a friend's house on fire and let them be burnt in their beds without endeavouring to wake them, only because they had taken laudanum, and did not desire to be disturbed. This is the very case of poor dear Mrs. Morley; nothing seems agreeable to her but what comes from the artifices of one that has always been reported to have a great talent that way.

"I heartily wish she [the queen] may discover her true friends before she suffers for the want of that knowledge; but as for the business of calling for the princess Sophia over, I don't think that will be so easily prevented as, perhaps, she [the queen, to whom the letter is written] may flatter herself it will, though I can't think there can be many, at least that *know how ridiculous a creature* she [the princess Sophia] is, that can be in their hearts for her. But we are a divided nation," resumes the self-sufficient censurer of all sorts and conditions of her contemporaries. "Some are Jacobites, that cover themselves with the name of *tory* and yet are against the crown: others are so ignorant, that they really believe the calling over any of the house of Hanover will secure the succession and the protestant religion. And some of those

¹ Ralph's Answer to the Conduct.

² Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum.

gentlemen that *do* know better, and that have for so many years supported the true interest against the malice of all the inventions of the enemies of this government, I suppose will grow easy, and will grow pretty indifferent—at least in what they may be of no ill consequence, further than in displeasing the court, not only in this of the princess Sophia, but in anything else that may happen. As Mrs. Morley orders her affairs, she can't expect much strength to oppose anything where she is most concerned. Finding Mrs. Morley had so little time to spare, unless it be to speak to those who are more agreeable, or that say what she likes on these subjects, I have taken *the liberty to write* an answer to this—which you will say is sincere, and can be no great trouble only to sign it with Morley."

It is an enigma to know what the duchess of Marlborough meant by the last paragraph of this epistle, unless she had finished up the insult by enclosing an answer to her own audacious attack, mimicking the manner of the queen's probable reply. But the duchess of Marlborough was not the only one of queen Anne's subjects that held vexatious controversies with her majesty at the same period. The diary left by the venerable herald-king, Sir Peter le Neve, Norroy, contains most amusing minutes of the disputes he had with his liege lady, on account of her persisting in bestowing knighthood on one William Read of Durham-yard, whom she called her oculist. Sir Peter formally placed before her majesty the following cogent list of professional objections to the said knighthood.¹ Firstly, because the man the queen delighted to honour was a cobbler's son in a certain town called Halesworth, county Suffolk. Secondly, because he had passed his youth travelling in the said pleasant county in the service of a mountebank, officiating as his "Mr. Merriman." Thirdly, notwithstanding his name of Read, the queen's knight and oculist could neither read nor write. And worse than all, "he had fraudulently appropriated a certain blue griffin *segriant*, pertaining to a worshipful family of the Reads in county Suffolk, to which animal he had no hereditary right." Sir Peter meant to proceed against good queen Anne's medical merry-andrew, and bring him under all the pains and penalties the court of arms could inflict touching the said wrongful blue griffin. The queen replied, "that she knighted Read because he had saved the eyesight of many thousands of her soldiers and sailors, curing them of blindness." The same year, her majesty likewise knighted her physician, Edward Haines, whose parents, Sir Peter informed her, "sold herbs in Bloomsbury-market," wheresoever that might be. There is little doubt but that Sir William Read had availed himself of some valuable specific sold by his former master, the mountebank, and that the queen herself had felt permanent benefit from it.

¹ MS. diary of Sir Peter le Neve, Norroy king-at-arms.

The wrath of the Norroy herald was ineffectual, the queen's knights remained Sir William and Sir Edward, despite of the flaws found in their pedigrees. The dispute was but a droll interlude among the stormy scenes which occurred at cabinet councils, where the queen was often agitated by the attacks of the family junta who now entirely composed them. A playful allusion is to be found in the following extract from a letter, with which we were favoured by his grace the late duke of Devonshire, from Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Marlboroughs, and wife to Godolphin's son.—

LADY RIALTON TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

* * * * * "Sept. 23, 1707.

"Wee are all well here, and like mightily *the queen's throwing back her chair* being a strong argument for the dissolution. All letters, *wee* hear, are opened; this can't be, because it comes by a servant of the duchess of Marlborough's. I am, my lord duke's, and your grace's, with great sincerity and respect, most faithful, obedient, and humble servant,

"HTT. RIALTON."¹

Her majesty passed the heat of the summer at Windsor, pursuing her usual amusement of hunting the stag in her high-wheeled chair: the queen must have had great skill in driving, or that species of good luck which often attends persons of headlong courage, or she would have met with a series of disasters similar to that which befell her friend the duchess of Somerset, when following the royal hunt on her majesty's track in the same species of vehicle. The duchess gives a lively description of her fall, and her letter² at the same time affords a view of life at Windsor-castle between one and two centuries ago.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

"Windsor, Sept. y^e 30th, 1707.

"I hope, dearest madam, you will find lady Harborough here; for though she has had the gout in her hand, 'tis now so much better, that she thinks she shall be able to come a-Saturday, in order to come into waiting [on her majesty], or a-Munday. I hope she will have better luck than I had; for I was overturned in *the chaise*³ yesterday, and everybody thought I had broken all my bones, but, thank God, I had a little hurt as was possible.

"I am, deare madam, y^r grace's most faithfull, humble servant.

"E. SOMERSET."

The duchess seems to connect the overturn in the chaise with the duties

¹ The letter is signed Htt. Rialton, the first name seeming to be a contraction of Henrietta.

² Devonshire Papers (inedited), copied by

permission. The duchess of Devonshire was daughter of lady Rachel Russell

³ The chaise was the hunting-chair

of the lady in waiting who was evidently expected to follow her royal mistress in her sylvan pastime, in the same species of dangerous vehicle.

Without fatiguing the reader with the wrangling correspondence addressed, at this period, from Woodstock to Mrs. Masham at Windsor, wherein the queen is not mentioned, although her majesty's favour was the object of dispute, the queen left Windsor and took away the interesting bride, Abigail, with her Samuel, to wait on her at the Newmarket October meeting, where the royal family remained a whole month, and returned to town in time to open her first parliament of Great Britain, November 6, 1707, when she made a speech containing her usual entreaties that good-will and friendship might prevail among all ranks and parties of her subjects, especially in regard to cementing the newly-made Union. The Scotch, in an access of discontent, were already getting up petitions for dissolving it, and the English were giving themselves a superfluity of arrogant airs on the disgrace and displeasure they felt at perforce associating in one senate-room with their northern neighbours, and showed, withal, no slight touches of that jealousy of the queen's Scottish connexions which formed remarkable features in the reign of James I. Turning from these public troubles to the internal warfare in her palace, the queen still strove to soothe the rage of her tyrant-duchess, by letters full of the most submissive expressions. On her majesty's return to Kensington, where she went to reside on account of the prince's asthma during the foggy month of November, she indited the following epistle, as an apology for leaving unanswered the foregoing inimitable missive from the duchess, part of a series in the same style is not forthcoming; the tenour, however, appears from the queen's letter, to consist of threats of Marlborough's resignation as commander-in-chief, and of lord Godolphin as lord treasurer—threats which they by no means intended to carry into execution. Letters, at once sneering, taunting, and insolent, like the last quoted from the pen of the duchess, were answered by the queen with depression of spirit almost amounting to sadness. It was the failing health of her husband, that Anne foresaw would, in a few short months, leave her alone in the world, which made her majesty thus lower herself, that there might be peace, in his time at least, among the usually turbulent elements of her household and cabinet.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH (*extract*).

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

“Kensington, Oct. 30th.

“Can dear Mrs. Freeman think I can be so stupid as not to be sensible of the great services that my lord Marlborough and lord treasurer have done me? nor of the great misfortune it would be if they should quit my service? No, sure! you cannot believe me so

void of sense and gratitude. I never did, nor *never* will, give them any just reason to forsake me. They have too much honour, and too sincere a love for their country, to leave me without a cause, and I beg *you* will not add that to my other misfortunes of *pushing them on to such an unjust and unjustifiable action*. I think I had best say no more, for fear of being thought *troublesome*."

Or rather, the queen felt she was too near the truth, by expressing her consciousness of whose restless spirit it was that agitated her cabinet councillors. She concluded with words sufficiently honeyed to cover the mistake in her last sentence:—

"But whatever becomes of me, I shall always preserve a most sincere and tender passion for my dear Mrs. Freeman to my last moments."

The humiliating passages in this epistle were not deemed sufficiently expiatory by the froward recipient. The queen was not a little alarmed at the expression of visage with which the duchess of Marlborough resumed her duties at St. James's. Her style of countenance elicited a deprecatory epistle from her majesty, in the following strain:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.¹

(Under the names of Morley and Freeman).

"Saturday night, St. James."

"MY DEAR MRS. FREEMAN,

"I cannot go to bed without renewing the request which I have often made that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor unfortunate, faithful Morley. I saw by the glimpse I had of you yesterday, that you were full of 'em. Indeed I do not deserve 'em; and if you could see my heart, you would find it as sincere, as tender, and passionately fond of you as ever, and as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions. Nothing shall ever alter me. Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear, *dear* Mrs. Freeman, who, I do assure, once more, I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express."

The queen's letter coming up to the duchess's ideas of her own deserts, she condescended to speak on the subject which had caused such portentous blackness to lour on her countenance, on her first meeting her royal mistress. It then appeared, that the said louring looks were preparatory to a severe account to which the wrathful dame meant to call her majesty for sundry derelictions on the part of Mrs. Masham, in

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., inedited, Brit. Museum.

omissions of answers to written lectures and calls unreturned, clear avoidance of her irate cousin, who was greatly inconvenienced at not having an opportunity of giving vent to her wrath, or, in her own style of self-laudation, frankly speaking her mind. Yet it is surprising notwithstanding the violent exaggerations of the duchess of Marlborough on the infamous conduct of the queen and her new favourite, that she is unable to produce one tangible instance of injury, or even the least indication of aggression offered to her or hers by either. "I took an opportunity," writes the angry duchess, "of speaking to her majesty about Mrs. Masham's late behaviour," which behaviour was merely keeping out of the way of various ratings in preparation for her—rather in a slinking and cowardly manner it is true, yet feminine cowardice is no crime. "Nevertheless, I could get from the queen little but this; 'Masham thought you were angry with her, and was afraid to come near you.' Upon which I reasoned a good while with the queen, asking 'Why Masham should be afraid, if she had done me no injury?' All ended in this, that the queen herself approved of what Masham had done;" or rather, of what she had not done, as the sins for which her majesty and Masham were taken to task were those of omission, and not of commission.

Finding that Anne's passiveness gave very imperfect satisfaction to her ebullitions of fiery rage, the duchess went to molest the prime-minister Godolphin, by sending him to lecture her majesty. Lord Godolphin, after an interview with the queen, when making his report, either real or pretended, told her grace "that he had, indeed, convinced the queen that Mrs. Masham was in the wrong, but that it was evident that her majesty would have preferred considering her to be in the right."¹ The result was, that the culprit was brought to express, in writing, a request "that 'the duchess would please appoint a time to be waited on, that she might learn from her wherein she had offended.'" Accordingly the time was set, the culprit made her appearance, and the duchess opened her list of grievances by saying, "that, 'it was very certain that she [Masham] took frequent occasions of going to the queen, and being alone with her; and that as she took great pains to conceal these facts from me, it was a sign that no good was meant to me by it.' On my saying so, Mrs. Masham *appeared* to cry, and made a protestation 'that she had never spoken to the queen about anything of consequence, only giving her now and then a petition that came from the back-stairs, just to save me the trouble of doing it.'² Then I observed, 'How extremely changed the queen was in her disposition to me, and that it must be necessarily some ill offices that were the

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxo MSS., inedited, Brit. Museum.

² A presentation-copy from Calamy is 'case in point. Life of Calamy.

occasion.'"¹ Here Mrs. Masham, who had proceeded thus far with praiseworthy caution, made a mistake, perhaps only a verbal one; indeed, she evidently thought she was saying something very satisfactory. She answered, that "She was sure the queen, who had loved the duchess so extremely, would always be kind to her."—"Thus," exclaims the duchess, interrupting her own detail, "*she*, who pretended just before to live at so humble a distance from the queen, should forget herself, and in the very next breath take upon *herself* to know so much of the queen's mind, as to 'assure *me* that her majesty would be always very kind to *me*!' It was very shocking to me to be assured of the queen's favour by one that I had raised from starving, and to whom I had given the opportunity of getting favour to herself, of which she made so ill use. Her speech produced only silence, without raising that passion and resentment natural—indeed, I was perfectly stunned. Upon which, Mrs. Masham rose nimbly from her seat, saying, very briskly, "She hoped I would permit her sometimes to inquire after my health, and with the usual civility took her leave,"² or more correctly speaking, made her escape.

In whatsoever light the ill-taken speech of Abigail may appear to impartial persons, it is certain that, small or great, it was the only personal offence ever given by her to her former patroness. It is very evident that the poor woman merely meant to say, "the queen has loved you so long and tenderly, that it is not likely such love can ever suffer any diminution." However, the speech, such as it was, remained broiling and fermenting on the fiery mind of the duchess, ready for an outrageous explosion. The outbreak took place early in the Christmas holidays of 1707, when the belligerent party went ostensibly to compliment and congratulate queen Anne, but really to quarrel with her. "Before I went in," says the duchess of Marlborough,³ "I learnt from the page that Mrs. Masham was just sent for. The moment I saw the queen, I plainly perceived she was very uneasy. She stood all the while I was with her, and looked so coldly upon me, as if I should no longer doubt of the loss of her affections. Upon observing what reception I had, I said to her, 'I was sorry I had happened to come so unseasonably.' I then made my curtsy to go away, when the queen, with a great deal of disorder in her face, and without speaking one word, took me by the hand. And when thereupon I stooped to kiss hers, she took me up with a very cold embrace, and then, without one kind word, let me go."

A written lecture to the queen was the inevitable consequence of an unsatisfactory reception, which, according to the above description, might have been occasioned by trouble of mind, or even by personal pain:—

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxo MSS., inedited, Brit Museum.

² Conduct.

³ Ibid.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

(Under the names of Morley and Freeman.)

"December 27, 1707.

"If Mrs. Morley will be so just as to reflect and examine impartially her last reception of Mrs. Freeman, how very different from what it has been formerly, when *you* were glad to see *her* come in, and sorry when she went away, certainly *you* can't wonder at her reproaches upon an embrace that seemed to have no satisfaction in it but that of getting rid of her, in order to enjoy the conversation of one that has the good fortune to please *you* better.

"So much by way of apology for what happened on Wednesday last."

A tradition of the last century tells, that the duchess slammed the door of the queen's closet after her, so that the noise was heard several rooms off. Over and above the rage and jealousy with which the queen's favour to Masham was viewed by the duchess, there was a matter of private interest pending, on which the queen was not quite so generous and compliant as usual; this was, the grant of that portion of the demesnes of St. James's on which Marlborough-house (or rather the present residence of his royal highness the prince of Wales) stands. The duchess had a great wish to possess an independent palace of her own, and this was the site she chose; but, according to her own account, "the queen had suffered lord Godolphin to importune her long for the gift of this ground to the duchess of Marlborough." Probably some reminiscences of her youth and departed friends caused the demur in the mind of the queen. It was the private pleasure-garden of her uncle Charles and his consort, Catharine of Braganza; it was the scene of Anne's earliest sports and recollections, for she was born in the adjoining palace. The duchess of Marlborough had fixed her mind on possessing this garden and its appurtenances before the death of the queen-dowager Catharine of Braganza. According to her own account, she had extorted from queen Anne a promise of it, deeming herself at the same time an injured person, because she was not suffered to thrust out queen Catharine's lessees. "For my part," says the duchess, "I believe that the queen-dowager [Catharine] had no right to anything after she lived in Portugal. Yet my lord Godolphin was so *nice*, that he would not displace the meanest person that had the pretence to plead of right from long service to her."¹ Why should he? Godolphin had sometimes the decency to remember those from whom he had received benefits in early life. The wished-for death of the queen-dowager had taken place in the preceding year; nevertheless, queen Anne continued to resist the importunities of Godolphin and the angry duchess to deface her royal

¹ Duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson, written in 1713; Coxe MSS. vol. xv., Brit. Museum.

aunt's pleasure at St. James's. At length, the unappeasable fury of the duchess, and an approaching political crisis, caused her majesty to give way, and the grant was made over to the Marlborough family for fifty years. The duchess says, "Queen Catharine had given her interest in the ground to the sisters of lord Feversham, her chamberlain. For full twenty years these two Frenchwomen lived in it."¹ Not *in* the ground, it may be supposed, but in some fragment of the old conventual remains of St. James's, called "the Friary." "I had," pursues the duchess, "the house of the countess du Roy, and where queen Catharine's priests lived, having obtained the promise of the queen *before* the death of the queen-dowager Catharine, of the site in St. James's-park, upon which my house now stands. The grant was at first but for fifty years, and the building cost between forty and fifty thousand pounds, of which queen Anne paid not one shilling, although many angry people believed otherwise."² The rage of the people was, to do them justice, not at the supposed outlay by the queen, but they were peculiarly aggravated because, in laying the foundations of the palace, called to this day "Marlborough-house," she had caused to be rooted up a fine young oak-tree, sprung from an acorn which king Charles II. had set with his own hand. The king had plucked the acorn from his friendly oak,³ that screened him so well at Boscobel. He had planted it in the pleasure-garden that belonged to his queen, Catharine, which once occupied the site of Marlborough-house and joined the park, extending nearly down the south side of Pall-Mall. The English people have always been passionately fond of the historical circumstance of their king's preservation in their national tree. To this hour, there is not a town in England, and scarcely a village, but bears some memorial of "the royal oak" in the only pictorial indication that pertains to the people, which is, unfortunately, but in the signs of their drinking-houses. It was in vain that, for wearing oak-leaves in their hats, English peasants were doomed, in the reigns of William, Mary, and her sister Anne, to incarceration in the village stocks.⁴ In vain did "singing the blithesome song of the 29th of May," subject the songster to the pains and penalties of clownish treason, as the crime had to be expiated in the stocks and at the whipping-post. The song had got possession of the English heart, nor could the above pains and penalties hinder the sufferers from shouting, even in the stocks, the refrain of—

"Old Pendrill, the miller, at risk of his blood,

Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

When such popular predilections are remembered, it will not excite surprise, that all the wealth, the influence, and the enormous military

¹ Duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson, written in 1713, while on the continent; Coxe MSS. vol. xv., Brit. Museum.

² Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ Charles II. paid a visit to the scene of his peril after his accession, when he must have brought away this acorn. See Pepys's Letters.

⁴ Swift.

power vested in the hands of her husband could not shield the favourite of queen Anne from the indignation of the people, from amongst whom she was sent three epigrams on the destruction of Charles II.'s sapling-oak, each bitterer than the other. The first is endorsed:—

'Upon rooting up the royal oak in St. James's-park, raised from an acorn set by the hands of Charles II., who brought the same from the oak of Boscobel, his old hiding-place.'

"THE ROYAL SAPLING OAK.

"Whilst Sarah from the royal ground,
Roots up the royal oak,
The sapling, groaning from the wound,
Thus to the syren spoke:
'Ah! may the omen kindly fail,
For poor Britannia's good;
Or else not only me you fell,
But *her*¹ who owns the wood.'

The conduct of the duchess was by no means considered as expiated by this literary castigation, for the epigram was succeeded by one more stern:—

"THE SEASONABLE CAUTION.

"Be cautious, madam, how you thus provoke
This sturdy plant, the second royal oak;
For should you fell it, or remove it hence,
When dead it may revenge the vile offence,
And build a scaffold in another place,
That may ere long prove fatal to 'your Grace!'
Nay, furnish out a useful gallows too.
Sufficient for your friends, though not for you.
Then let it stand a monument of fame,
To that forgiving prince who set the same;
For should it fall by you the world may say,
The fate may be your own another day."²

A third severer monition appeared.

"THE MURMURS OF THE OAK.

"Why dost thou root me up, ungrateful ha
My father saved the king who saved the la
That king to whom thy mother owed her fame.

* * * * *

But since the malice of her spawn, your grace,
Presumes to rend me from my resting-place,
Where by the royal hand I first was set,
And from an acorn thrived to be thus great,
May I be hewed, now rooted up by thee,
Into some lofty famous triple tree,
Where none may swing but such as have betrayed.
Those generous powers by which themselves were made.
Then may I hope to gain as much renown,
By hanging up my foes that cut me down,
As my tall parent, when he bravely stood
The monarch's safeguard in the trembling wood.
I know not which would prove the next good thing,
To hang up traitors, or preserve a king."

¹ Queen Anne.

² The author of these lines signed himself "H. G." in the manuscripts of popular poems and songs collected by Robert earl of Ox-

ford.—Harleian Collections, Brit. Museum.

³ This is an allusion to the scandals which pursued the memory of the duchess of Marlborough's mother.

An ever-recurring incident in the life of queen Anne was, the necessity of witnessing daily contentions of angry men in those furious debates they called the queen's cabinet councils. The persons composing them had little respect for her past conduct, and not the least confidence in her earnest desire to atone, by her blameless conduct as queen, for the questionable course which had brought her to that high station; consequently, they put slight restraint on their evil passions if irritated, and forgetting the deference due to a lady, as well as that which they owed to their sovereign, scrupled not to rage around her with all the coarseness and fury of brutal natures. A remarkable scene of this kind took place early in the year 1708, when the queen made her first endeavour to free herself from the chains of the Marlboroughs, and to displace Godolphin as lord treasurer. Her majesty told Mr. St. John her resolution, and sent him with a letter to the duke of Marlborough, having first read it to her messenger. A still more extraordinary step was, that the queen at the same time bade St. John "tell what she had done about town," which he did without reserve. The first week in February, 1708, was the period of this struggle, which produced an extraordinary excitation in a council, where her majesty presided personally, on the evening of the second Sunday in that month. When Harley, who was the minister intended by the queen to succeed Godolphin, delivered a memorial to her relating to the war, the duke of Marlborough and lord treasurer Godolphin left the room abruptly. The duke of Somerset then rose, and pointing to Harley, said rudely to the queen, that "If she suffered that fellow to treat of affairs of the war without the advice of the general, he could not serve her."¹ The queen succumbed to the storm, and Harley was for a time dismissed and driven from her. His secretary, Gregg, was arrested and thrown into Newgate, on a charge of correspondence with France. Harley was in nearly as much danger from the ministers, who thought they had proof strong enough of his correspondence with St. Germain's; but he probably received intelligence from his royal mistress, which enabled him so successfully to recriminate on the Jacobite letters of Marlborough and Godolphin as to keep them in check. The imprisoned secretary of Harley was hanged; his petty dealings with French bribes came out in that inquiry which was to have implicated his master. It was likewise discovered, that the queen exercised her private charity by sending comforts and necessaries to the wretched Gregg in prison, by her physician Arbuthnot. A political outcry followed, and then it was proved that such was the constant custom of her majesty in every case. Anne was most unwilling to sentence any one to death, and when forced so to do, tried to alleviate the miseries of the condemned by her secret beneficence.

The great magnates in the triumphant faction were not ashamed to

¹ Scott's Swift Correspondence.

combine for the purpose of agitating the house of commons to petition the queen to dismiss Mrs. Masham. Yet some heads there are, whose level is too lowly to afford suitable marks for the launch of such mighty bolts. The woman was, after all, but a common chamber-maid, a mere knitter of knots, and tier of strings. The English parliament would have denounced a *lady* of the bedchamber, but feared the ridicule that would have attended the solemn displacing of a dresser. So the queen's Abigail escaped, but many ominous notes exist regarding the vengeance the Marlborough duchess longed to take on her humble rival while the threatened petition was in agitation; as "Abigail is alarmed; Abigail knows not which way to turn!"¹ As this redoubtable enemy had been a servant-maid, and in rank was, even in 1708 (notwithstanding the favour of her royal mistress), too low for political vengeance, the combination against her seems sufficiently contemptible. The queen, whose personal attentions to her dying husband made the assistance of Abigail Masham, as a handmaid in the sick chamber, more than ever needful to her, constantly protested, "that to make her a great lady, or a political power, was utterly against her will and wish."²

Marlborough's threat of throwing up the command of the army every time the queen resisted any innovation by his family junta, was, in the present instance, fully successful; although at last the rod, which was never intended to fall, was shaken so often, that it lost the desired effect. As Harley had been driven off by this means, the duchess was determined to try what a similar proceeding would do in her case towards dislodging the mutual kinswoman of Harley and herself. In utter ignorance of how she had, unawares, broken the charm she had in early life thrown round the queen by inducing her to believe that, howsoever rough and rude she might be in speech and writing, yet Sarah, at the bottom of her heart, loved Anne better than all the riches, power, titles, and other good things that she had received from the said Anne, she went with the full intention of playing on those feelings, totally unconscious that, by a mere accident, her own loud tongue and insolence of heart had exploded such belief in the queen's mind beyond any possibility of self-deception. "The day before the duke of Marlborough writ his letter to take leave of the queen, in February 1708, I waited upon her majesty, and told her 'that she was not pleased to tell me of her affairs as formerly, yet I had an account of everything from my lord Marlborough and lord Godolphin, who, I perceived, would be forced to leave her service very soon, and upon that account I should be obliged to do so too; but that I had one favour to beg of her majesty, and that was, that she would please to give me leave to resign my employments to my children, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing that her majesty would permit them to enjoy these, as *legacies* from me in my

¹ Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum; vol xv.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

lifetime"—a reasonable request! to render hereditary a few of the greatest places about the royal person in one family interest. And while the queen was, at every turn, surrounded by the holders of these modest "legacies," the mother would take the maternal right of raising as many furious quarrels in the royal family and household, as had been her wonted custom since the accession of James II. The queen was silent. The duchess, after a pause for assent, went on with her oration on the propriety that sanction should be instantly given to such admirable arrangements. "I observed," continued she,¹ "that this was no injury to any one, as I thought none of the ladies of the bedchamber could be disobliged by it; because nobody could wonder that her majesty should have so much consideration for me as to do this on my account, whom she had honoured so long with her favour and friendship, and especially since my daughters were married into some of the first families of the nation, and were of a quality very suitable to those places, according to all the precedents that had gone before them. I added, 'that though I had always used the best endeavours to serve her, yet she would not be worse served, when she had three to do it instead of one.' " "All this," continues the duchess,² "the queen heard 'very patiently,' and at length told me 'that she could not grant my request, not because she was not satisfied that my children could not serve her without giving just offence to any one, but because she should never part from me as long as she lived.' I answered in the most grateful manner I could, and many kind things passed on both sides; but I still continued to press the queen to grant me the favour I desired of her, and the queen denied it in the same kind way. At last, the whole ended with this, that if the duke of Marlborough *could* continue in her service, I should not desire to leave her; but if that proved to be impossible, I hoped she would be pleased to grant my request of resigning my places to my children. The queen promised me she would do it, and I kissed her hand on that account."³ The duchess pursues her narrative with the assertion, "that the duke of Marlborough and lord Godolphin were continued in their places by the interposition of the prince George of Denmark."

The queen was suffering at this time from her constitutional disease of ophthalmia. Prince George, who often took his place in the house of lords as duke of Cumberland, and now and then made a speech in his broken English, complained "that it was not likely the queen's eyes would be better, since she was detained to sit up so late at council." His own increasing infirmities made early rest very desirable to him. An alarming crisis was at hand, which drew the queen's attention—Scotland and the northern counties of England were ready to burst into rebellion. The attempted invasion of Scotland by a French fleet in the

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., inedited, Brit Museum.

² Ibid.

³ Conduct.

spring of 1708, was observed to occasion great alarm in her majesty's mind, and an utter change in the style of her speeches from the throne. Hitherto, the word "revolution" had never passed the lips of her majesty; neither had she ever mentioned the cause of it, nor any of the individuals by whom it was promoted.¹ The persons who composed her speeches had tacitly implied that she succeeded her father by hereditary right, and was not an elective queen. As the danger of invasion became more manifest, the queen's speech found a new appellation for her brother; formerly he was "the pretended prince of Wales," but since the year 1708 he was called "the Pretender," for by this epithet his sister branded him, in her dismissal of the parliament that autumn. One of those singular scenes took place at this crisis, which told, rather touchingly, the divided state of the queen's heart between the safety of her country and the danger in which the last near relative that remained to her was involved. Sir George Byng, when he sailed to intercept his invasion, had no instructions as to the person of the Pretender. Some in council had proposed "measures of despatch" (that is, the proscription of his life), but the moving appearance of the queen's flowing tears prevented all further deliberation. The council broke up in confusion.² It has been said, that the queen's brother was actually taken on board the Salisbury, an English ship that had formerly become a prize to the French, which was now recaptured by Sir George Byng near the mouth of the Forth at the time of the attempted invasion; and that Sir George treated the young prince, according to the queen's orders, with the utmost respect, and landed him on the French coast. There were several Jacobites captured on board the Salisbury, who stood their trials for high treason. The queen was actually prevailed upon to sign the death-warrant of one of them, old lord Griffin, who was condemned to be beheaded, June 16, 1708. Swift speaks of this projected execution in terms of levity: "The boys of the town are mighty happy; for we are to have a beheading next week, unless the queen will interpose her mercy." In fact, Anne never would consent to the execution of the old Jacobite, but regularly respited him every month, till he pined away and died in the Tower. His death, it is affirmed, was occasioned by old age, and not by the weight of the queen's death-warrant hanging over him.³

Daily threats of impeachment, in 1708, notwithstanding her humble station, continued to be thundered by the junta against the queen's Abigail, although great difficulties certainly existed to make out a case,

¹ Tindal's Continuation.

² Birch MS., 4221, art. 6, Brit. Museum.

³ History of Conspiracies against William, Anne, &c. The queen must have known lord Griffin from her earliest infancy, for he had followed her father in all his wanderings,

and attended him when she was with him at Brussels and Scotland. He was, at the revolution, remarkable for his personal fidelity to his unfortunate master, and was lieutenant-colonel of James II.'s regiment of guards, which bore the name, and still does so, of the Coldstream.

either public or private, of any injury done to the duchess of Marlborough, by her cautious and quiet kinswoman. At last, the duchess found out something that looked like an invasion of her rights. Kensington was the place where the queen withdrew, as often as possible, to nurse her declining husband in the quiet and good air. Sickness and silence have no charms for the gay world, even if they are the lot of the royal occupants of a palace. The queen and Abigail Masham were permitted to remain almost in solitude there with the dying prince. It must be borne in mind, that the excessive corpulence of prince George, joined to his sufferings both from gout and asthma, made ascending stairs almost impracticable to him; he was therefore lodged on the ground-floor at Kensington-palace, from whence he could make short excursions for air and exercise amid his trees and plants, of which he was excessively fond. Among his favourite tastes and pursuits, he was one of the greatest promoters of arboriculture and horticulture in England—tastes which, fortunately for the country, have appertained to the throne for the preceding three hundred years, giving to the face of the country that paradisaical aspect which is always surprising to the eyes of foreigners; for the English, whilst sturdily limiting as much as possible the positive power of their monarchs, are the most sedulous mimics of all their personal tastes and habits, even when they have happened to be not so well deserving of imitation.

The queen, in the utmost anxiety for the existence of the husband whom she had devotedly loved from her youth upwards, arranged to their mutual convenience the rooms at Kensington-palace, sharing with him a suite on the ground-floor. They always inhabited the same apartment, and her majesty's attendants those adjacent on the same floor, that they might be at hand to give assistance to the queen in the night; for prince George had been in danger of death several times that spring and summer, and must have expired in the suffocating spasms of coughing, if the queen had not raised him in her arms, and supported him until aid could be summoned. It was impossible for the duchess of Marlborough to be in ignorance of these circumstances when she posted to Kensington as the disturber of the queen's arrangements relative to the comforts of her dying consort, for the only knowledge concerning them is from her own manuscript.¹ The angry inquisitor, moreover, marks the period full well, by observing "that these occurrences took place *after* Mr. Harley had been turned out, and Godolphin and Marlborough continued in their places by the interposition of the prince;" this was in the spring of 1708, and the prince was defunct before six months had passed away. "Having heard accidentally," says the duchess,² "in conversation with my friends,

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited; Coxe MSS.

² *Ibid.*

in how great state Mrs. Masham received her company at Kensington ; by the description that was made of her chambers I had a great suspicion upon me that she had made use of part of my lodgings, which were what the queen had given me, and *furnished* for me, soon after her coming to the crown, and had particularly expressed to me, 'that they were the same suite that my lord Albemarle, king William's Dutch favourite, had in his reign.' They were sufficiently known to the housekeeper and all the servants at Kensington-palace. I thought it was strange that Mrs. Masham should do this without my consent ; but, on the other hand, she had opportunities enough of doing it, because I seldom made any use of these lodgings. For when I had occasion to wait on the queen at Kensington, I chose to return in the evening to my family, which at so small a distance it was very easy to do, rather than stay there." Thus the apartments, concerning which, in the true spirit of the dog in the manger, she was hastening to snarl and wrangle, although furnished for her at the queen's expense, she had never occupied, and would evidently, by her last words, have made it a grievance if obliged so to do. "However, to know the truth of the matter, I went to Kensington, and ordered the housemaid to let me into my own lodgings ; and as I was going to the *lower* rooms (for my lodgings consisted of two floors, one under the other), the maid told me I could not go into any part of *that* floor, which was divided between Mrs. Masham and the bedchamber woman in waiting. Upon this I went to the queen, and complained to her 'of meeting with *such* usage as was wholly new at court, in Mrs. Masham's taking from me part of the lodgings which she herself long ago had been pleased to give me ; and the bedchamber woman in waiting had been put into another part of them.' The queen only answered, 'Masham has none of your rooms.' She repeated this so often, and was so positive in it, that I began to believe that there was some mistake in what the maid had told me, and went away, begging the queen's pardon for having troubled her about the matter."¹

But the matter was not destined to remain thus in abeyance. Instigated by her suspicions that, by some means or other, a portion of her own deserted suite was made available by somebody, the restless dame soon made another incursion on the queen's peace at Kensington. "When I went next to Kensington," pursues the duchess, "I inquired more fully about it, and found not only that Mrs. Masham had done all I suspected, but that she had used a great many little arts in the management of her design. She got the bedchamber woman in waiting to be removed into one end of my suite, and thus had the chambers wholly to herself that had belonged to the bedchamber woman in

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson ; Coxé MSS., inedited, Brit Museum.

waiting, and were just beyond my lodgings on the same floor. I suppose she thought she could give the whole the turn (if any noise should be made about it), that it was done for the convenience of the queen's women." Thus the whole affair resolved itself into the fact, that the queen had put her chamber-attendant in a vacant apartment of the duchess's deserted suite, and Mrs. Masham had got the use of those rooms this attendant had vacated; thus the queen was borne out in her remark, "Masham has none of your rooms." She was, however, suspected of occasionally passing through them, or having her visitors ushered through them, and that was enough to incite another attack on the queen. "When I discovered all this, I went again to the queen, and told her 'that I could now satisfy her how wrong an account had been given her of Mrs. Masham *not* having taken away any part of my lodgings; for I had just found, by all the evidence possible, that she certainly had done it, for I had just then been in the upper floor for the housemaid to describe to me what part it was she had taken underneath.'"¹ But the queen still persisted in saying, 'I am sure Masham has taken none of your rooms;' and 'that to say to the contrary, is false and a lie! which was a way of speaking I had never heard her make use of to any one, till she came under the practices of Abigail. I desired then that she [the queen] would send for Mr. Lowman, the housekeeper, who was the proper person to determine in this matter, and knew best 'what my lord Albemarle's lodgings were which her majesty had been pleased to give me, and what Mrs. Masham made use of at present.' But the queen said, 'I will not do that, for I know that Masham has none of your lodgings.' I called upon Mr. Lowman, as I went away, to talk to him about the matter; and I told him 'that though Mrs. Masham had taken a part of my lodgings and joined it to her own, yet as the queen had assured me that she had not done it, she must be imposed upon in this matter; and that I wondered how a bedchamber woman that I had raised from nothing, should think of taking my rooms from me, who would not have taken hers without her leave.' As I expected, the report of what I said was carried immediately to Abigail, and next morning she sent Mr. Lowman to tell me 'that she did not know that the lodgings she had made use of were mine; but she had begun to take down her furniture, and would immediately clear them;' and this she did accordingly."²

As the summer advanced, the symptoms of prince George became more alarming. The queen found he did not recover his health at Kensington, and was anxious to remove him to Bath, the place where all physicians at that period sent their patients for restoration of health. Before, however, the royal household removed, the angry dame of Mari-

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

² *Ibid.*

orough paid another visitation to Kensington, as her suspicion was roused that her suite of rooms had again been invaded by Mrs. Masham. "Afterwards," says the duchess, "upon my not using my lodgings (which you will easily imagine I had no great inclination to do, though I did not care to be so far insulted as to have them taken from me against my consent), I discovered that Mrs. Masham had made use of them again. I complained of that also to the queen, telling her, 'Mrs. Masham cannot now pretend to be ignorant whose lodgings they were.' Her majesty was again angry and positive, saying, 'It was a lie; Masham had not made use of them.' Then I told her majesty, 'that I could bring forward before her several people that had seen her goods and servants in my rooms.' To which, almost in the same breath in which she had given me the lie, the queen asked, 'How could she help using them?'—meaning, I suppose, that her own were too little for her grandeur!" There is something here left untold by the self-partial narrator. The poor harassed queen, no doubt, asked her the question in reference to the neighbourhood of the suite to her husband's sick room. The consequence was, that Mrs. Masham was given another suite of apartments, "suitable enough for her grandeur," observes the taunting duchess; "and it is very remarkable, notwithstanding all this rudeness and impertinence to me upon this occasion, she had the whole house, Kensington-palace being in a manner empty, to choose her lodgings in."¹

The first quarrel between Anne and her sister, queen Mary, began with contemptible wranglings about lodgings, incited by the Marlborough duchess. It is impossible justly to accord this person the meed of greatness of mind or character, for the causes of her contentions were despicable for their pettiness. Great characters never contend for trifles, seek for affronts, or make stormy tumults to gain small results. Greatness is inseparable from magnanimity: there was nothing great about the duchess of Marlborough, excepting the enormity of the sums of money she amassed. Her soul dwelt in the atmosphere most congenial to a chamber-maid, or a lodging-keeper, and seemed most in its element contending for perquisites of old gowns, or stoutly defending encroachments on dwelling-rooms.

The last inbreak of the duchess of Marlborough on the invalid quiet of Kensington, was immediately followed by the removal of the queen from that palace. Her majesty retired to Windsor as early as July, not to the royal establishment of her stately castle, but to the small house or cottage in Windsor forest, purchased by her in the days when the wrath of her sister, queen Mary, rendered her an alien from all English

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. The deserted state of Kensington-palace, at

this period, is thus gathered from the duchess's own letter.

palaces. Thither queen Anne brought her sick consort, and there, unencumbered by the trammels of royalty, she watched over and soothed his sufferings. The reason the prince passed the summer at the small house was evidently because the site of Windsor-castle was high, and the air was too bleak for his cough. The duchess of Marlborough was peculiarly incensed at this proceeding, attributing it to all kinds of furtive intrigues for communication with Harley.¹ The queen was at this cottage at Windsor when the news of the victory at Oudenarde reached her. Oudenarde was gained at more than its worth on the Flemish chessboard of war: it cost 2000 men on the victors' side. "Oh, Lord! when will all this dreadful bloodshed cease?"² were the words of queen Anne when she received the news, together with the list of the killed and wounded. Notwithstanding the grief of heart with which she heard the tidings of these useless slaughters, indispensable etiquette obliged her to return thanks to her general, and public thanksgivings to God for them. The first she performed from her cottage at Windsor, in the following letter:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

(After the victory of Oudenarde.)

"Windsor, July 6, 1708.

"I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And, indeed, I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me; but be so just as to believe I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you, nor think, because I differ from you in some things, it is for want of either. No; I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again. And be assured I shall ever be, sincerely,

Your humble servant,

"ANNE, R."

¹ *Conduct.*

² *Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE victory of Oudenarde obliged the queen to make her usual state procession to St. Paul's, for the purpose of returning thanks for the success of her arms, which thanksgiving was appointed for August 19, 1708. The duchess of Marlborough, who deemed herself the heroine of the day, was as usual remarkably full of bustle and business on such occasions. Among other important affairs connected with her office as mistress of the robes, she arranged the queen's jewels in the mode she chose them to be worn. But when the royal *cortège* was in progress half-way up Ludgate-hill, the duchess happening to cast her eyes on the queen's dress, made the notable discovery that all her majesty's jewels were absent—a great disrespect to the occasion. Her rage broke out instantly, but what she said or did to induce an overflowing torrent of words from the lips of the usually taciturn queen, has not been recorded. It is certain, however, that they entered St. Paul's cathedral quarrelling, the queen retorting the taunts of her companion so loudly, that the intrepid dame experienced some alarm, not at the anger of the queen, but lest the people, who detested the duchess, should overhear, and take an undesirable part in the contest. The queen continued to speak loudly and angrily after they had both taken their places in the cathedral, on which the duchess insolently told her royal mistress “not to answer her!” or, as other accounts say, bade the queen “to hold her tongue!”

The queen had endured much, but this insult, which she never forgot, brought all heart-burnings to open and angry discussions. The duchess of Marlborough never committed an outrage against her much-enduring mistress without instantly flying to her bitter pen, and stamping the “airy nothingness” of uttered words with the visible and permanent injuries of written documents. No sooner had she obtained a letter from her husband, which she thought reflected on the queen than she enclosed it to her majesty in the following meek epistle:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE¹

[August, 1708.]

“I cannot help sending your majesty this letter, to show how exactly lord Marlborough agrees with me in opinion that he has now no interest with you, though, when I said so in the church *a Thursday*, you were pleased to say it was untrue. And yet I think he will be surprised to hear, that when I had taken so much pains to put your jewels in a way that I thought you would like, Mrs. Masham could make you refuse to wear them in so unkind a manner, because *that* was a power she had not thought fit to exercise before. I will make no reflections on it, only

¹ Conduct.

that I must needs observe that your majesty chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by my lord Marlborough."

In answer to this tirade on petty affronts, the queen replied with more dignity than usual:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[Sunday.]

"After the *commands* you gave me on the thanksgiving-day of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines but to return the duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands; and for the same reason, I do not say anything to that or to yours which enclosed it."

Had the queen always assumed the tone perceptible in this answer, she would have been spared many an insult from her ungrateful servant, who returned to the charge, it is true, in reply, but struck her sails in the conclusion of her despatch:—

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

"I should not trouble your majesty with any answer to your last short letter but to explain what you seem to mistake in what I said at church. I desired *you* not to answer *me*, for fear of being overheard; and this you interpret as if *I* had desired *you* not to answer *me* at all! which was far from my intention, for the whole end of my writing to you so often was, to get your answer to several things in which we differed—if I was in the wrong, that you might convince me, and I should very readily have owned my mistakes. But since you have not been pleased to show them to me, I flatter myself that I have said several things that are *unanswerable*.

"The word *command*, which you use at the beginning of your letter, is very unfitly supposed to come from *me*. For though I have always writ to you as a friend, and lived with you as such for so many years, with all the truth, and honesty, and zeal for your service that was possible, yet I shall never forget that I am your subject, nor cease to be a faithful one."

Many years had passed away since the grand duchess had concluded a letter to her royal mistress in a style so well befitting their respective stations.

Other griefs than those occasioned by the arrogance of her palace-dictator pressed on the queen's heart. The symptoms of the prince required change of air, and in a few days after her stormy procession to St. Paul's, she commenced an easy progress with him to Bath. His extreme sufferings from asthma caused this progress to be slow and painful.

The same autumn the queen's statue was completed, which is still in

the area before the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, by Bird, the sculptor. As a work of art, the statue of the queen has been furiously abused; it has, however, the merit of personal resemblance. Just as the figure was placed in its present situation, public rumour was universal that the queen meant to free herself from the domestic tyranny of the duchess of Marlborough, and all the whigs foresaw their ensuing banishment from the public wealth which they were actively and greedily imbibing. A malignant epigram, which was found one night appended to the statue, is attributed to the pen of the politician-physician, Dr. Garth; in positive terms it accuses the queen of the habit of intoxication, when, at the most, over-indulgence in eating and drinking more rich food and strong wine than was wholesome for a person who had no great personal fatigue to endure, is all that can be justly placed to her charge. Had it been more, her domestic foe, the duchess of Marlborough, in the malicious character she afterwards drew of the queen, would have been delighted to mention any time when she had actually seen her royal mistress in a state of inebriety; but she only notices that calumny to deny it.¹ Garth's epigram is as follows:—

VERSES ON QUEEN ANNE'S STATUE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.²

"Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind—
A brandy-shop before, a church behind.
But why thy back turn'd to that sacred place,
As thy unhappy father's was to grace?
Why here, like Tantalus in torments placed,
To view those waters which thou canst not taste?
Though by thy proffer'd globe we may perceive,
That for a dram thou the whole world wouldst give."

Whilst the decline and illness of the queen's consort became matter of conversation and speculation throughout Europe, an Italian magician wrote several letters to her majesty, which now remain in the State Paper-office. They are indited in rather elegant Italian, and written in the true Italian hand of the seventeenth century. The writer professes to be a nobleman in distress—an Italian philosopher of anti-catholic principles; but his domain pertained to the state of Asti, near the seat of war, on the Italian side of Piedmont, where he was surrounded by persecuting papists, who neither relished his liberal principles, nor his profession of art-magic. In consequence the French armies had totally ruined him, and devastated his estate; they had done him mischief to the amount of 30,000 English pounds sterling. He would, however, be contented if her high and mightiest majesty of Great Britain would, out of her beneficence and good grace, accord him 10,000*l.* sterling English money. Principe Eugenio (prince Eugene), he adds, knew him very

¹ Character of Queen Anne, by the duchess of Marlborough; Coxe MSS.

² Add. MSS. 5832, fol. 144.

well, and could inform queen Anne that he was a true sufferer in the Protestant cause. He moreover insinuates, that *principe* Eugenio was a customer of his in some of his magical quackeries, an assertion which irresistibly recalls the memory of the prosecution of that prince's mother in the *chambre ardente*, as an ally of La Voisin. The last letters contain the gist of the writer's mind; he there very frankly offers, in consideration of the ten thousand guineas (which he trusts queen Anne will award him in compensation of all he has suffered in her cause), to send her his famous elixir of life, which will restore her to her former beautiful youth, and will entirely heal and restore the serene Danish prince, her spouse, and make him as handsome and young as ever. Likewise, if she will give him a place in her Tower of London, he will there work for her in his wonderful art of alchemy, turning all her old copper, pewter, tin, brass, and lead into the purest gold and silver. Thus, another Raymond Lully volunteered to be master of the Mint. It happened that queen Anne had put her affairs of that department in very different hands—even in those of Sir Isaac Newton, who was then master of her Mint. No indication appears that queen Anne gave any encouragement to this earlier Cagliostro of the seventeenth century. It is said that there are no archives of any sovereign in the world but what contain similar temptations and proposals. Queen Elizabeth was beset with them all her life, and, in some instances, gave heed to their wretched delusions; queen Mary II. consulted vulgar fortune-tellers, but there is no weakness of the kind at present discovered of queen Anne, whose name is not any way connected with occult practices, or with encouragement given to the writer of these curious letters preserved in the State Paper-office.

The queen thought her husband perfectly recovered on her return from Bath. Her people felicitated her on her hopes, and poured in congratulatory addresses on his convalescence. Prince George himself knew better; and when the queen prepared to take her usual excursion to the October sports at Newmarket, he entreated her not to leave him, with which she affectionately complied.¹ There are some panegyrical lines to be seen in the print-room at the British Museum, representing queen Anne and her consort in the same engraving, in profile. The poetry is fulsome, like most of that stamp, yet the conjugal happiness of Anne is well expressed in the first lines:—

"The only married queen that ne'er knew strife
Controlling monarchs, but submissive wife;
Like angels' sighs her downy passions move,
Tenderly loving and attracting love.
Of every grace and virtue she's possess—
Was mother, wife, and queen, and all the best."

The unhappy queen was assiduously attending on her dying husband,

¹ Inedited Lansdowne MSS., 825, fol. 79.

performing all the offices for him of a tender and patient nurse, when one of the hateful missives of the duchess of Marlborough was put into her hands. It was in her usual style of insult; no mercy of common decency or respect to the poor queen's grief was shown, but her intimation of taking advantage of her high court-offices, and intruding her detestable presence at the bed of death, was prefaced by these words, justly termed offensive by her late biographer:¹ "Though the last time I had the honour to wait upon your majesty, your usage of me was such as was scarce possible for me to imagine, or any one to believe" The queen had scarcely read these lines, when the insolent writer entered her presence; for, craftily expecting expulsion from the sick-room of the prince, she had brought her letter herself, and taking advantage of her privilege as mistress of the robes, she boldly followed its delivery, and thrust herself into the presence, before Anne could order her to be excluded. The queen received her coolly, and as a stranger. The duchess was, in consequence, as much exasperated as if she had deserved a different reception. According to the testimony of an eye-witness, "the deportment of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince was actually dying, was of such a nature, that the queen, then in the height of her grief, was not able to bear it." Agony conquered the timidity with which this overbearing spirit had always inspired Anne; and assuming the mien and tone of sovereign majesty, she said to the duchess, with marked displeasure in her countenance, "Withdraw!"² For once, the queen was obeyed by her. In a few minutes death dealt the blow, and made Anne, queen of Great Britain, a widow, after a happy marriage of twenty years' duration, unruffled by a dispute and uninterrupted by a rival on either side. The prince died at Kensington-palace, October 28, 1708, o. s. He was born at Copenhagen, February 29, 1653; consequently, the birthday of the prince-consort occurred only once in four years, when leap-year brought round the 29th of February.³ On those occasions, his loving queen kept it with fourfold splendour. George of Denmark was very lofty in stature, and when he grew corpulent his appearance was gigantic.

The queen sat by the bed of death, "weeping and clapping her hands together,"⁴ or wringing them in the unutterable anguish of her first bereavement. She was a monarch, and etiquette, whose chains are almost as inexorable as the sterner tyrant that had just bereaved her of

¹ Life of the Duchess of Marlborough, by Mrs. Thomson.

² Scott's Swift. *Memoirs on the Change of the Queen's Ministry.* Informed by Abigail Masham, who is, as a witness, as much deserving credit as any other contemporary. The fact is confirmed by the extra malignity which the duchess infuses into her narrative of the death of the prince-consort, from which

it is evident that she had met with some rebuke of a more decided nature than usual from the queen.

³ Swift's *Journal*. "This is leap-year and leap-day;" likewise writes the dean, "prince George's birthday."

⁴ Such are the words of the duchess of Marlborough.

the husband of her youth, required that the mistress of the robes should lead her from the chamber. The duchess of Marlborough had not departed when the queen bade her withdraw—she had only retired into the background: she saw the prince die. When it was needful for her to act a decided part, she noticed that the prince's servants were crowding round his body, which prevented her from approaching to perform her official duty; upon which she went up to lady Burlington, and desired her to give her an opportunity of speaking to the queen. Lady Burlington did so readily, and every one went out with her; the queen and the duchess of Marlborough were left alone with the corpse of the prince. The duchess knelt down by the queen, and began to offer consolation. Her majesty heeded her not, "but swayed herself backward and forward, clasping her hands together, with other marks of passion." When the duchess had exhausted her consolations, she continued kneeling in silence by her royal mistress. After some time the duchess asked the queen, "If her majesty would not please to go to St. James's-palace?"—"I will stay here," replied the queen. "That is impossible," said the duchess; "what can you do in such a dismal place?"¹

"I made use of all the arguments," pursues the duchess of Marlborough, "*common* on that head, but all in vain; the queen persisted 'she would stay at Kensington.' Upon which I fancied that her chief difficulty in removing was, for fear she should not have so much of Mrs. Masham's company as she desired, if she removed from thence."² Who but this person, at such a time and place, with the dead body of the queen's husband stretched before them, could have had a recurrence of her paltry jealousies, or attributed such reasons to the bereaved widow? The duchess then resumed her strain of consolation, in a manner and phraseology peculiar to herself: "I said, 'Nobody in the world ever continued in a place where a dead husband lay; and where could she be but within a room or two of *that dismal body*? but if she were at St. James's, she need not see anybody that was uneasy to her, and she might see any person that was a comfort to her as well there as anywhere else.' I could see by her face that she had satisfaction in that, and so I went on saying, she might go away privately in my coach, with the curtains down, and see nobody; and that if she would give me leave, I would tell Mr. Lowman to make the company go away, that she might go to the coach easily. Upon which she consented to go: I led her to her closet in Kensington-palace. When she left the prince's corpse, she expressed some *passion*," meaning, that the queen gave way to paroxysms of grief.

The queen required to be left in her own closet, to commune with her own spirit on her bereavement. Her majesty, taking off her watch, said to the duchess of Marlborough, "Don't come in to me before the hand

¹ Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² *Ibid.*

of my watch comes to this place." The duchess took the watch, and the queen added, "Send to Masham, to come to me before I go." If the duchess had had previously the slightest feeling for the queen, this order turned it all to gall and bitterness, although the wish to see and give commands to one who had been her chief attendant during her long vigils by her suffering husband was very natural. The duchess of Marlborough from that moment continues her narrative with unsparing malignity; she says, withal, commenting upon the royal order, "I thought it very shocking; but at that time resolved not to say the least wry word to displease her, and therefore answered that 'I would,' and went out of the queen's closet with her watch in my hand." Thus the duchess did not, as usual, both defy and disobey the queen; but, out of consideration for her majesty's state, was contented with disobedience only. "I gave," she continues, "Mr. Lowman¹ the necessary orders; but as I was sitting at the window, watching the minute when to go to the queen's closet, I thought it so disagreeable for me to send for Mrs. Masham to go to the queen before all that company, that I resolved to avoid *that*. When the time came, I went into the closet, and told the queen 'I had not sent for Mrs. Masham, for I thought it would make a disagreeable noise, when there were bishops and ladies of the bedchamber waiting without that her majesty did not care to see; and that she [the queen] might send for Masham herself to come to St. James's at what time she pleased.' To this she [the queen] consented."² The royal widow in the first anguish of her grief, did not trouble herself to question who was most likely to make a "disagreeable noise;" but it was not probable that either the bishops or ladies would have done so because her majesty merely required the personal attendance of her bedchamber-woman before she went into the open air to the carriage.

It was the policy of the jealous duchess to take utter possession of the queen in her solitary state. Well she knew it would run through the town that she had carried off the royal widow in her own carriage. For this great end, the duchess had swallowed her present rage at the queen's rebuke just before the prince expired, and clung to all the privileges of her places with patience and pertinacity; yet she did not succeed quite so thoroughly as her bold and clever diplomacy deserved. The queen called "for her hoods,"³ and Mrs. Mary Hill, the sister of Abigail Masham, fulfilled the duties of her office by putting on the queen's carriage-costume. As she did it, the duchess saw the queen whisper to her, and suspected that it was a kind message to her sister, Mrs. Masham, "who," adds her grace, "had not appeared before *me* at Kensington; but upon the alarm of the queen going with *me* to St. James's-palace,

¹ Lowman was housekeeper at Kensington.

² Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

³ *Ibid.*

she came into the gallery [at Kensington-palace] with one of her allies, the Scotch doctor Arbuthnot, to see her majesty pass."¹ The queen was, as of old, leaning on the arm of the duchess of Marlborough, as she took her way through her household in Kensington-palace gallery, her servants lining each side of it. "Notwithstanding the queen's affection for the prince," observes the duchess, her venom warming as her tale proceeded, "at the sight of that charming lady, as her arm was on mine, I found she had strength to bend down towards Mrs. Masham like a sail, for in passing, she went some steps nearer to her than was necessary. And when that cruel touch was over, of going by her with me, she [the queen] turned about in a little passage room, and gave orders about her dogs and a strong box. When we came to my coach, she [the queen] had a very extraordinary thought, as it appeared to me: she desired me "to send to my lord treasurer [Godolphin], and to beg him to take care and examine whether there was room in some vault² to bury the prince at Westminster, and to leave room for her too.' I suppose it was where her family, kings and queens, had been laid." What lack of affection was there here? even if the thoughts of the bereaved wife *were* employed in cares, however useless, regarding his remains in death, whose comforts she had just been sedulously watching over while life lasted, not even leaving him in the last struggle, and scarcely prevailed on to quit his breathless clay when all was over? Was it any proof of coldness in the queen that thoughts should occupy her mind of the time when she who must die childless and friendless should be placed by his side? It was natural enough for the poor queen to whisper to herself, "Who will take heed for me, when I am dead, that I am placed by him?"

"When we arrived at St. James's," continued the duchess,³ "I carried her very privately through *my* lodgings to her green closet, and gave her a cup of broth. Afterwards she *eat* a very good dinner. At night, I found her at table again, where she had been eating, and Mrs. Masham close by her. Mrs. Masham went out of the room as soon as I came in, not in the humble manner she had sometimes affected as bedchamber woman, but with an air of insolence and anger. I attended the queen upon this affliction with all the care that was possible, to please her, and never named Mrs. Masham to her. She (the queen) would make me sit down, as she had done formerly, and make some little show of kindness at night, when I took my leave; but she would never speak to me freely of anything, and I found I could gain no ground."

There is great trouble taken by the duchess of Marlborough, as she

¹ Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

² The royal vault of the Stuarts, on one side of Henry VII.'s chapel, made by Charles II.; where Mary II., William III., George of Den-

mark, and queen Anne were subsequently buried.

³ Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

pursues her narrative of the royal conduct in the early days of widowhood, to force inferences that the queen regarded the memory of her husband with indifference. Nothing, however, bears out her assertion, excepting the cup of broth and the good dinner; but then she does not tell how long her majesty had been watching and fasting before the prince expired. She again recurs to her grand proof of the queen's hard-heartedness, which was the care her majesty took lest the body of her departed consort should be shook or discomposed in removal. "Before the prince was buried," continues the duchess, "the queen passed a good deal of time looking into precedents, that she might order how it was to be performed, which I thought unusual, and not very decent. But she naturally loved all forms and ceremonies, and remembered more of them than I could ever do; but she had *bits* of great tenderness for the prince. I remember she wrote me a little note, at which *I* could not help *smiling*, 'that I should send to my lord treasurer (Godolphin), to take care that some door might be taken down at the removing of the dear prince's body to Westminster, for fear the body of the dear prince should be shook as he was carried out of some room;' though she had gone long jumbling journeys with him to Bath, when he must feel it when he was gasping for breath."¹ There was nothing in the queen's note, as thus quoted, which could irresistibly provoke a grin—at least on any human countenance. It was likewise natural enough that the royal lady, who had shared these jumbling journeys with her husband, caring for him, and tending him while gasping for breath, should take the fond heed her enemy laughed at, lest the "body of the dear prince should be shook or disturbed." The enemy winds up her climax of malignity by saying, "I did see the tears in the queen's eyes two or three times after his death, and I believe she *fancied* she loved him. She was certainly more concerned for him than she was for Gloucester's death; but her nature was very hard, and she was not apt to cry."²

The interment of the body of the queen's consort took place November 13: it had rested in state at Kensington since his demise until November 11, when it was conveyed to the Painted-chamber, Westminster, and lay in state one day before burial. The funeral was splendid,³ it was attended by all the ministers and great officers of state, and yet it is quoted as private—which means, that it was performed in the evening or night by, torch-light. A general mourning and closing of all theatres followed the death of the prince of Denmark. The queen absorbed in her grief, could not open her new parliament. The ceremony was performed by commission: addresses of condolence to the queen were voted by both houses of parliament.⁴

Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 416. ² *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 114.

³ *Vie de la Reine Anne.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

The royal widow chose to sit in the closet that had been prince George's, which led by a door into the waiting-room that was between the queen's dressing-room and the prince's bedchamber at St. James's; and another door, that opened upon his back-stairs, went down to Mrs. Masham's lodgings. "After the prince was dead," writes the duchess, "nobody having occasion to go that way, Mrs. Masham could go to the queen without being seen, for the queen went to his rooms as if she went to prayers, or to read alone. Before I saw the use she made of them, I wondered why she chose to sit in them, which she had never done before, belonging as they did to the prince. When the prince was living, the queen used to sit in her dressing-room, or in one of her other closets, which were both pretty—one looking into the garden and park, and the other into the second court (of St. James's-palace), furnished agreeably with pictures and a couch; but the prince's closets were far from agreeable, one being full of his tools which he worked with," for prince George amused himself with carpentering.¹ The fierce duchess, after hunting the royal widow into her deceased husband's work-closet, made it out a crime that she should sit surrounded by his tools, declaring that a widow, by whom real grief was felt, could not bear to behold aught that belonged to a lost husband. It was probably in this very apartment that the queen had consulted with her husband, when trouble or danger menaced her, and she clung to the place.

"The queen, as a widow, was so oppressed with fears, and so overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her deceased consort, that she could scarcely endure the light, though the two houses begged that she would not indulge her just sorrow so much as to decline the thoughts of a second marriage, in which they professed that all *their* hopes of happiness did consist. But the queen continued a mourner for her late husband, and seemed incapable of consolation. The queen's widowhood had only lasted three months, when, at the commencement of 1709, her faithful houses of parliament sent formal addresses importuning her to marry again. Her majesty's answer was neither devoid of regal nor feminine dignity. "I have," replied the royal widow, "taken sedulous care for the Protestant succession—a proof of my hearty concern for the happiness of the nation; but the subject of the addresses is of that nature that I am persuaded that a more particular answer is not expected."

The poor queen was not permitted to rest in peace during the twelve-months which she had devoted to bewail in retirement the loss of her beloved consort. The cannons of the dearly bought victory of Malplaquet, won by the duke of Marlborough, broke her repose, and forced her again to enter public life. She was obliged to make another solemn procession of thanksgiving to St. Paul's cathedral, but with her eyes red with weeping, and her heart appalled at the carnage of twenty thousand of her subjects,

¹ Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

who lay stiff and stark in the trenches of that fatal Flemish town. The queen's broken spirit certainly emboldened the duke of Marlborough to make a proposition little consistent with the English constitution. On his return from the campaign of Malplaquet, he very coolly demanded of the queen, "her patent to make him captain-general for life," intimating "that the war would last not only the duration of their lives, but probably for ever." Some preliminaries of peace had, for the first time, been discussed that summer; the queen had thus been encouraged to hope a little in the possibility of seeing, in the course of a few months, an end of that murderous war, the details of which filled her with horror. To her, every list of the killed and wounded was a personal reproach; her desire had become ardent to put an end to such slaughter, and here was a man, who, in his drawling, condoling voice, was very quietly proposing war for ever, and himself at the head of it! The queen dismissed the question, by telling him, "that she would take time to consider of it." Instead of going with an outcry and complaint to the rest of the Marlborough clique, blaming the wickedness and selfishness of such a proposal, she very naïvely propounded a question to the keeper of her conscience, lord-chancellor Cowper, as one of her ministry who was not a member of the family junta. "In what words," asked queen Anne, "would you draw a commission, which is to render the duke of Marlborough captain-general of my armies for his life?" Lord Cowper started with astonishment. No doubt, visions of the turbulence of Prætorian guards, and the tyranny of the military dictators of Rome, flitted before his classic memory: he believed that the queen, in perfect ignorance of what she had promised, was about to yield the constitution of England into the hands of a military dictator. He expressed his opinion forthwith most warmly against drawing any such commission. The queen, with no little tact, bade him "talk to the duke of Marlborough about it." Lord Cowper accordingly went to the great man, and after relating the proposal of the queen, told him, honestly, "he would never put the great seal of England to any such commission."¹ The division in their own party caused Marlborough to withdraw this extraordinary manifestation of ambition; he had gone too far even for his own colleagues, and, in consequence, many pious aspirations for a good peace afterwards adorn the epistles of the godly general, and even those of his ungodly spouse.

The resistance of the queen to rendering the duke of Marlborough military ruler of England for life, was, in a very short time, traced to the agency of Harley; and it was discovered, withal, that his cousin Mrs. Masham, introduced the secret council to the royal presence. It may be

¹ Swift's *Memoirs on Change of the Queen's Ministry*.—Scott's *Swift*. Coxe, in his *Life of Marlborough*, fully confirms the facts of this incident. The MS. diary of lord Cowper

presents a long hiatus at this important juncture, but in its continuation he alludes to these circumstances. Some MS. papers of Hume confirm them.

supposed that the duchess of Marlborough, when she discovered the proceedings of the adverse party, gave way to torrents of loquacious rage, of which Abigail was the theme. Among other sayings, she reported that the new favourite had been heard to boast, "that she could make the queen stand on her head, if she chose to require it;"¹—a trope and figure more in unison with the duchess's own style of audacity, it must be owned, than with the sayings of her cautious kinswoman.

The queen signified to the duchess of Marlborough, as mistress of the robes, that she should lay aside her mourning for her deceased consort at the ensuing Christmas festival; her majesty had worn black-and-white as mourning for prince George, with a mixture of purple. Her precedent was taken from the mourning Mary queen of Scots wore for Darnley, which was exactly in point.² Of course, the preparations for the renewal of royal splendour previously occasioned personal intercourse between the queen and her officials of the stole and the robes. That intercourse was soon marked by decided hostility. The battle began with skirmishing concerning vacant lodgings and chambermaids' situations, but soon soared to the usual high political controversy. The belligerent parties appear to have resided, while the paper-war raged—the queen at Windsor-castle—and the angry duchess at the ranger's lodge, and occasionally at St. Albans. The following is the severest letter the queen ever ventured to address to her tyrant. It was an answer to a fierce epistle written by the duchess, in anticipation that Mrs. Masham meant to give away some menial situation in the palace which was in her gift:—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Windsor, Thursday noon, October,³ 1709.

"I had written so long a letter to you yesterday (which I desired lord treasurer [Godolphin] to send) when I received yours, that I could not then write more, or I should not have been so long answering it. You need not have been in such haste, for Rainsford⁴ is pretty well again, and I hope will live a great while. If she should die, I will then turn my thoughts to consider who I know that I could like in that place, being a post that, next to my bedchamber woman, is the nearest to my person of any of my servants: and I believe nobody—nay, even yourself, if you would judge impartially, could think it unreasonable that I should take one in a place so near my person that were agreeable to me. I know this place is reckoned under your office, but there is no office whatsoever that has the entire disposal of anything under them, but I may put in any one I please when I have a mind to it. And now you mention the duke of Somerset again, I cannot help on this occasion

¹ Coxe MSS. vol. xlv. fol. 83, Brit. Mus.

² Pegge's *Anecdotes of Olden Time*.

³ MS. letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

⁴ The person in the menial office, whose expected demise had caused the duchess to make an attack on the queen.

saying, that whenever he recommends anybody to me, he *never* says 'it is his right,' but he submits to my determination."

This submission was from a prince of the blood—the "proud duke of Somerset," and very dexterously is the arrogant *parvenue* reminded by the queen, that she had lately interfered with some appointments pertaining to the office of this very duke, that of master of the horse:—

"I have not yet so perfect an account of Somerset-house as I would have, which is the reason I have not said anything concerning poor Mrs. Howe; but I shall be able, in a few days, to let you know what lodgings she can have. I am ashamed to send you such a blottish scrawl; but it is so late, that I cannot stay to write it over again."

Mrs. Masham had evidently assisted the queen in the composition, for the construction is clear and terse, bearing powerfully on all the writer wishes to convey: the duchess, when she had recovered her first consternation at the tone of command assumed in the royal missive, perceived it. After due cogitation, her grace's state of wrath became of the requisite height of temperature to impel an inbreak on the royal seclusion at Windsor-castle. When there, she made a general survey of the proceedings in every department of "her office," in order to furnish herself with a sufficient case of grievances: this done, she swooped down on offending majesty, breathing vengeance for a very small infraction on "her rights!"—"All the storm was raised," according to Mrs. Danvers, (when describing the furious scene which she witnessed, as that day she was lady in waiting), "merely because the queen allowed a bottle of wine every day to Mrs. Abrahall, a sick servant in her laundry, without having previously asked leave of the duchess."

On the very slight ground of ostensible dispute that her majesty's charity to Mrs. Abrahall afforded, the queen received a more than usual share of the duchess's objurgations, the tone of which was so loud and shrill, that the footmen at the bottom of the back-stairs could hear the whole of her harangue. The queen rose to quit the room, but the duchess intercepted her, and, rushing between majesty and the only means of egress, set her back to the door, and informed her royal mistress "that she should hear her out, for that was the least favour she could do her for having set the crown on her head and kept it there." Her grace was then pleased to rage for one hour, before any symptoms were apparent to the queen of the hurricane lulling. At last the finale was, she did not care if she never saw her majesty again." The queen replied calmly, "that she thought, indeed, the seldomer the better." Upon which the duchess flounced out of the royal presence.¹ Then flying to lord Godolphin, she found that the queen had sent an order to raise Mrs. Abrahall's salary. "He had delayed executing it till he had repre-

¹ To lord Dartmouth, the queen's lord privy-seal, after the dismissal of lord Sunder-land. Dartmouth Notes to Burnet's Own Time.

sented to her majesty the unfitness of such a proceeding; but she positively commanded him to sign the order." Majesty was at a low ebb in England in 1809, when a queen-regnant could not order a small benefaction from her private purse to a sick washerwoman, without receiving lectures from a prime-minister.

The duchess finished her attack by writing a letter to the queen, the absurdity of which even surpassed its insolence. One of the earliest romance writers in England had founded her story in the era of the Greek empire, with fictitious heroes and heroines, wherein the Marlboroughs claimed the bad characters as their own, and lord Somers'; and declaring the good were meant to portray queen Anne, Abigail, and Harley; the duchess finished her epistle by insulting the queen on this performance, and giving a gratuitous review of the book, copying extracts in praise of Mrs. Masham. The queen who never looked into a volume if she could avoid it, was thus forced to read them. To finish her folly, this spoiled favourite of fortune made her husband prosecute Mrs. Manley for libel, but an English jury nonsuited him, with contempt.¹

The duchess of Somerset succeeded the duchess of Marlborough in the queen's favour, and subsequently in her office of mistress of the robes. She had, in the preceding reign, been the friend of Anne, and, in the midst of her disgrace with queen Mary II., had assumed the character of her protectress. Mrs. Danvers, who had been one of the ladies of the queen's mother, and had served her majesty from her infancy, told lord Dartmouth, "that she could not wonder at the favour of the duchess of Somerset, who, like the queen, was one of the best-bred ladies in the world; but she had always been surprised at the queen's attachment to the duchess of Marlborough, who was the very reverse of the queen in manners and disposition."

In the second year of the whig government, the queen had been forced by her ministers into the precedent established by her predecessors, William and Mary, of silencing the convocation.² The grievances connected with this measure burst into the popular flame which attended the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, one of the orators of the *lower* house of convocation. Dr. Sacheverel sprang from an old Norman family, whose name occurs on the Battle-abbey roll. He had inherited the courage and grandeur of person that generally distinguish the lines of the *nobilia minores* in England. Like most of those of old county families, his name is found among the partisans of both roundhead and cavalier; he has been reproached for the misdeeds of both, but it seems that his father was a loyalist. All historians concur in representing Sacheverel as a person of the meanest capacity, and their universal chorus has been echoed by their fraternity since. It is not a common case to find paucity

¹ Dartmouth Notes to Burnet's Own Time.

² Somerville, Reign of Anne, p. 124, for the fact. Somerville has not gone deeper into

the causes of the animosity between the two houses of convocation than the surface presented.

of ability in any individual who has started from private life as a leader. Question principles and motives, if it so please the objector, abilities speak for themselves. One case is a clear one; Sacheverel was no pen-
 orator, or author, but he possessed the mightier gift of eloquence, and he did with his hearers whatsoever he chose. He preached a sermon at St. Paul's cathedral, of all days, on the far-famed fifth of November, *anno* 1709. It was considered the bounden duty of the preacher of St. Paul's to celebrate the two deliverances from popery—one from "gunpowder treason and plot;" the other, the landing of William of Orange, which had occurred on that anniversary, 1688. Likewise, a progressive glance was expected to be thrown on "queen Bess's day," as the 17th of November, queen Elizabeth's accession-day, was called at that era.

Sacheverel celebrated all these events so as to make the very walls of the new cathedral ring. When he mentioned "queen Bess's day," he told all the evil he knew of Elizabeth, and none of the good, which was not fair. He said little of the first deliverance from popery, but a great deal regarding the last; and, without knowing all that we know, by half, of their treachery and corruption, he told some alarming truths of the leaders of the revolution: lord Godolphin he especially castigated under the name of Volpone. His sermon lasted three hours—yet no one among his crowded audience was tired, and, what was more singular, this oration of the polemic-politic class, although it unsaid and contradicted what all other polemic politicians had said, was received by the people with intense satisfaction. Lord Godolphin, against whom it was particularly aimed, flew to the queen, and, in an agony of rage and passion, claimed the character of Volpone as his own, in which he behaved far more like a goose than a fox. He called down the vengeance of the crown on the daring churchman, and told the queen, that in the contempt with which the revolutionists were mentioned her majesty shared: then her angry treasurer recalled to the royal memory some passages which, perhaps, Anne was doing her best to forget. The queen had, however, been mentioned in the orator's most florid terms of affectionate admiration, which had their due effect with all his hearers who could not draw inferences.

Dr. Sacheverel was imprisoned, and had to prepare for impeachment at the ensuing session of parliament. The consequences, in case of his condemnation, were those to which death seems a trifle—the lash, the pillory, loss of ears, imprisonment for life: such had been dealt out to several Englishmen, long after the glorious Revolution,¹—not for reviling queen, or church, but for libelling any of the members of parliament. A clergyman had been condemned to this horrid fate the first year of Anne's reign, for having published a pamphlet on some of

¹ The author of Robinson Crusoe (Defoe) lost his ears, and stood thrice in the pillory, in this reign. Edmund Curll likewise lost, first one ear, then the other; and thirdly,

the remnants of them. In short, it was not fashionable for political authors or their booksellers to possess any ears; but wigs were mighty convenient.

the duke of Marlborough's deeds ; but the queen, on due consideration, pardoned him—the duchess says “at her intercession ;” if so, the duchess took the wisest part. Directly the queen consented to the incarceration of the champion of high church, all London rose *en masse* against the Godolphin administration. Vast mobs paraded the streets—intimations having been given them that the heart of the queen yearned towards the church of England, as she had received it in her youth. The streets and courts round St. James's rang with the cries of “God save the queen and Dr. Sacheverel !”—“Queen and high church !” The queen, and every one inclined to peace, blamed lord Godolphin for his hasty petulance in taking upon himself the cognomen of Volpone. Dr. Sacheverel's sermon was published—certainly not as it was spoken, for the printed copy is an involved, double-minded composition, remarkable for nothing but dulness. People began to look at one another, and wonder what lord Godolphin could mean. The *literati* greatly despised the style and want of power : but those who had heard the words of fire which still tingled in their ears, did not abate one jot of their enthusiasm for the orator.

In the midst of these stormy preludes for political contest, queen Anne emerged from the seclusion of her widowhood to the public exercise of her regal functions, by opening her parliament in person, which she did in great state, November 15, 1709. Maynwaring, the satellite of the duchess of Marlborough, thus describes the royal manner on this occasion : “The queen's speech was very well recited, but it was observed that she spoke in a much fainter voice than she used to have, and her manner was more careless and less moving than it has been on other occasions.” Perhaps the queen's heart fainted within her at the necessity of obeying the orders of her ministry, by announcing the utter failure of the negotiations for the pacification of Europe, on which her wishes were ever fixed. As a strong counter-party to the united Marlborough and Somers' branches of the whig ministry was now organized in the queen's behalf, her majesty did not fail to pay court to those powerful nobles whose private inclinations she thought might lead them to support the remnant of the regal power. The ducal magnates of Somerset and Devonshire were among these. Her majesty addressed a holograph note to the young duke of Devonshire, as a mark of her confidence and private friendship : it is endorsed as being received in 1709, and, in the absence of all other date excepting the word “*teusday*,” it may probably be referred to the epoch when all England was watching the result of the impending trial of Sacheverel. There is the more likelihood in this surmise, as the name of Nelson (since so glorious in war), when mentioned in the course of this erudite royal billet, was known as pertaining to an author, one of the leaders of the Anglican church. The duchess of Devonshire, mother to the young duke, was

a lady of the cavalier house of Ormonde, and sympathized with these principles.

LETTER OF QUEEN ANNE. (Holograph.)

[See fac-simile]

"teusday.

"i wish you could *deffer* saying any thing to my ^{ld} Gallway *this post* *conserning* Mr Nelson,¹ *becaus* I forgot to speake to ^{ld} treasure [Godolphin] on y^t [that] subject last night, and have not now time to *writt* to him. I desire when you have copy^d y^e [the] enclosed wth your own hand, you would burn it.

"I am, your very affectionett freind,

"ANNE, R."

The fac-simile of this note² presents a specimen of queen Anne's genuine mode of writing before her epistles were copied out fair by her confidante for the time being.

The queen and the duchess of Marlborough had scarcely spoken since the stormy quarrels which had raged so loudly at Windsor-castle in the autumn, and the irate dame felt all the uncomfortable sensations of one who has gone too far for her purposes. After some cogitation she devised a scheme to efface the impression her violence had made on Anne's mind, by an appeal to religious feeling. Accordingly she wrote the queen a long letter, in some passages extremely insolent, but finishing with a schooling lecture on the necessity of forgiveness of injuries before communion. She sent her Common Prayer-book, interlined, and Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, with the leaves marked and turned down, by which her majesty's soul was to profit before partaking of the sacred rite. The absurdity of an avowed unbeliever addressing exhortations on Christianity and Christian observances to any one, would have been unaccountable if there were not an evident end in view. It is, however, an instance that hypocrisy is by no means confined to those who profess belief in religion. All the fruit gained by the duchess of Marlborough's theological studies was, that, as the queen passed to the altar of St. James's chapel to communicate, she gave her a gracious smile and nod; but as no friendly interview succeeded, the duchess observed "that the smile and nod were only meant for bishop Taylor and the Common Prayer-book."

The queen spent the month of January, 1710, at Hampton-court, in deep consideration of the best means of breaking the chains in which

¹ Whatsoever became of "the enclosed," the royal letter, although somewhat scorched, has been very carefully preserved; it was copied, by special permission, from the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire, 1709. Robert Nelson, Esq., the devout author of the *Fasts and Festivals of the English Church*, was a layman, but a nonjuror. After the death of the nonjuring bishop of Norwich,

Dr. Lloyd, he conformed to the church of the revolution. He tried to heal schisms, and was the personal friend of Tillotson, who died in his arms. He petitioned Halifax to give a pension for Mrs. Tillotson, otherwise left destitute.

² See library edition of the *Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland. *Life of Queen Anne*, vol. viii.

the dominant faction held her. One evening a letter was brought to Mr. Harley, all dirty: the superscription, however, he saw was in the queen's own hand-writing. In astonishment at the begrimed complexion of the royal missive, he sent for its bearer, who said "he knew not whence it came, but it was delivered to him by one of the under-labourers in Hampton-court gardens,"¹ The letter had assumed its soiled appearance while it remained in the paw of this uncouth but faithful bearer of a queen-regnant's despatch. The contents of the communication were details of the difficulties with which the royal writer was surrounded; there was blame of Harley's timidity of speech and action, and, withal, direct demand of assistance. This remarkable epistle brought Harley again as the courtier of the backstairs. He told her majesty of "the danger to the church, and monarchy itself, from the conduct of some of her ministry; that it did not become her to be a slave to one family, but to dispose of vacancies in church or state as she deemed best." Her majesty, in pursuance of Harley's advice, made the first step towards breaking her bonds, by disposing of the lieutenancy of the Tower (vacant then by the decease of the earl of Essex) according to her own good pleasure. The earl of Rivers was the person whom the queen meant to invest with this great office, but the nobleman the queen was pleased to honour, bore, in common parlance, the appellation of "Tyburn Dick,"² having, among numerous delinquencies of his youth, unrighteously escaped conviction at the criminal bar for robbing his own father on the highway. Various are the duchess's exclamations of rage and despair at the exaltation of Richard Savage, lord Rivers, in a manner so inconsistent with his youthful cognomen. The method pursued by queen Anne for inducting the said "Dick" into the Tower government, proves that her majesty was able to turn to account the duke of Marlborough's habitual suavity, in making promises which meant nothing. Lord Rivers went to the duke of Marlborough, in his retirement at Windsor-lodge, with the news "of the demise of lord Essex," adding "a request for his interest with the queen to bestow the vacant post on him." The duke of Marlborough loaded him with affectionate protestations, but assured him "that the lieutenancy of the Tower was a place infinitely beneath his merit, and entreated him to think of something better." He of "Tyburn," however, stuck to his first proposal with true English tenacity; he said, "he was going to ask the queen to appoint him to the Tower, and as the duke was so very obliging to him, he wanted to know whether he might tell the queen that his grace had no objection?" Marlborough, who had as much idea of the queen's giving away one of the crowns out of the jewel-house as the custody of the Tower, without

¹ Swift's Memoirs.² Conduct.

consulting him, told lord Rivers, "he might say so, if he pleased." On which his petitioner hastened away in great hurry to the queen, with this permission. The duke of Marlborough, in the course of the morning, went leisurely to the queen's closet, to notify his pleasure to her majesty, concerning the lieutenancy of the Tower falling void. He encountered "Tyburn Dick" bolting out of the royal presence with infinite glee, who, on seeing the duke, overwhelmed him with a torrent of very incomprehensible acknowledgments. The mystery was soon explained, when Marlborough mentioned his nominee. The queen said, "she was surprised at his change of intention, since she had just given the same to lord Rivers, for that nobleman informed her, 'on his honour, that the duke of Marlborough had no objection.'" The duke of Marlborough was at first mute with astonishment; he then broke into complaints, when the queen asked, seriously, "Whether earl Rivers had asserted what was not true?" The duke could not say that he had, for the words Rivers had extracted so dexterously from him had been too recently uttered.¹

A most violent paper-war ensued between the queen and the Marlboroughs, duke and duchess, on her majesty's determination of giving the regiment of the deceased lord Essex to Abigail's once ragged brother, Jack Hill; it produced the first serious rupture with her majesty and lord Godolphin. He left the palace in anger, and retreated to the Lodge at Windsor, the seat of the Marlboroughs, January 15. It was council-day, but the queen neither asked where her lord treasurer was, nor took the least notice of his absence.² But in five days she sent for Godolphin, and yielded the point.

After the clerical champion Sacheverel had been committed to prison on the impeachment of the commons, the whig lords held daily cabinet consultations on the best mode of crushing him under the weight of the oligarchical power. At the same time her majesty every day gave audience to her peers in her closet at St. James's; one by one they were admitted to conferences with her. Her majesty told them "she understood that the victorious army commanded by the duke of Marlborough was getting up a petition, in order to place him in a life-long command."³ Alarmed at this resemblance to the proceedings of Oliver Cromwell, the queen made it a personal request to her peers, "That they would be mindful of their duty to her, and neither agree to any petition from the army which the duke of Marlborough should present to parliament, nor suffer Mrs. Masham to be taken from her." And as the peers severally departed out of the royal cabinet, queen Anne thus earnestly addressed each of them: "If ever any recommendation of mine

¹ Scott's Swift. *Memoirs of Queen's Ministry.*

² Conduct.

³ Hist. of Great Britain, book xli. p. 279: by Cunningham, tutor to the duke of Argyle who was of Queen Anne's partisans.

was of weight with you, as I know many of them have been, I desire this may be especially regarded." Many of the peers, in answer to her majesty, replied, "that they knew not of any such matter [regarding the army] as her majesty had intimated; but they were prepared to behave themselves in parliament as became their duty."¹ Such reply proceeded from those of her nobles who were either neutral or belonged to the whig faction, for the queen was supported and urged on by a large body of the nobility, among whom might be reckoned the most influential of the Scottish peerage. The inimical houses of Hamilton, Argyle, Mar, and Gordon, enraged at their exclusion from the privileges of their English peerages, united together (whatsoever were their differences of creed with each other and with the church of England) to defend the queen against the encroaching family faction. The Jacobite and tory nobility of England, many of whom—as the semi-royal houses of Rutland, Beaufort, and Aylesbury—had kept themselves aloof from the revolutionary court, now threw their influence into the popular scale.

Marlborough denied endeavouring to render himself perpetual military dictator by means of the army's petition to parliament; yet the queen well knew the startling proposal of making him general for life had been demanded of her by his own lips.² At an audience that the duke of Marlborough had with queen Anne, before he betook himself to his campaign in the commencement of the year 1710, he asked "that her majesty would permit his wife to remain in the country as much as possible; and that she would be pleased to accept of her resignation in favour of her daughters, when the peace was made."³ The queen granted the first request, which relieved her of the presence of her tyrant, with such willingness that the second was taken for granted. The queen soon after received a visit from the duchess, who endeavoured to clinch this extorted admission by returning florid thanks for the advancement of her family. According to her custom when aught was proposed contrary to her inclination, queen Anne observed a dogged silence, with a drooping mouth and a sullen brow. The fiery duchess demanded whether the duke of Marlborough had misunderstood her majesty's meaning? "I desire that I may never more be troubled on the subject," was the reply of her majesty, in an authoritative tone. All parties now made themselves ready for the approaching struggle, in which the question of triumph or defeat was to be decided by the fate of Sacheverel, whose trial was to take place in Westminster-hall, after the duke of Marlborough had departed for Flanders.

¹ Cunningham. This scene illustrates an obsolete custom of royalty, which was greatly objected to when practised by the Stuart sovereigns before the revolution, under the epithet of *closeting*.

² Among the collections of Hume, the his-

torian, is a very important one relative to the intended deposition of the queen by the whigs, by means of Marlborough's army.—Hume's Life, vol. xi.

³ Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

CHAPTER X.

CRIES of "God bless your majesty and the church!" echoed from the vast crowds of the English populace who surrounded the sedan of queen Anne, as she was carried to Westminster-hall to witness the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverel. Those among the people who pressed nearest to the chair of the royal Anne, added to their loyal shout the confiding exhortation of "We hope your majesty is for God and Dr Sacheverel!"

A court had been prepared in Westminster-hall for the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, exactly according to the usual arrangements of the house of lords, with seats for the peers in their due order and precedence. A box was erected near the throne for the queen, who chose to witness the trial *incognito*. On one side of the hall, benches were erected for the members of the house of commons of Great Britain; on the other side, for peeresses and gentlewomen. A scaffold was raised for the managers of the house of commons who conducted the impeachment, among whom were distinguished the names of Coningsby, Robert Walpole, Spencer, Cowper, and several others not remarkable for attachment to any form of Christian worship, but into whose hands our church afterwards fell collapsed. A stage with benches below the bar was prepared for the prisoner and his council. Opposite to the whole scene were balconies and galleries for the populace.

Westminster-hall, notwithstanding its vast extent, having been filled on the morning of February 27, 1710, to overflowing, and a still greater crowd gathered close to the doors, the lord chancellor demanded of the peers "whether it was their pleasure that Dr. Sacheverel should be brought before them?" On their assent, the prisoner was brought before them and asked whether he was ready to take his trial? he answered, with great boldness and confidence in his crimes, that he was willing to submit to the laws of the land. Such are the words of an eye-witness,¹ from whose information the scene is described. What those "crimes" were, after every possible exaggeration that his enemies could make, the following articles will show. Four articles against him were read; they were absurdly inconsequential:—"That Dr. Sacheverel had publicly reflected on the late revolution in very harsh terms, and suggested that the means used to bring it about were odious and unjustifiable. That he had cast scurrilous reflections upon those who defended liberty of conscience, and upon archbishop Grindal in particular, and had opposed toleration to dissenters, and had wrested various passages of holy writ to suit his pur-

¹ Cunningham.

poses." But why this proceeding was more criminal in him than in the numerous sects of tolerated dissenters, who could not *all* be scripturally right, is an enigma. Surely no great regard for the "liberty" of any kind of conscience could be found in the persons who framed these very strange articles. As to the offence given to archbishop Grindal, who was one of queen Elizabeth's prelates, the man had been dead more than a hundred years, and was therefore fair subject for history. The above article of impeachment is the only instance since the days of queen Elizabeth¹ in which any person had been put in danger of prison, torture, and disgrace by public trial, for historical comment on characters long deceased. The third article stated "That he had seditiously suggested that the church of England was in peril under her majesty's administration." How the great assembly there convened could suppress risibility when the fourth article of accusation was recited, seems difficult to imagine: "That the said Dr. Sacheverel had plainly called the lord high-treasurer [Godolphin] of this kingdom 'Volpone;' that he had applied opprobrious names to the rest of the state-ministers. He had, withal, termed many of those whom her majesty had advanced to high stations in the church false brethren."² In the last clause, the great preponderance that then existed of bishops and archbishops bred dissenters, who had forsaken their sects to receive preferment and emolument in the church, was indicated; but such were the facts, as the biographies of these dignitaries testify to this hour.

One truth is undeniable, that, notwithstanding the torrent of abusive words with which Sacheverel is overwhelmed in history, if his character had not been stainless, his prosecutors would never have exhibited articles thus replete with folly. Could they have proved against the champion of church and poor, one clerical dereliction from the code of morality, they would have crushed him beneath it, and spurned him out of their political path. Perhaps the driest passage in all political domestic history is that called the "Affair of Dr. Sacheverel." All old libraries in country halls are provided, among other literary nuisances pertaining to the last century, with two or three duplicate copies of duskily bound tomes bearing the above title—the paper, the vilest yellow stained wire-wove; the print and orthographical arrangement ugly enough to be in unison with the dullness of the inexplicable contents. No person can open the book without perpetrating a succession of yawns; no person, excepting for the necessity of professional information, ever endured the reading of the narrative. It is the perversion and suppression of facts which render that, and all

¹ The curious dialogue between queen Elizabeth and Bacon on Dr. Hayward's Life of Richard II. will be remembered. The queen

imprisoned the author, and proposed torture; but he was not brought to trial.

² Cunningham.

history of the same era, dismally fatiguing. Yet this overpowering *ennui* pertains to the narrative of an event so stirring that it convulsed the whole island, and rendered every man in England, particularly of the poorer class, an interested and almost agonized watcher over the fate of the victim whom the depressors of the church of England were haling to the parliamentary bar, for the purposes of condemnation to the pillory, and the lash, if not to death, in the most horrid form of personal degradation.

Sacheverel defended himself with spirit, fire, and a flow of magnificent eloquence. Although his orations undeniably proceeded from his lips, the composition was, nevertheless, attributed to Simon Harcourt, his legal counsellor, or to any person but himself. There is only this small impediment to such appropriation, that Harcourt did not at any subsequent time produce speeches in the same style. The truth is, Sacheverel was a mighty orator, but, like Wesley and Whitefield, had not equal powers of authorship, and the merit of his discourses, whether speeches or sermons, solely depended on the skill of his reporter.

While these scenes were proceeding on the public arena of Westminster-hall, another species of performance was in progress behind the curtained recess that contained the royal auditress and her attendants. The jealousies that were fermenting in that little world of courtly intrigue are described by the pen of the duchess of Marlborough. The queen went *incognito* to the trial of Sacheverel; her desire was to pass unknown, but her people recognised her in the manner which has been shown. "Her majesty," says the duchess of Marlborough, "when she arrived in the hall, entered the curtained box which had been prepared for her near the throne: she was accompanied by all her ladies who were on duty. Those in waiting the first day were, her near relative lady Hyde, with lady Burlington, lady Scarborough, and the duchess of Marlborough. The etiquette of court was for these ladies to stand, unless the queen gave them an express invitation to be seated."¹

The duchess of Marlborough was in some perplexity to account for the circumstance why the queen, with her usual urbanity, did not ask her ladies to sit. The queen had scarcely spoken to her since her last violent outbreak about the allowance to the sick laundress, and had just then closed a furious paper-war, regarding the resignation of the places held by the duchess to her daughters, by reiterating her former request "not to be further troubled."² The queen firmly denied any promise to make such places hereditary in the Marlborough family; the duchess strenuously insisted that such a promise had been given her. Tormenting suspicions that she had gone too far visited the mind of the duchess,

¹ Ccxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; British Museum. ² Ibid.

and she began to be jealous that the very ladies present, her colleagues in waiting, were eager expectants of the preferment which she meant to surrender only to her own daughters. She saw symptoms, or fancied them, that they paid unusual homage to her majesty, in hopes of gaining the spoils she had repeatedly threatened to resign. "After standing for two hours, I said to the vice-chamberlain," observes the duchess, "that when the queen went to any place *incognito*, as she came to this trial, and only looked behind a curtain, it was always the custom for the ladies to sit down before her; but her majesty had forgotten to speak to me now, and that as the trial was likely to continue very long every day, I wished he would put the queen in mind of it." The vice-chamberlain was certainly not aware that her majesty and the grand duchess were not on speaking terms, for he replied, "Why, madam, should you not speak to the queen yourself, who are always in waiting?"—"This," continues the duchess, "I knew was right; and therefore I went up to the queen, and stooping down to her, as she was sitting, to whisper to her, said, 'I believed her majesty had forgot to order us to sit, as was customary in such cases.' The queen looked as if she had indeed forgot, and was sorry for it; she answered in a very kind, easy manner, 'By all means; pray sit.' Before I could get a step from her chair, the queen called to Mr. Mordaunt, her page of honour, 'to give stools, and desire her ladies to sit down.'" Lady Hyde, assuming a manner as if the queen needed personal protection, advanced quite close to her royal mistress, with the evident determination of hearing what the duchess of Marlborough had to say to her. When Mr. Mordaunt had brought the stools, the duchess, as mistress of the robes, sat nearest to the queen; but as she was, from the stern manifestations of the populace against her party, on her very best behaviour that day, she describes "that she sat at a respectful distance, and drew a curtain between majesty and herself," which she seemed to consider a most reverential device, "as it appeared as if queen Anne was sitting in a different room from her ladies."¹ Such might be the case, but it likewise appeared as if her majesty was alone, and bereft of all attendance. Lady Hyde, when she found how the duchess proceeded, went and stood behind the royal chair, and there remained the whole time the queen stayed.

The queen came the next morning to witness the trial, and the duchess of Somerset entered the royal box for the same purpose, just before the duchess of Marlborough and the rest of the ladies established themselves comfortably on the tabourets, that the queen had graciously ordered the preceding day. "Before I sat down," resumes the manuscript narrative,² "I turned to the duchess of Somerset, having always used to show her a great deal of respect. I asked 'If her grace would not please to sit?' At

¹ Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Brit. Museum. ² Ibid

which the duchess of Somerset gave a sort of start back, with the appearance of surprise, as if some very strange thing had been proposed, and refused sitting." Upon this, duchess Sarah, although a word of remonstrance had not been uttered, commenced her defence, telling the duchess of Somerset "that it was always the custom to sit before the queen in such cases; that her majesty had ordered us to do so the day before, but that *her* refusing it now, looked as if *she* thought we had done something that was not proper." Here was as promising a commencement of a quarrel as might be, if the duchess of Somerset had responded to the uncalled-for explanation. Her grace knew better what was due to her own high station and the royal presence; she merely said, "I do not care to sit," passed onwards, and took a station behind her majesty's chair, where she remained standing, as lady Hyde had done the preceding day, during the whole time the queen stayed in Westminster-hall.¹ While this marked personal deference was thus paid to queen Anne by the greatest lady among her subjects, the belligerent power, duchess Sarah, whose violent instincts for a wrangle had been thus coolly suppressed by the Percy heiress, retired to her joint-stool by the side of the gentle co-heiress of the Cliffords, lady Burlington. Here her cogitations were of that species which, at any subsequent period, would have boded infraction of her majesty's peace, besides great damage to the auricular nerves of her ladies in waiting.

The queen had no leisure to attend to the heart-burnings and affront-taking of the mighty duchess that evening; other events of vital consequence claimed her attention. The proceedings of the people, on that second afternoon of the Sacheverel trial, had, in fact, scared even those who were the most desirous of frightening his persecutors. At four o'clock in the afternoon of February 28, the mob attacked Dr. Burgess's meeting-house, near Lincoln's-inn-fields, and made a bonfire of the "sacred cushions and vessels," as Cunningham rather oddly calls some part of the paraphernalia, besides "pulpit, pews, benches, and sconces; and would have murdered the venerable old man himself, if some friend had not received him, and hid him, at past midnight." Other detachments of the populace demolished Earl's meeting-house in Long-acre, Bradbury's in Shoe-lane, Wright's in Blackfriars, and a meeting-house in Clerkenwell. When the rioters were busy in Clerkenwell, they tore down St. John's parochial chapel, out of detestation to bishop Burnet, who lived in that district: they made a desperate sally against his residence, with the full intention of putting him to death if they could have caught him.² When the mob beset the Bank of England,

¹ Coxe MSS., duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson; Brit. Museum.

² Cunningham. Burnet was, it seems, obnoxious to large masses of the poor: they considered that the new practices in the

church of England, which they felt severely, were owing to him. Long after the death of queen Anne (consequently when his party was finally triumphant), he died an aged man. He was buried in the church-house

the earl of Sunderland rushed into the queen's presence with such an account of the proceedings of her loving lieges in behalf of "her majesty's high church and Dr. Sacheverel," that the royal widow was seen to turn deadly pale, and was seized with a fit of visible tremor.

It was but for a short period that Anne suffered from fear: she recovered her courage, and bade her hated secretary of state "send her foot and horse guards to disperse the rioters." Accordingly, captain Horsey, who was then on duty at St. James's, was summoned into the presence of her majesty, and her statesman, lord Sunderland, repeated the queen's order to captain Horsey, with the injunction that he was to use discretion, and not to proceed to extremities. The captain was malcontent, and would evidently have preferred a skirmish to disperse lord Sunderland himself, her grace, his mother-in-law, and the rest of the family junta and their faction, who kept the queen in check. "Am I to preach to the mob?" asked captain Horsey, "or am I to fight them? If you want preaching, please to send with me some one who is a better hand at it than I am; if you want fighting it is my trade, and I will do my best."¹

The queen's guards captured some of their comrades and some of her majesty's watermen, leading the mob, and in the very act of rioting, burning, and destroying. "So," adds Cunningham, "the very court itself was not free from suspicion. When the queen was informed of the species of prisoners made, her majesty declared 'that she herself would be at the cost of the damage they had done; and as for those who were her servants, they should have a fair trial, without favour on her part.'" Here Cunningham (the only historian who enters into the particulars of the incidents connected with this singular period of Anne's reign) indulges in a furious tirade against queens-regnant and female government in general, affirming that "the English people were perfectly disgusted with the authority of women." But if they were, the people had a strange way of showing it, since all the facts of the case prove that the popularity of the queen was unbounded.

All the alarms and conflagrations of the tumultuous night of February 28, which scared sleep from the royal pillow, did not prevent queen Anne from visiting the focus of agitation, Westminster-hall, as on the two preceding mornings. Notwithstanding the restless throngs which pervaded the streets of her metropolis, she went *incognito*, and therefore without guards. Before her majesty entered her chair, she was destined to a severer trial of her courage; for the duchess of Marlborough inter-

to his residence in Clerkenwell; yet, short as was its progress to the grave, his coffin went to its resting-place strewn, not with flowers, but with mud from the hands of the populace.

¹ "Colonel Horsey," says Edmund Calamy, "told me that he ventured his neck by going upon verbal orders; the hurry being so great to secure the Bank, that the queen gave him no warrant until his return."

cepted her to discuss offences, either given or taken. "I told her 'that I had observed the day before that the duchess of Somerset had refused to sit at the trial, which I did not know the meaning of, since her majesty was pleased to order it.' I begged 'she would let me know her mind about it, because I should be very sorry to do anything that should give her the least dissatisfaction.'¹ To this the queen answered, with more peevishness than was natural to her, 'If I had not liked you to sit, why should I have ordered it?' That day the duchess of Ormonde and lady Fretcheville came into the queen's box to witness the Sacheverel trial; they were, however, contented to avail themselves of the queen's gracious permission for the ladies to sit while she remained *incognito*.

By the exertions of captain Horsey and the queen's guards, the populace were restrained from molesting the persons deemed most inimical to the church of England; nevertheless the people continued to escort the queen and the prisoner home to their several abiding-places with formidable threats against the foes of the church. Vast masses of the people remained blocked and wedged in St. James's-square and the environs of the palace all night, and every night in the first fortnight of March. Cries of entreaty to the queen, "not to desert the church and Sacheverel," were distinctly heard by her majesty and the household. It was dangerous for any person, of whatever party he might be, to pass without wearing the oak-leaf, which was just then the popular badge; it was considered the symbol of "monarchy restored."² Artificial bouquets must have been prepared and sold for the purpose, since oak-leaves are not to be found in February, or even in March. At the end of a contest, lasting for three weeks, Sacheverel received the sentence of "suspension from preaching for three years." As so much worse had been expected, this mild sentence was greeted by the people as a triumphant acquittal, and symptoms of the greatest delight were manifested throughout London.

The popular indications so thoroughly apparent at the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel, encouraged queen Anne to act on her determination to expel the junta that had for years enslaved her. Her subjects of the lower classes had risen, shown their rugged strength, growled defiance on the whig ministry, protected the church and the person of Dr. Sacheverel, and then rested pacified, perfectly satisfied that the queen was on the side of that beloved church. The attachment which the English people manifested to the established church at this period, and for the preceding fifty years, has been treated by historians either with utter superciliousness, or with tirades of abuse, which give not the slightest information to the very natural question of wherefore the populace rose to protect, when the usual movement of that class is to destroy? It is

¹ Coxe MSS.; duchess of Marlborough's letter to Mr. Hutchinson.

² Cunningham.

with simplicity of conviction, from every bearing of evidence, we assert that the causes of the insurrectionary movement of the English populace for the protection of the church and Dr. Sacheverel, proceeded from gratitude for the manner in which the poor were relieved and governed by the church of England since its restoration; and likewise from impulses of fear, lest the mighty charity of the daily offertory should be extinguished with the vital functions of their church—apprehensions which were realized in a few years.

Supported by the recent manifestation of popular sympathy, the queen, as the spring of 1710 advanced, took measures to free herself from the insupportable yoke of the family junta, when the duchess of Marlborough, impelled by the despairing whigs, determined to force an interview for the purpose of explaining away her conduct, and circumventing those “who were watching for their share of her spoils;” which spoils, however, merely meant the reversion of her court-places. The queen manifested so much distaste and reluctance, that the duchess contented herself with requesting that her majesty would please to grant her a half-hour’s audience before she retired into the country. The queen did not think proper to deny the request, but required that she should put what she had to say into writing. The duchess persisted that her communication was “of a nature that rendered writing it impossible.” Her majesty, whose curiosity was perhaps piqued, appointed six o’clock the next afternoon for the conference: “this was an hour,” the duchess of Marlborough observes, “that the queen usually spent in prayer.”¹ But before the day and hour came, the queen wrote to the duchess of Marlborough to “send her *commands*,” as she expressed herself, “by the bearer;” in other words to make a memorial of whatsoever she had to say. Instead of writing as desired, the duchess, whilst performing some official duty about her majesty, again seized the opportunity of demanding a private interview. The queen, alarmed lest another scene of violence should take place, once more made an appointment, which she broke the next day by writing to the duchess, telling her “that she had been exceedingly fatigued with business, but that she was going to Kensington to dine that day, and to rest and refresh herself for two or three more; but that she would not detain her from the country, and it would be the same thing if she put in writing what she had to say, as if she talked with her.”²

It was in vain her majesty strove to escape the dreaded interview; her tormentor followed her up very closely, and immediately answered the royal billet to the following effect:—

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

“I am glad your majesty is going to Kensington to make use of the fresh air, and to take care of your health. I will follow you thither, and

¹ Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. to Mr. Hutchinson Cox’s MSS., Brit. Museum.

² MS. letter of the duchess of Marlborough

wait every day till it is convenient for you to see me, as what I have to say is of such a nature as to require *no answer*."

The queen received this unwelcome missive on Sunday, April 6, 1710, at Kensington-palace; by the time it reached the royal hand, the audacious writer followed it, and, in order that there might be no answer or denial written, stationed herself at once on the window-seat of the back-stair, "where," she says, in her manuscript narrative, "I sat, like a Scotch lady waiting for an answer to a petition." The queen having just dined, there was no bedchamber woman there, only Mrs. Abrahah, and a page of the backstairs. Mrs. Abrahah had been the ostensible cause of the rupture between her majesty and the Marlborough duchess, therefore her agency was not invoked; but the duchess condescended to ask the page in waiting "whether he did not occasionally scratch at the queen's door, when anybody came to see her?" The official having acknowledged that such was the case, the duchess desired him to make the usual scratch; and then go to the queen and tell her that she was there, and ask "whether her majesty would please to see her then, or whether she should come some other time?" A long pause ensued; the duchess retreated to her window, and sat in unwonted attitude as a suppliant for audience, while the page made the signal-scratch, and delivered her message to her royal mistress. The signal-scratch was a court refinement introduced from France; the knock for admittance was considered importunate, startling, and even of boding import. It had been interwoven in many ghostly tales of that era, while the scratch at the door seemed only like the supplication of some gentle and affectionate animal, some purring pet, or faithful dog, attached, not to the sovereign power, but to the sovereign's person.

While waiting there in her window-seat, the duchess affirmed "that she ruminated on her position as one of undue humility, for with queen Anne's gold keys by her side, she had every right to walk in after the page, without either knocks or scratches, or any other announcement." The queen was alone and writing, when the duchess was admitted by the page of the backstairs. As she opened the door, the queen said, "I was going to write to you."—"Upon what, madam?" asked the duchess, forgetting, the instant she was in the royal presence, her recently conned lessons of humility. "I did not open your letter till just now, and I was going to write to you."—"Was there anything in it, madam, that you had a mind to answer?"—"I think there is nothing you can have to say but you may write it," was the royal reply. "Won't your majesty give me leave to tell it you?"—"Whatever you have to say, you may write it," reiterated the queen. "I believe your majesty never did so hard a thing to anybody, as to refuse to hear them speak—even

¹ MS. letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum. Likewise another incited fragment among the Coxe MSS., collated with the "Conduct."

the meanest person that ever desired it," said the duchess, after the queen had twice more reiterated the same phrase." "Yes," said her majesty, "I do bid people put what they have to say in writing, when I have a mind to it." "I have nothing to say, madam," replied the duchess, "upon the subject that is so uneasy to you; that person [Mrs. Masham] is not, that I know of, at all concerned in the account that I would give you, which I can't be quiet till I have told you."

Notwithstanding the once-awful intimation "that the duchess could not be quiet," queen Anne reiterated the same note—"You may put it into writing. The duchess kept down her wrath, and proceeded to tell the queen some gossip which one Mrs. Darcey had communicated to her; adding, "that she was no more capable of making disrespectful mention of her majesty, than she was of killing her own children." Turning away, her majesty tritely remarked, "There are many lies told." Then the duchess humbly begged, "that the queen would be pleased to let her know if anybody had told her anything of her of that nature, that she might then take an opportunity of clearing herself, or begging her majesty's pardon." One whole hour passed away in fruitless protestations; Anne replying to most of the duchess's deprecatory speeches with a quotation from her own directions, which her majesty had repeatedly received, both verbally and in writing. "You said you required no answer, and I will give you none." The voice of the duchess then began to rise louder; "she taunted the queen with what had been uttered in her hearing by some of the lords at Westminster-hall during the late trial of Sacheverel.¹ The queen interrupted a torrent of expostulations with the words, "I will leave the room." In the former stormy interview, the duchess of Marlborough had set her back against the door, and told her sovereign "she should stay and hear all she chose to say." Times had changed, however. With a passionate burst of tears she prevented the queen's retreat by retiring into the long gallery, where she sat for some time, sobbing and wiping her eyes, and cogitating what should be her next movement. At last, having thought of a plan to touch the feelings of her former friend, she scratched at the door of the royal cabinet: the queen herself opened it. The duchess said, "I have been thinking, whilst I sat there, that if your majesty came to the castle at Windsor, where I had heard you are soon expected, it would not be easy to see me in public now, I am afraid. I will therefore take care to avoid being at the Lodge at the same time, to prevent any unreasonable clamour, or stories that might originate in my being so near your majesty without waiting on you."—"Oh," replied queen Anne, very readily, "you may come to me at the castle: it will not make me uneasy." From this, the duchess of Marlborough truly enough concluded, that the queen would have no objection to see her

¹ Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 304.

when she was guarded by the rigour of public receptions or state official duties, but that her resolution was immutable never to permit another private conference.¹ The duchess had neither the good sense nor tact to permit the conversation to drop with this rather placable ending. She returned to her passionate recrimination, and denounced judgments on the queen, saying, "she was sure her majesty would suffer for her inhumanity."—"That will be to myself," replied her majesty, closing the colloquy with more dignity than she had sustained it.²

So ended the last conversation queen Anne ever had with the person who had ruled her for more than thirty years. Yet it was long before the duchess of Marlborough could convince herself of the fact, that this was the last conference she was ever to hold with her once-loving and familiar friend. She had always built hopes on the circumstance of the queen's speaking to her, with kind condoling inquiries "regarding a bad cold she had when in waiting on the occasion of the late trial in Westminster-hall."

Queen Anne was employed in other thoughts than the wrangling interview she had just endured with her former favourite. She was certainly cogitating on a measure which brought conviction to the whole family junta that their fall was resolved upon. The first removal the queen commenced with, was the substitution of the tory duke of Shrewsbury for the whig marquis of Kent, as lord-chamberlain of the household. Anne announced this measure to lord Godolphin, then at Newmarket,³ in these words:—

"I am sorry to find by your letter you are so very much in the spleen, as to think you cannot for the future contribute anything towards my quiet but your wishes; however, I still hope you will use your endeavours. Never was there more occasion than now; for, by all one hears and sees every day, as things are at present, I think one can expect nothing but confusion. I am sure, for my part, I shall be ready to join with all my friends in everything that is reasonable to allay the heat and ferment that is in this poor nation. I have not yet declared my intentions of giving the staff and the key to the duke of Shrewsbury, because I would be the first that should acquaint you with it."

The want of wisdom in the character of queen Anne is apparent in this letter. She commences by addressing a taunt regarding the spleen to a man, whom she tries by flattery to propitiate at the conclusion. Whether queen Anne felt as a friend or enemy towards Godolphin, her letter was equally injudicious, especially when she knew him to be irri-

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

² Ibid

³ No authority but the Universal Magazine, March 1748; but it is fully corroborated by quotations made from it in the duchess's correspondence, Coxe MSS. Queen Anne to Lord Godolphin. St. James's, April 13, 1710.

table. Indeed, he took fire "touching the spleen."—"I have the grief to find," he replied, "*that* which you are pleased to call spleen in my former letter, was only a true impulse of mind that your majesty is suffering yourself to be guided to your own ruin and destruction, as fast as it is possible for them to compass it to whom you seem so much to hearken." As for the "staff and key," on which his royal mistress demanded his counsel, he was in too great a rage to mention them. The queen next hastened to remove lord Sunderland from the office of her secretary of state, for the insults with which this young man loaded her were felt by her majesty more severely than even the conduct of her arch-enemy, his mother-in-law. It is supposed, that lord Sunderland had usually heard her majesty spoken of in his wife's family-circle with such insolent familiarity, that he found it impossible to treat her with common respect; the queen complained, "that he always chose to reflect on all princes before her in the most injurious manner, as a proper entertainment for *her*."¹ Yet this nobleman, who affected republican bluntness, would have found it difficult to quote any action of a royal personage parallel to that with which his political career closed.² It is possible that if lord Sunderland had forborne from personal insult, queen Anne would have endured patiently, while her life lasted, the heavy bondage with which his imperious mother-in-law oppressed her. Nevertheless, the duchess boldly plunged into a fresh attack by a letter, hitherto inedited.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.³

"There was something very unusual in the manner of the last conversation I had with your majesty, in your declaring you would give no answer to whatsoever I said; and in the disorder that appeared, by your turning from the candle⁴ when you thought I was going to mention something that you did not care to hear of, that I can't but think you are ashamed of the company you generally have, and sensible of the ill consequences of having such a favourite, and of the reflections that are made all over the town upon it, since 'tis certain that nothing your majesty ever does can be a secret; if, then, there can be a pleasure in anything one is ashamed to own (for which I have no taste), I am sure you will pay very dear for it. I never yet heard of any prince that kept little company that was not of course unfortunate.⁵ What I

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. p. 7.

² The petty fees of 500*l.* &c. with which Barillon purchased the Hampdens, Algernon Sidney, and his father, would have been scorned by Lord Sunderland the younger. When the South-Sea iniquity was unravelled, he was found to be the owner of 50,000*l.* of the newly created stock, for which he had not paid one penny of purchase-money.—See, Lord Mahon's

History from the Peace of Utrecht.

³ Coxe Papers, Brit. Museum, vol. xliv. art. 72. inedited.

⁴ Thus the final interview between the queen and the duchess must have lasted from after the queen's three o'clock dinner until candle-light in April.

⁵ Here a break and some illegible words occur.

now say is for no private interest, nor with any particular regard to myself. I only wish you would choose such people to converse with, as would keep your character from falling in the opinion of your subjects; and besides the interest you would have in it, you would find it much more easy to pass your time in such a way as to have no need of any disguise. I beg you, madam, for your own sake, to think what the world must say, upon your showing that your real confidence and kindness is gone from those that have done you much true service (and that have so much respect paid them at home and abroad), to Mrs. Masham, her sister, and a Scotch doctor, and others one is ashamed to name; and, in short, to anybody that will make court to *her* (Mrs. Masham), who must always be contemptible wretches, since they can condescend to *such lowness* in order to compass their ends with your majesty."

Total silence was, however, maintained by the queen. The advancement of Mrs. Masham's brother in the army was once more a cause of contention. The duchess of Marlborough protested, with far more vehemence than her lord, against the advancement of her cousin, repeating his words that "Jack Hill was good for nothing as a soldier."¹ Marlborough, however, at last wrote, "that he begged the commission of colonel Hill might be made out and sent to him directly; but as some accident might happen, to show his wish to make everything easy to the queen, he should directly send for colonel Hill, and *declare* him brigadier." The matter in dispute was thus amicably adjusted between Anne and her general; not so in regard to her tyrant, the duchess, who never abated her maledictions on the head of "Jack Hill," till other offences from the queen crowded this one out of its supremacy and pre-eminence.

So early as the preceding reign, it has been shown that the conquest of Canada was deemed an important measure for the security of British America. Deputies from the savage chiefs made a voyage to England, and were introduced at the court of Anne. "Five Sachems from the Iroquois had sailed with Schuyler for England. They appeared, amidst the gaze of crowds, dressed in English small-clothes of black, with scarlet ingrain cloth mantles, edged with gold, for their blankets. They were conducted in state in coaches to an audience with queen Anne; and, giving her belts of wampum, they avowed their readiness to take up the hatchet, and aid her in the reduction of Canada."² Wigs

¹ Jack had, however, shared in most of the bloody actions in Flanders, with at least the credit of personal courage. It is undeniable, nevertheless, that general Hill had treated the duchess with positive ingratitude, for she had formerly cherished him with something like maternal tenderness. She said, and apparently truly, "that she had given him a home and education when he was a destitute vagabond." She speaks with indignation "of his

rising out of a sick-bed, and going in a wrapping-gown and cloak to vote for the ruin of the duke of Marlborough, when she had ever shown him the kindness of a mother." The duchess declares "that his sole talent consisted in mimicry, in which his sister, Mrs. Masham, likewise excelled."—Walpole Correspondence, edited by Coxe.

² Bancroft's United States, vol. iii. A.D. 1710.

are not enumerated with the rest of the court costume of the queen's savage allies, although long flowing ones might have been considered by the children of the forest as the English warriors' helms of terror. The Tatler and Spectator often allude to the visit of the Sachems to the court of queen Anne. The attempt on Quebec, commanded by the queen's appointed general, "Jack Hill," utterly failed, to the great exultation of the Marlborough opposition.

At the dismissal of Lord Sunderland the duchess had recourse to one of the royal physicians, Sir David Hamilton, to insinuate to her majesty, "that in case of continued obduracy, she should publish to the world all the queen's former letters of friendship and fondness for her."¹ It is not exactly clear whether the physician-spy was in the interest of his royal mistress or of her enemy; perhaps he made his advantage out of both. One circumstance is undeniable, which is, that the arrow launched by the duchess had its effect in giving pain to the queen. In order to follow up the effect of Sir David's insinuations, the duchess enclosed one of the queen's former fond letters, to remind her majesty how high her opinion of her had been at its date, and to raise suitable ideas of the sensation which would be created in the world if such epistles became matters of public discussion. The queen eagerly detained her own letter; and to her reply, indited by her advisers, she added a postscript, written in her usual style, demanding, in a strain of something like tender reproach, the restoration of *all* her letters, "as she was sure the duchess did not *now* value them." This demand was considered as a proof that the queen felt the alarm the duchess wished to inspire, at which she wrote back:—

"I hasten to the latter part of your letter, in which you desire that all the letters I have of yours may be sent back, and give the reason for it, 'because 'tis impossible they can now be agreeable to me;' but though your majesty takes care to make them less pleasing to me than I once thought they would have been, I cannot yet find it in my heart to part with *one*. And though I cannot dispute your keeping your own letter that I sent you, I can the more easily spare it, because I have drawers full of the same in every place wherever I have lived. Yet I much wondered at your majesty's keeping the duke of Somerset's, which I only sent to show what he once thought of the duke of Marlborough's services: 'tis not, surely, usual to detain *another body's letters*."²

The dismissal of Sunderland was followed by that of Anne's long-trusted lord treasurer, Godolphin. The queen endeavoured to ameliorate this measure by the following letter; the offer it contains is magnificent, although the rage with which it inspired Godolphin was too overpowering to permit him to accept it.

¹ Coxe MSS., xlv. fol. 42; Brit. Museum.

² Coxe's MSS.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN, LORD TREASURER.

"Kensington, August 7, 1710.

"The uneasiness you have showed for some time has given me very much trouble, though I have borne it; *and* had your behaviour continued the same as it was for a few years after my coming to the crown, I *could* have no dispute with myself what to do. But the many unkind *returns* I have received since, especially *what* you said to me before the lords, *makes* it impossible for me to continue you any longer in my service; but I will give you a pension of four thousand a year, and I desire, that instead of bringing the staff to me, you will break it, which I believe will be easier to us both."

After the receipt of this letter, lord Godolphin hastened to the queen. He reasoned with her on her danger in dismissing the whigs, and finished by asking "whether he should go on?"—meaning as lord treasurer. The queen answered, "Yes."¹ Lord Godolphin noticed, however, something strange and gloomy in her looks. He supposed, nevertheless, she meant to abide by the assent he had extorted from her, and had not the least idea of what was to happen the next day, "when my lord treasurer was dismissed, with no more ceremony than a letter written by the queen, and left with his porter. 'The contents of this letter,'" continues the duchess, "were so extraordinary, that I am not at liberty to name them."

The duchess describes to Sir David Hamilton, whom she is in the act of suborning for the same purpose, "that there was a servant in an humble station, but in waiting near the royal person, with whom her majesty often gossiped." The menial had agreed with the duchess, "that nothing succeeded with queen Anne but flattery or fear." The residue shall be told in the ungrateful woman's own base words: "For which reason, he pretended he would fright the queen about the letters I had in my power, and give her to understand 'how unwilling he should be to fall out with one *that could do so much hurt as I might do her majesty*;' adding, 'he feared that her provocations would make me print her letters, for that I had a great spirit, and was justly enraged to be put in print for such lies as I had been.'" Who can avoid feeling indignant at finding the majesty of Great Britain held in awe by a base servant, at the instigation of the favourites she had raised from nothing to insult her! Anne was intimidated, and ordered this man to write the duchess a letter to Windsor, and send it by a messenger on purpose. He was to desire me 'as a friend not to do anything that might reflect on her majesty, insinuating that there was still room for reconciliation with her and me.'"²

"I am afraid," wrote the duchess at the same time to Sir David

¹ Add. MSS. vol. xiv. folio 90. 1710. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Sir David Hamilton.

² Ibid.

Hamilton, in illustration of her royal mistress's character, "you will have a very ill opinion of me, that could pass so many hours with one I have just given such a character of; but though it was extremely tedious to pass so many hours where there could be no conversation, I knew she loved me, and I suffered much by fearing I did wrong when I was not with her." That is, the duchess dreaded the consequences of not mounting guard perpetually. "I have gone to the queen a thousand times," she added, "when I had rather been in a dungeon." There is great reason to believe that Sir David Hamilton made use of this fine epistle against the duchess, and showed it to the queen—at least, the writer afterwards suspected as much.

Lord Godolphin was deeply disappointed at the failure of his endeavour to retain office. In a state of exasperation, on receiving the queen's final order he not only broke his white staff, but flung it contemptuously into the grate. The queen placed the office of lord treasurer in the hands of seven commissioners,¹ at the head of whom was Mr. Harley, who was created afterwards earl of Oxford and Mortimer, when she made him lord treasurer.

The old system of the revelation of assassination-plots was next tried. The duke of Marlborough wrote to his duchess "that prince Eugene had informed him of an assassin, coming to England from Vienna with designs against the queen's life; and that the utmost care should be taken lest the murderer should get access to the royal presence." The duchess went to court very consequentially, and demanded admittance to the queen on a matter of life and death." The queen refused to see her, a memorial of her business was coldly required: and the duchess sent her husband's letter. Anne was inaccessible to fears for her personal safety. The most dignified action of her life was, returning the warning respecting her assassination without deigning to notice the circumstance—merely enclosing the duke of Marlborough's letter, accompanied with these words, addressed to the duchess of Marlborough, dated from Kensington, "Just as I was coming down-stairs I received yours, so could not return the enclosed back till I came to this place." This sentence comprised the last ever written by queen Anne, the once "adoring Mrs. Morley, to her Mrs. Freeman."

When it was found that the quarrel between the queen and the duchess of Marlborough was public and irreconcilable, bishop Burnet forced an interview with her majesty, and endeavoured to intimidate her from a change of ministers. The earl of Dartmouth adds, "that the queen, who gave him a patient hearing because she was the best bred person in her realm, was much amused at the bishop's fears for himself; as, in the course of the harangue he had betrayed his apprehension "that,

¹ Cunningham's Hist.

in case of the pretender's landing, he should himself be the very first person who would be hanged."¹ The bishop did not succeed in raising any personal apprehension in the mind of the queen for her own safety; her fault was indecision, not cowardice. Lord Dartmouth had, during the gradual changes among the ministry in the course of the summer of 1710, accepted office as one of the secretaries of state. There was a degree of friendly intimacy between the queen and himself, which caused them often to gossip over such courtiers as they had known from their youth. In the course of these discussions, lord Dartmouth told the queen "that Burnet had an idea that he himself possessed remarkable faculties for keeping secrets." Lord Dartmouth agreed with her majesty "that he would tell a story regarding herself personally." It was done, and bishop Burnet solemnly promised secrecy. Two days afterwards, the bishop posted to Windsor-castle, and began to tell the story to the queen in a private audience, which he had previously solemnly requested; her majesty received it, to the bishop's consternation, with a hearty burst of laughter.²

What can be thought of the president of the queen's wearing-apparel daring to own, that she *teased* her royal mistress into the appointment of a lord president of the privy council? When the duchess had praised lord-chancellor Cowper sufficiently for his submissive conduct to her, his patroness, she says, "My lord Somers had the reverse of that behaviour, for though he courted me a great while, in order to get into employment with the whigs—visiting me, and if I met him in the streets or roads by chance, he would stand up and bow down as if I had been the queen!" Wolsey's slip of the pen, "I and my king," is nothing to this, for the blunder was made in Latin, and written, moreover, by a prince of the church, which placed its members far above all secular authority. After dwelling with emphasis on lord Somers' standing up to let her pass as if she were queen Anne, comes the reason wherefore such reverences were made by Somers—such standings-up and such bowings-down—"Yet, after I had *teased* the queen to bring Somers into this great post," continues the duchess "(I think that of lord president), he never made me one single visit, though I never had one dispute or quarrel with him; nor did he take any more notice of me after I was out of my employments, than if he had never heard of me." Lord Somers was found guilty of courting the queen and Mrs. Masham for some months afterwards. As lord president, in some of these interviews with the royal widow, he did his best to persuade her "that he was against the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel;" indeed, the duchess casts a stigma on the whig lord president for absenting himself from the last days of that trial, or such a slight occurrence as—his mother being dead! The duchess finishes by affirming that Somers received a pension from queen Anne, paid by

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Hist.

Mrs. Masham. Perhaps the fatuity that overwhelmed the mind of **Somers** had commenced.

In the morning of September 22, 1710, the queen had an interview with her lord chancellor, Cowper, who brought with him the great seal, with the intention of surrendering it into her hands, she made him take the seal back five times after he had laid down the bag containing it, commanding him still to hold it; adding, "I beg it as a favour, if I may use the expression." Lord Cowper took the bag, merely because he could not let it fall when the queen pressed it on him, but said, "I cannot carry it out of the palace, excepting your majesty will receive it to-morrow."¹ The queen replied "that she would agree to this arrangement in hopes he would alter his mind." The repeated importunities of her majesty, and arguments on the lord chancellor's side, and the professions of both, extended this scene to the length of three-quarters of an hour. Lord Cowper supposes that the new ministers had entreated queen Anne to delay the surrender of the seals. The next day, her majesty had another interview with her lord chancellor. "I come now," he said, "with an easier heart than yesterday, since your majesty has promised graciously to accept my surrender if I continue this morning of the same mind, which I do."—"I can use no more arguments to-day than I did yesterday," replied queen Anne; "but I hoped you would have changed your mind." The lord chancellor answered by bending his knee and giving the queen the seal, which she then finally accepted.²

Many of the ancient nobility, who had never approached the English court since the Revolution, came to pay their respects to queen Anne after she had dismissed the Marlborough faction. Among others, the duke of Beaufort, whose grandfather and father had likewise held aloof, congratulated queen Anne as if on her accession, saying, that "He was extremely glad that he could now salute her queen in reality."³ The duke of Argyle had prevailed on queen Anne to add to the companies of her English guards the Scottish royal guard; they had new uniforms and appointments, but, to distinguish them from the English guards, their uniforms were trimmed with silver lace. The queen was displeased and exclaimed, "I do not know my own guards!"⁴ Her majesty evidently preferred them according to their former picturesque appointments. So recently as the year of her accession, these guards, now the royal fusiliers, commanded by the earl of Orkney, had not adopted the use of fire-arms; for the Scots Royals wore heavy steel caps, and used bows and arrows, with broadswords and targets.⁵ Thus queen Anne had beheld them in her youth, when she lived in Edinburgh with her father.

¹ Lord Cowper's Diary (holograph); Brit. Museum.

² Ibid.

³ Coxe MSS.

⁴ Cunningham.

⁵ Scott's Magazine, 1791, quoted in History of Galloway.

It is repeated, frequently, that when the queen was present in her curtained box, listening privately to the debates in the house of peers, the duke of Buckingham, in her hearing, "urged the necessity of inviting over the electress Sophia immediately, to be recognised as the heiress to the crown, because the queen might live long enough to lose the use of her faculties, and not know what she did." Such a speech is utterly against the whole tenor of the duke of Buckingham's conduct in regard to the queen; from her early youth to her death, their friendly intercourse was never interrupted. How could any one, in possession of reason, talk of the intellects of a woman of eighty-two surviving those of a queen in the prime of life, whose mental powers, if not much strengthened by education, were, since she had to struggle with the difficulties of reigning, far superior to what they had ever been? The alleged speech was utterly contrary to the duke of Buckingham's partialities, which tended more and more to the restoration of the exiled line of Stuart every day of his life; nor would the queen have called him, directly after its pretended utterance, to the highest office in her realm, that of lord president of the council. Mistakes were easy to be made as to the peer speaking, when there were no regular reports of the speeches; and as for reporters, the pillory, with loss of ears, would have been the fate of any bold barrister who listened in the house of peers to whatsoever that earl or this duke might say, and disseminated it in print to the whole world.¹ The peer who thus insulted the queen was lord Nottingham.

It is possible that he knew not that the queen had entered her curtained box when he made that remarkable speech, which has been nailed on the memory of the right owner by the hard-clinching satire of Swift, who would never have spared the duke of Buckingham for a moment, had it been his due, since the bitter poet hated him far worse than he did Nottingham, on account of some affront that the Jacobite duke had offered him when he was a whig author. In this poem another historical anecdote is preserved, illustrative of a cautious manœuvre of lord Nottingham at the Revolution, when it was scarcely possible to tell who would ultimately prevail, Stuart or Orange:—

"When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master, king James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot.
 had my advantage, and stood at defiance—
So Daniel² was got from the den of the lions;
I came in without danger and was I to blame?
For rather than hang, I'd be Not-in-the-game.

¹ Since the Revolution, the debates in the houses of parliament had been guarded with jealous care by the members. The journals are remarkable for their mysterious paucity.

² *Daniel*, earl of Nottingham.

³ A queer pun on the title of Nottingham, implying that he was not given a part important enough to play in the game of politics.

I swore to queen Anne that the prince of Hanover,
 During her sacred life should never come over ;
 I made use of a trope, ' that an heir to invite,
 Was like keeping her monument ever in sight.'
 But when I thought proper I altered my note,
 And, in her own hearing, I boldly did vote,
 ' That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
 And must have an old or a young coadjutor ;'
 For I would fain have put all in a flame,
 Because, for some reason, I'm Not-in-the-game."

The staff and key of lord chamberlain the queen bestowed upon that mysterious politician, the duke of Shrewsbury ; to whom the queen confided the fact, that the earl of Jersey and count Tallard, her prisoner from the battle of Blenheim, had sent, with her sanction, the abbé Gaultier, a diplomat about her court, to France, to sound the ministers of Louis XIV. on the subject of peace.

The public prints at this epoch teemed with *exposés* of the impudent manner in which old habitants of the court and palace tricked harmless folk out of cash, by affecting to sell places about the queen's household, and even offices that brought the buyers in immediate contact with her majesty's person. There was an old rapacious courtier, who had had, time immemorial, "an apartment in some odd nook of the vast pile of St. James's-palace,"—for vast it was before that royal residence had twice been reduced by fire. The old courtier had done some business, now and then, by selling small places somewhat after the mode of Gil Blas and his worthy confraternity. At the change of the whig ministry, he fell in the way of a country gentleman with a larger stock of money than wit, who was willing to come down with funds for the vice-chamberlain's place. The old resident of St. James's assured him that queen Anne was disgusted with her present vice-chamberlain, Mr. Thomas Coke, and was about to send him adrift after the whiggish train (already discarded) as soon as she could meet with a likely-looking pleasant country gentleman in his place ; but 7000*l.* was the lowest sum required, whereof 4000*l.* was to be given at once "to the queen's foster-sister" (perhaps a daughter of Mrs. Butt or Buss, often mentioned previously as the queen's nurse), 2000*l.* to the unfortunate discarded "Mr. vice," who had given a consideration of greater amount ; the remaining 1000*l.* was to be divided between the minor agents, and the worthy negotiator then transacting business. But the gentleman negotiating was informed, "that to be vice-chamberlain he must be able to speak French ; and when brought out for view in the gardens of St. James's, and pacing up and down before a particular range of windows, the queen's foster-sister looking out upon the candidate, if she did not think his airs and graces sufficiently distinguished for a place of such personal importance, he must give up all thoughts of it." The rogue who devised the plan had certainly a genius for comedy, and the story goes, that the candidate pranced up and down

for a considerable time "on view," to the great satisfaction of one of the palace-housemaids, who was placed for the purpose, looking, like Jezebel, out of the window. It must have been a rich scene. One day the court-salesman carried his customer to see the queen pass to St. James's-chapel: as he was resident in the palace, he was able to obtain good stations. It so happened, that the duke of Shrewsbury, the lord chamberlain, being absent, Mr. vice-chamberlain led her majesty by the hand, at which sight the candidate for the office cried out, in rapture—"Ah, sir, what happiness! I wish all our friends were here now, to see the vice-chamberlain handing the queen; i'faith, the place is worth t'other thousand!" The queen probably took the speaker for a tame madman, but as places were just then changing very rapidly, Mr. vice-chamberlain Coke's attention was attracted by the words touching the sale of his place. He forthwith made due inquiry, and as the candidate, meaning honestly, made no concealment, the rogue who had carried on this ingenious negotiation was discovered, and handed up for examination at the secretary of state's office, where all his fine proceedings were taken down in writing. Two or three hampers of wine had been consumed, and more than one *rouleau* of guineas actually pocketed by the court-salesman, before the gentleman-purchaser was enlightened with this evidence. So many droll circumstances came out in the course of the inquiry, that the court was convulsed with laughter for a week; and Mr. vice-chamberlain, finding he was more frightened than hurt—nay, that he was positively benefited, for the inquiry fully confirmed her majesty in her gracious intention of retaining him in his place, permitted the roguish salesman of his office to rest unscathed, with no punishment beyond the universal ridicule he had incurred.¹

Queen Anne, at this time of political excitement, received some visitations from mad people, seeking audience in order to bestow on her advice and assistance gratuitously. One of these self-elected counsellors stopped Swift in "the Pall-Mall," he was a gentleman unknown to him, asking his advice, saying, "he had been to see the queen, who was just come to town, but the people in waiting would not let him speak to her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in war: that he knew the queen well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; and that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds. He desired to know whether he should beg again to see her, or, as she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow?" Swift, who wanted to get rid of him, advised him "to try again at St. James's-palace."²

All removals, small and great, had been effected by the queen and her advisers before she ventured any attempt to displace from her great

¹ Tract of the times, entitled, A New Way of selling Places at Court.

² Journal to Stella

court-offices the terrible woman who, either by love or fear, had ruled her for so many years. The duchess of Marlborough herself exultingly attributes this circumstance to her having kept the queen in check, by the threats she held over her of printing her majesty's letters of fondness and confidence.¹ The queen, she made out, suffered the greatest pain of mind whenever this subject was reiterated, and at last sent the duke of Shrewsbury to negotiate the surrender of her letters. All the satisfaction obtained was, "that whilst the duchess kept her places, the letters should remain unprinted." Every day the untamable duchess mounted her fine coach and drove about the town, spending her mornings in visits to her party, where she employed the time in execrating and calumniating queen Anne, and giving the most horrid insinuations on the contents of her letters. The queen cut her off from all exercise of her functions, and wholly forbade her access. Although the duchess declared "that her majesty wanted new gowns, and she must come to give orders for them,"² Anne was, nevertheless, firm in denying her presence. Much her majesty wished to have her gold keys, in order to give them to her new officials; but, the duchess having expressed her intention of not surrendering them, no one dared go to demand them of her, all the new ministry deeming it as safe and pleasant an undertaking as to ask a milch tigress to give up a pair of her cubs.

The court remained in a laughable position from June to December, fairly kept at bay by one daring woman, who remained in office in defiance of sovereign, prime-minister, and all their satellites. The lords spiritual, the peers and peeresses temporal, the knights of the shire, the burgesses and legal authorities of Great Britain, had all submitted to tory government—all but the duchess of Marlborough, who held whiggism triumphant over her majesty's robes, gowns, caps, mantuas, furbelows, and fans, and retained in place, withal, all the functionaries therewith connected. At last, the queen and her new household agreed to wait patiently until the lord and master of the virago returned from his Flemish campaign; for, ill as she treated him, and vivaciously as she reviled him in their hours of domestic felicity, Marlborough was the only person who could manage his spouse. With this exception, the queen was entirely free from the family junta and the whig ministry. "I saw her," says Swift, in his journal of October 10, 1710, "pass to chapel, with all her tories about her, and not one whig. There was her uncle Rochester, with Buckingham, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord-keeper Harcourt, and Mr. Harley."³

The duke of Marlborough's personal behaviour to her majesty had ever been that of submission, often using such expressions as "that he was the meanest of her instruments—a poor worm—her majesty's hum-

¹ It is worth observation, that the duchess ventures not to hint at this proceeding in her printed "Conduct;" it is found in her Hutchinson MSS.

² Conduct.

³ Scott's Swift.

blest creature." This the queen told to one of her lords in the household, who told it again to Swift.¹ Lord Dartmouth dreaded the effect of these self-abasing expressions on the mind of the queen after Marlborough returned, when delivered in the plaintive tone of voice peculiar to him, together with the singular power he was known to possess over every person he chose to influence. "Does your majesty think you can resist such persuasion?" asked lord Dartmouth. "Yes," said queen Anne, "from *him* I can;"—a remarkable admission, proving that the queen had no more regard for the sweetly and softly-speaking husband, than for his furious helpmate. The queen kept her promise in regard to the duke of Marlborough, who seems to have tried every way to touch her feelings. He arrived in London from his annual campaign, December 28, and taking a hackney-coach, drove direct to St. James's, and obtained a private interview for half an hour with her majesty. He lamented his late junction with the whigs, and declared, almost in the language of Wolsey, "that he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes;" assuring the queen, moreover, "that he was neither covetous nor ambitious. Her majesty, when describing the interview to her new ministers and confidants, said, "If she could have conveniently turned about, she must have laughed outright; and as it was, could hardly forbear doing so in his face."² Lord Dartmouth need not have anticipated the relenting of the queen's heart at this interview. When the duke of Marlborough had uttered all that his sagacity had suggested as most likely to mollify his royal mistress, the queen requested him to tell his wife, that "She wished to receive back her two gold keys as groom of the stole and mistress of the robes." The demand drew from the duke another remonstrance. The queen made no other reply, but that "It was for her honour that the keys should be returned forthwith."³ The duke earnestly entreated that the queen would delay the displacing of his wife until after the peace, which must take place next summer, and then they would both retire together. The queen would not delay the surrender of the keys for one week. The duke of Marlborough threw himself on his knees,⁴ and begged for a respite of ten days, in order to prepare the mind of his wife for a blow she would feel severely. The queen, with the utmost difficulty, consented to wait for three days; "but before two were passed," says the duchess, "the queen sent to insist that her keys should be restored to her." The duke of Marlborough instantly went to St. James's, having some urgent business respecting his command to transact with the queen. When he entered upon his errand, her majesty positively refused to proceed to the discussion of affairs until she received back her gold keys from the duchess.⁵

¹ Swift's letter to Archbishop King.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

³ Journal to Stella.—On St. John's information.

⁴ Cox's MSS., vol. xlv. ff. 192, 193, Brit. Museum.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*

Thus urged, the duke retired from the royal presence with the desperate intention of obtaining them. He went to his spouse, and told her she must surrender the queen's insignia: the duchess vehemently refused. The duke laid his commands on her to return the gold keys, which she did, after a stormy contest, by throwing them at his head.¹ Marlborough was glad to obtain them on any terms; he caught up the keys, and immediately carried them to the queen, who received them of him, to use the words of a contemporary, "with far greater pleasure than if he had brought her the spoils of an enemy."—"The duchess," continues the same authority,² "flew about the town in rage, and with eyes and words full of vengeance, proclaimed how ill she had been treated by the queen."

Lord Cowper, the day after the surrender of the gold keys, went to visit the duke of Marlborough; he found him reclining on his bed, the duchess sitting by his bedside, with a large circle of company in the chamber. The reception seems to have been for condolence; the company were listening to the tirades of the duchess, who was railing very extravagantly against her majesty. Lord Cowper stood aghast at this scene, and whispered to the duke of Marlborough, "How surprised he was at all the duchess ventured to say against the queen. Although he had heard much of her temper, this was what he could not have believed." The duke, in his gentle pathetic voice, answered, "That nobody minded what the duchess said against the queen, or any one else, when she happened to be in a passion, which was pretty often the case, and there was no way to help it."³ Among other vituperations, the duchess said (and there, it appears, she spoke truly for once) "That she had always hated and despised the queen; but as for that fool," and she pointed to her daughter Henrietta (lady Rialton), who stood by, weeping, "she did believe that she had always loved the queen, and that she did so still, for which she would never forgive her."⁴ Perhaps there was some of the duchess's blunt, bold style of deceit in this matter, hoping that queen Anne, although dismissing herself for her misdeeds from the places of groom of the stole, mistress of the robes, and privy-purse, might bestow one or more of these rich benefits on her god-daughter,⁵ who was then under maternal persecution for loving her royal mistress so truly. Anne had suffered too much from the intolerable tyranny of the mother, to incur the risk that the yoke should be reimposed by any of her family. Yet the daughters of the house of Marlborough were not then obliged to surrender their court-offices about the royal person; they actually held them for a year after their mother was dismissed.

The next proceeding of the enemy was to obtain from her majesty a

¹ Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 391.

² *Ibid.*

³ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Queen Anne was Henrietta Rialton's sponsor

confirmation of the grant of 2000*l.* per annum from the privy-purse, which had been offered her when the commons refused to pension Marlborough. The queen had frequently reiterated the offer, and always refused to appropriate the money; yet the duchess repelled its confirmation, lest, perchance, some gratitude or acknowledgment of remuneration for past services should be expected in return. It is possible that the royal donor at last meant to take the duchess at her word, and retain the oft-rejected annuity, for when the claim was made by a friend of the duchess's, the queen was observed to blush and appear very uneasy;¹ she, nevertheless, consented that her gift should be valid, because the agent who transacted the affair had put before her one of her own letters of affection to her former favourite, in which the acceptance was very earnestly pressed. When the duchess sent in her accounts to the queen, she placed the large arrears of this annuity to her own credit, writing at the bottom of the paper a copy of the queen's first letter wherein the grant was made; the words quoted (which must have looked very oddly at the bottom of an account-column) were, "*Pray make no more words about it, and either own or conceal it, as you like best, since I think the richest crown would never repay the services I have received from you.*"² The queen kept the accounts of the privy-purse for more than a fortnight, and then returned them to the duchess of Marlborough, with this notation, inscribed in her hand, at the bottom:—

"Feb 1, 1711.

"*I have examined these accounts, and allow of them.*

"ANNE, R."

The grand fosterer of every species of war and strife, whether public or in the recesses of the royal household, was thus for ever separated from her majesty.

Early in the year 1711, queen Anne divided between her friend the duchess of Somerset and her favourite Mrs. Masham the great offices which had been monopolized by the duchess of Marlborough. Her majesty made the duchess of Somerset her mistress of the robes and groom of the stole, and gave Mrs. Masham the care of her privy-purse.

CHAPTER XI.

STRANGE as the assertion may seem in these times, there were actually some indications, on the fall of the Marlborough faction, that queen Anne meant to be her own prime-minister—one of the grand points that the revolution was made in order to subvert. The rapacity of which her late corrupt ministry had been guilty, in plundering the food

¹ Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson; Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

² Ibid.; likewise printed in her 'Conduct.'

of her miserable unpaid sailors, and both food and clothing of the soldiers she painfully felt; yet how her majesty imagined that she could arrange her affairs personally for the prevention of such evils, it is difficult to divine. But Swift mentions, apparently without joking or jeering, "that the queen, the duchess of Somerset, and Abigail Masham, meant to govern the country without the assistance of either whigs or tories." At the crisis of the dismissal of the Marlborough family,¹ it is certain that, among other parties, the queen had called around her many persons devoted to the Jacobite interest, who had willingly tendered her their assistance in the full belief that, if once freed from the domination of those who held her in restraint, her first object would be the restoration of her brother. It is probable that the mind of queen Anne inclined her, at times, to her brother; but, if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, she affected doubts regarding his identity, which it is most evident the duchess herself did not pretend to feel, for even while reviling him, and proposing to get up a cry against him, she always calls him the "prince of Wales." In one of her letters she observes, "When I saw that the queen had such a partiality to those that I knew to be Jacobites, I asked her, one day, 'Whether she had a mind to give up the crown?' for if it had been in her conscience not to wear it, I do solemnly protest I would not have struggled as I did; but she told me, 'She was not sure that the prince of Wales *was* her brother.'" The queen added, which was certainly the truth, "that if he were, his royalty could not be recognised without danger to the religion of the country."² Among other anecdotes on this delicate and curious question, it is said that marshal Tallard, who was at that time a prisoner in England, and secretly an accredited negotiator for peace, was often engaged in conferences with the queen's confidants respecting the identity of the unfortunate prince of Wales; but he always silenced those who attempted to say that he was a supposititious heir, by gravely proposing a matrimonial alliance between him and queen Anne.³ The start of natural horror with which such proposal was always first received, revealed the secret conviction of those who affected not to believe in the affinity of Anne and James.

One day, when queen Anne was in her curtained recess, according to her frequent custom, listening to the debates in the house of lords, the name of her unfortunate brother was introduced, she was put out of countenance by perceiving that every eye was turned on her, and she drew the curtain of her box in great confusion.⁴ The most positive evidence that queen Anne felt a secret interest in her banished relatives, comes from the reminiscences of her brother's staunch partisan, Lockhart of Carnwath. This gentleman chose to serve his master, not by attending

¹ At this period all vacant great offices were put in commission.—Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

² Narrative of duchess of Marlborough;

dated St. Albans.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives du Royaume in de France.

⁴ Ibid.

him at St. Germain's, but by retaining his place as member for Edinburgh in the united parliament. On one of these occasions, he carried up an address from the barons and freeholders of the county of Edinburgh, the gist of which was sympathy "with the grievance her majesty had represented," as he says, "separately and privately, to several of the members of both houses of parliament, 'that she was denied by her ministers the liberty allowed to the meanest housekeeper in her dominions; namely, the liberty of choosing her own domestic servants.'" Queen Anne meant "householder," but, by an unlucky tendency to perversion of speech, her ideas dwelt on housekeepers. Her favourite kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, introduced his Jacobite friend to her majesty with his monarchical address. Lockhart of Carnwath read it aloud to her. Her majesty smiled, and seemed well pleased with its tenor. "She told me," said Lockhart,¹ "that 'although I had almost always opposed her measures, she did not doubt of my affection for her person; therefore she hoped I would not concur in the design of sending away Mrs. Masham, or bringing over the prince of Hanover.' I was surprised; but recovering myself, I assured her 'that I should never be accessory to imposing any hardship or affront upon her. And as for bringing the prince of Hanover, her majesty might be assured, from the address I had just read, that I should not be acceptable to my constituents if I gave my consent, either now or at any time hereafter.' Her majesty again smiled, and I withdrew." His friend, the duke of Hamilton, gave him information, however, of the further remarks of the queen, who turned to him, saying, "I believe Lockhart is an honest man, and a fair dealer."—"The duke of Hamilton assured her, 'that I loved her majesty, and all her *father's bairns*.'" ²

During the most arduous period of the settlement of the queen's new ministry, the country was thrown into the utmost agitation by an occurrence, which was supposed to have threatened the lives of two of the most popular persons in it—her majesty and her statesman Harley. That any one ever thought of injuring or killing the harmless royal matron, is scarcely credible; yet her loving subjects thought that she had been in imminent danger from the knife of the demoniac, who, a few hours afterwards, stabbed her prime-minister. Since the Reformation, the sovereigns and leaders of the English government had, in many instances, been betrayed into great inconveniences, by fancying that every Roman catholic who forsook his church and fled to England, was a protestant convert and deserved to be petted and patronised. The abbé Guiscard, a profligate of the darkest dye, who had rendered his native country far too hot to hold him, made a great merit of renouncing at the same time papistry, his abbacy near Cevennes, and the punishment due to his enormities. As he was deemed a very promising martyr and convert, he was offered high preferment in our church; but as his vocation was

¹ Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers.

² Ibid.

decidedly not the priestly office, he obtained the command of a foreign regiment in the English service, partly composed of William III.'s disbanded Dutch guards, and partly of French refugees. According to Swift and some other contemporaries, Guiscard's regiment possessed an unenviable reputation as the wickedest body of men in Europe. For the good of mankind, this band of destructives were almost cut to pieces at the battle of Almanza, where their priest-colonel, Guiscard, performed prodigies of valour. Queen Anne thought that Guiscard, on account of his warlike exploits, ought to be allowed a retiring pension of 500*l.* per annum; her financier, Harley, cut it down to 400*l.* Upon this, the double traitor offered himself as a spy to his old master, Louis XIV., at the same time making an interest with queen Anne's personal attendants to procure him a private interview. Her majesty actually gave Guiscard audience the evening before he stabbed Harley.¹ So completely unguarded was the queen, that she held the conference with this desperado with no one near her but Mrs. Kirk, who was usually asleep when on duty as lady in waiting. The priest-colonel limited his conversation with her majesty to passionate entreaties for augmentation of his pension, and complaints of ill-treatment. As it had been the queen's wish that Guiscard should have a regular pension of 500*l.* per annum, it is not improbable that she mentioned the circumstance to him, and admitted that she was thwarted in her intentions by Harley or St. John. The next morning, March 8, Guiscard was arrested by a messenger, while airing himself in St. James's-park. He was brought before the privy council, then sitting in the council-chamber at the Cockpit, and accused of his treasonable correspondence with France. While he was before the council, he stabbed Harley with a penknife; he was immediately set upon by all the privy councillors, and was so severely wounded that he died in Newgate some days afterwards. Every one, at the time, believed that queen Anne had run a great risk of assassination from this man. She had assuredly taken some alarm on his arrest, for St. John told Swift that the queen enclosed herself in the palace; although March 8, 1711, was the anniversary of her accession, she neither went to church, nor did she see company, according to her usual practice of making that day one of high festivity. When Guiscard was dying, the queen sent two physicians and two surgeons to attend him in Newgate. He died with some horrible crime unconfessed torturing his mind, which persons fond of the marvellous supposed was his intention to murder queen Anne, but it evidently pertained to his previous career in France.

Harley remained long in danger of death; meantime, his life was deemed of the greatest value by the queen and country, since he had declared that he was in possession of a secret of finance, which would

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

restore the bankrupt state of the revenue to credit and affluence. The scheme he meditated was the foundation of the present funds; when revealed to the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, that nobleman treated the plan with the utmost contempt. If Rochester had lived longer, Harley must have withdrawn from the ministry. Meantime the secret treaty for peace matured. The acknowledgment of the queen's title to the throne of Great Britain was, of course, one of the first articles stipulated; there was not made the slightest difficulty of it.

The acute diplomatist, Mesnager, who had long been waiting at the Hague till the queen was freed from the whigs, arrived in London for the purpose of private conference the very day that all England was in an uproar with the attempted assassination of Harley by Guiscard. Mesnager had many opportunities of studying the character of queen Anne, and seems, on the whole, to have formed a favourable opinion of her. He says, "The queen was mild and merciful in her disposition, and apt to believe every one about her faithful and honest. Among her many good qualities, she was a passionate lover of the common people, as they generally were of her.

It was lord Jersey,¹ queen Anne's lord chamberlain of the household, who introduced Mesnager to the secret interview with her majesty, the particulars of which are thus narrated by the envoy himself: "The next morning, he [lord Jersey] took me in his coach to Kensington, where I believe the queen went for the occasion, for the court was not there, and where I had the honour to kiss her majesty's hand. After which, my lord speaking privately to the queen, her majesty turned about to me, and said, 'Sir, lord Jersey here,' directing herself towards his lordship, 'has given me an account of what steps you have taken; you may let him hear what you have to say.' I bowed, and was going to say something, though I hardly knew what, when her majesty turned abruptly from me to my lord again; so I stopped. My lord spoke a good while to the queen again; and when he had done, the queen turned to me and said, 'Tis a good work; pray God *succeed* [prosper] you in it. I am sure I long for peace; I hate this dreadful work of blood!' At which her majesty shook her head two or three times, saying some other words which I could not hear, which I was sorry for. She then retired, and we withdrew."² "The death of the earl of Rochester," observes Mesnager, "was a great blow to the cause of the Stuarts; for such was his feeling of the inviolability of the line of ancient sovereigns, that although his own niece, Anne, who was on the throne, persuaded him to aid her government in the hour of her great need, he did not

¹ Brother of Elizabeth Villiers, countess of Orkney, mistress to William III., the same who undertook the unsuccessful mission to James II. to persuade him to suffer his son's adoption by king William: he was a Jacobite.

He died August, 1711. His wife was heiress to the well-known Chiffinch.

² Minutes of the Negotiation of M. Mesnager at the court of England, published six years afterwards.

conceal from her his opinion that she had no lawful right to the crown she wore. He is even said to have told her so in plain terms; yet she appointed him the president of her council." He appears to have accepted office with the view of restoring the sceptre to the disinherited representative of the royal house of Stuart, the son of his old master and brother-in-law, king James, and for no other object did this stanch loyalist condescend to sit at the helm for his own niece. "An apoplectic fit snatched him away, May 2, 1711, before any step could be taken for the accomplishment of his intentions."—"Rochester dead?" exclaimed Louis XIV., "then there is not a man of probity and counsel equal to him left in the world."¹ The duke of Buckingham succeeded the uncle of queen Anne as president of her council,² a circumstance alone sufficient to invalidate the absurd falsehood that he had recently attacked the queen in the house of lords.

A correspondence between the queen and her brother, begun under the auspices of her uncle Rochester, was, after his death, carried on by the assistance of her lord president, Buckingham. James Stuart, called by himself the chevalier de St. George, and by his enemies the Pretender, wrote a letter entreating her to send to him an efficient agent to mediate an accommodation between them. After reading her brother's letter, the queen expressed herself to Buckingham in terms which comprised the plain statement of the cause of his exile.³ "How can I serve him, my lord?" she asked. "You know well that a papist cannot wear this crown in peace. Why has the example of the father no weight with the son? He prefers his religious errors to the throne of a great kingdom; he must thank himself, therefore, for his exclusion. He knows that I love my own family better than any other: all would be easy, if he would enter the pale of the church of England. Advise him to change his religion, my lord, as that only can change the opinion of mankind in his favour."⁴ Buckingham communicated the queen's observations to her brother, whose answer was as follows:—

"I know my grandfather, Charles I., and my father too, had always a high opinion of the principles of the church of England relating to monarchy, and experience sufficiently shows that the crown was never struck at but she also felt the blow; and though some of her chief professors have deviated, we must not measure the principles of that church by the actions of some individuals. Plain dealing is best in all things, especially in matters of religion, and as I am resolved never to dissemble in religion, so I shall never tempt others to do it; and as well as I am satisfied of the truth of my own religion, I shall never look

¹ Mesnager.

² Cunningham.

³ The duke of Buckingham was confidentially treated by Queen Anne as a friend and brother, which, indeed, he had now become,

by his marriage with her half-sister Catharine, daughter of James II. and Catharine Sedley.

⁴ Macpherson; Stuart Papers, vol. ii. pp 223-225.

the worse upon any persons because they chance to differ from me, nor shall I refuse, in due time and place, to hear what they have to say on this subject. But they must not take it ill, if I use the same liberty that I allow to others—to adhere to the religion that in conscience I think the best. I may reasonably expect that liberty of conscience for myself which I deny to none.”¹

These letters, however unexceptionable in a moral point of view impressed every one attached to the church of England, whether the queen or her confidants, with the conviction, that young James Stuart was as inflexible in his adherence to his religion as his father had been. The queen, if some obscure yet probable historical indications may be trusted, felt secret hopes that her young sister, the princess Louisa Stuart, might prove less firm in her profession of the Roman catholic creed than her brother. In such supposition she was utterly mistaken; yet she seems never to have entertained the least intention of aiding her brother or sister's claims, if they refused compliance with the church of England then established by statute law. Her first stipulation, as Mesnager is obliged to confess, was for the Protestant succession of the house of Hanover—a stipulation which it was that envoy's object to drive from her mind. Still it is an undoubted historical fact, that if either the young prince or princess of the house of Stuart would have renounced their religion, their kindred of the house of Hanover would not have opposed their claims on the throne of Great Britain. A remarkable letter of the princess Sophia proves this assertion beyond all dispute.²

Meantime the duke of Marlborough, while his queen was earnestly negotiating peace in the secret corners of her palace, was making almost unopposed incursions into France, by crossing with his victorious troops the frontier line at Bourchain. Lord Hertford told David Hume, “that towards the end of queen Anne's reign, when the whig ministers were turned out of all their places at home, and the duke of Marlborough still continued in the command of the army abroad, the discarded ministers met, and wrote a letter, which was signed by lord Somers, lord Townsend, lord Sunderland, and Sir Robert Walpole, ‘desiring the duke of Marlborough to bring over the troops he could depend upon; and that they would seize the queen's person, and proclaim the elector of Hanover regent.’ The duke of Marlborough replied, that ‘It was madness to think of such a thing?’”³ There were two mighty bulwarks which guarded the helpless queen from such outrages. One was,

¹ Macpherson; Stuart Papers, vol. ii. pp. 223-225.

² The letters of the princess Sophia are completely conclusive on this head, and the conduct of George I. is most honourable, from first to last, despite of all temptations from

England. See also the Life of Mary Beatrix.

³ “Horace Walpole confirmed the truth of this anecdote, which he had heard his father repeat often and often.”—Life of Hume, by Burton, vol. ii. p. 501.

the deep affection of her people at large; the other, the honourable abstinence from any species of treachery which distinguished her kindred of the house of Hanover. George I. possessed no personal qualifications to make any biographer enthusiastic in his praise; but who can, on the perusal of the sources of history, deny him credit as a man of honour? It has been shown that Sarah of Marlborough lavishes on his noble-minded mother such terms as "fantastic idiot"—terms which must be resolved into the highest praise, when the motives of the reviler are analysed.

Mesnager, when he withdrew from England after the sudden death of the queen's uncle, lord Rochester, had left the path clear to the advancement of Robert Harley, whom her majesty raised to the peerage soon after his recovery from the wound inflicted by the knife of the priest-colonel Guiscard. Harley was created earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and received from the hands of her majesty the most potent and envied of places—that of lord treasurer. The queen was so much alarmed when stormy debates occurred in parliament, lest any disastrous minority should cast her once more in the power of the Marlborough junta, that her ladies, when she was waiting for intelligence, could not prevent her from falling into fainting-fits. Soon after commenced that series of perpetual relapses into ill-health, which marks the history of queen Anne from the autumn of 1711.

Dr. Swift was presented to the queen about that time, and became an assiduous attendant at her court, having been deputed by the dignitaries of the Irish church to lay before the throne of her majesty their humble petition for extending her bounty of the first-fruits to that church. It is well known that Anne was anxious to extend it to her realm of Ireland, yet she never could rescue the funds from the hard grasp of the Marlborough clique government. The first-fruits had been restored to the English church by her majesty during the short period when her uncle, Lawrence, earl of Rochester, was her prime minister after her accession, but she was forced to wait until freed from the whigs before she could extend her generous purpose to Ireland.

"The queen was abroad to-day to hunt," says Swift in his journal,¹ "but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." A week afterwards the queen hunted the stag through the meridian heat till four in the afternoon; she drove forty miles that day² (August 7), and being beyond her dinner-hour, the board of green-cloth did not dine until the late hour of five o'clock, owing to her majesty's Jehu-like drivings. Next day, the queen was well enough to hold a drawing-room, "but as few attended," observes Swift, "her majesty sent for us into her bedchamber,

¹ Journal to Stella, July 31, 1711.

² Ibid.

where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us, round the room, while she looked at us with her fan in her mouth, and once a-minute said two or three words to some that were nearest to her, and then, being told dinner was ready, went out. I dined at her majesty's board of green-cloth, by Mr. Scarborrow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a-month while she is at Windsor or Hampton-court, and is the only mark of magnificence or royal hospitality that I can see in the queen's household. It is designed to entertain foreign ministers and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine." The noble room called that of the board of green-cloth still remains at Hampton-court, with the table on which this royal hospitality was offered.

"Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician," continues the journal, "went out with me to see a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We overtook Miss Forester, one of her majesty's maids of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. The queen passed us coming back, and Miss Forester stood by the road-side like us, with her hat off, while her majesty went by." This was an affectation of Miss Forester's, which she supposed was in unison with her riding-habit, for the maid of honour wore that dress which the Spectator soon after made unpopular. Swift seems to have taken a dislike to the courtly belle for no other reason, for he adds, "I did not like her, though she be a toast, and was dressed like a man"¹—that is, in the riding-habit of the time of queen Anne, which comprised hat, coat, waistcoat, periwig, and cravat; one flowing garment was the only variation from a complete cavalier's garb.²

The queen went to the races, which were held at Ascot, only at a different time of the year from the modern arrangement. The Sunday afterwards the queen held a drawing-room, after she had been at church. One of the prebends of Windsor, lord Willoughby de Broke, who attended queen Anne's reception, had inherited a peerage; it was noticed that he would sit in the house of lords with his clergyman's gown on. In the days of queen Anne, no clergyman ever appeared in the street, or in his own house when dressed for the day, without the black gown, similar to that in which they at present preach. It was

¹ This beautiful maid of honour of queen Anne was one of the latest instances of the infantine marriages, which had been among the worst customs of the middle ages. She had been wedded to Sir George Downing's young son before she was thirteen: subsequently the bride and bridegroom applied for a divorce, and obtained it.

² There is a very fine portrait at Ham-house of a most beautiful countess of Dysart,

contemporary with this era, or a little later. She wears a small cocked hat, three-cornered, just like a coachman's full-dress livery hat, bound with broad gold lace, the point stuck full in front over a white-powdered, long-flowing periwig; a Mechlin cravat, tied like a Steinkirk; a long white coat, like a coachman's livery-coat; a flapped waistcoat, and a habit-petticoat. She holds a riding-whip of a very mannish fashion.

their every-day garment then, and for half a century afterwards. Notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of driving herself many miles when hunting in July and August, queen Anne was laid up with the gout in the middle of the latter month. About the same time she ordered 20,000*l.* to be paid for the furtherance of the Marlborough palace at Woodstock, supposed to be as a reward for one of the brilliant successes with which the duke of Marlborough was pursuing the war her majesty was intensely desirous of concluding. The queen had had lord Jersey named one of her plenipotentiaries at Utrecht the very day before the demise of that noble, which occurred in the beginning of August. He was removed from the scene of action by a death as sudden as that of her uncle Rochester, whom he survived but a few weeks. After the decease of these experienced statesmen, the Jacobite interest about the queen was only supported by the duke of Buckingham and a few ladies. Her majesty placed the privy-seal, vacant by his demise, in the hands of Dr. Robinson, afterwards bishop of Bristol.

The queen continued ill with the gout through August. She did not come to St. George's chapel, or stir from her bed: she received the sacrament there, for she always communicated the first Sunday of the month. Her majesty was unable to quit her bedchamber as late as the 9th of September. Her receptions took place within it, the company, among whom was Dr. Swift, were introduced while she was seated in her arm-chair; the crowd was so great, that those only could see her majesty who were in the circle next to her bed.¹ When recovered, her majesty had frequent parties of cards and dancing during her stay at Windsor. One of her nobles, lord Lanesborough, who always got rid of his fits of the gout by elaborate curvets and caperings, strongly recommended the same regimen to her majesty despite of her increasing corpulence and infirmities; but queen Anne relinquished dancing thirty years earlier than did queen Elizabeth. Pope has, however, perpetuated the memory of the adviser, if not of the advice, in this line:—

* See sober Lanesborough dancing with the gout."

Mrs. Masham had been forced to relinquish her close attendance on the queen, on account of her accouchement; in consequence of her absence, the new ministry became greatly alarmed at the advances the duchess of Somerset made in her majesty's favour. Dr. Swift was at this time in close attendance on the queen's ministers at Windsor, writing up the tories, and writing down the whigs. Dr. Arbuthnot concocted with him a *jeu d'esprit*, that was more likely to give offence to queen Anne than anything they could have contrived for that purpose.

¹ Swift's Diary, and Journal to Stella, Sept. 1711.

“Arbuthnot,” says Swift, “made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called ‘A History of the Maids of Honour since Henry VIII.’s time, shewing they made the best Wives; with a list of all the maids of honour since’; to pay a crown down, and another crown on delivery of the book, according to the common forms of these things. We got a friend to write it out fair, because my hand is known, and sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. It will be a good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it.” More merry than wise, perhaps. If the dauntless dean¹ had not remembered, the beloved physician, Arbuthnot, could scarcely have forgotten, that queen Anne and her sister Mary II., were the daughters of a lady who had been a maid of honour; and that the queen might feel more alarm than pleasure at the proposed series of biographies.

Queen Anne ratified her consent to enter into preliminaries of peace at Windsor-castle, October 8, 1711. At supper, on the evening of the same day, her majesty publicly mentioned “that she had agreed to treat with France; and that she did not doubt but that, in a little time, she should be able to announce to her people that which she had so long desired for the sake of humanity, a general peace for Europe.” Windsor-castle was the scene of the public presentation of the envoys from France to queen Anne: they had afterwards apartments assigned them at Hampton-court, whither her majesty came to reside, as the darkening days made journeys to Windsor difficult to her ministers. All queen Anne’s practical Jacobitism was comprised in her secret and very tardy admission (not acknowledgment) to the envoys, that James *was* her brother—not that she avowed her share in the vile intrigue that denied his being the son of his own mother; her ultimatum of Jacobitism was now and then speaking of him, in private, as if consanguinity existed between them. And here the historical question again arises—did France ever sincerely mean the restoration of the Stuarts? Never, must be the answer of all those who have studied the sources of history, not by contemplating isolated fractions, indicative of kindly private feeling in this king or that queen, but by comparing the conduct of that nation since their great king Henry IV. saw, with the far view of long-sighted genius, the mighty results of the peaceable union of the British islands under one sovereign.² Since that hour the French had, by means of calumny and bribery, nursed civil and religious wars in Great Britain for nearly a century; and as surely as Richelieu bribed the rebels of Charles I. into civil war, or as Barillon bribed the *patriot* revolutionists, Sidney and Hampden, into tearing the vitals of their country by restless agitations, were the envoys of France sent to gain peace, but never to

¹ He was not appointed to the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin, till more than a year afterwards.

² No other inference can be drawn from

the malicious and calumnious series of French embassades which occur from the accession of James I. to the fall of Charles I.

restore any family peace to the unfortunate Stuarts. Louis XIV. was aged, tottering on the brink of the grave, and might possibly have attained the wisdom to perceive the utter uselessness of all the wicked wars and intrigues which had spread unutterable misery over France and England; but even if he were sincere in his instructions to Mesnager, the appointment of Dubois as a coadjutor in the mission of that envoy proves that there was a power behind his despotic throne by far too mighty for him. Dubois had been the governor, and was the ruler, body and soul, of the future regent of France—the profligate Orleans. Neither the church of Rome nor the church of England were aught to teacher or pupil.

When all parties were agitated with the discussion of the preliminaries of peace, libels flew about as thickly, according to Mesnager's expression, "as musket-balls on a battle-field." The queen, at such a period of excitement, was obliged to take some precautionary measures for the preservation of peace at home. Among others, she issued an order of council forbidding the usual procession and bonfires on "queen Bess's day," the council having intelligence that the London 'prentices in the whig interest had prepared the effigies of all her ministers of state, dressed in their usual costume, as a holocaust at the base of queen Elizabeth's statue near Temple-bar. The leaders of the opposition hired Tom D'Urfey to write a lyric on the occasion, and as all parties affected great personal devotion to the queen, she was represented as a victim in the hands of the triumphant faction, just as she had been in those of the family junta. The refrain of "Save the queen! save the queen!" was meant to excite her loyal commonalty to snatch Anne, their beloved mistress, from the clutches of the tories. One verse will be a sufficient specimen to show the temper of the times:—

"Methought queen Bess arose—¹
 Save the queen! save the queen!
 From mansion of repose—
 Save the queen! save the queen!
 The genius of our land
 Came too at her command—
 Save the queen! save the queen!"

That any uproar should occur among a grown-up people relative to the burning of a parcel of great dolls, has ever proved the greatest stigma on English common sense. The story went that there were forty puppets prepared for the flaming pile, and that they had cost 1000*l*. Dr. Swift went to see them, after they were captured, and declared the whole group did not cost forty pounds. There was his sable majesty, provided with a mask by way of a face, supposed to resemble the prime-minister, the pope on his right hand, the Pretender on his left, dressed in a blue

¹ D'Urfey's Poems.

cloth coat, with tinsel lace, and a white feather made with cut paper; also the figures of four cardinals, four jesuits, and four Franciscan friars, all assembled round a mighty cross, eighteen feet in height,"¹ which symbol of the christian faith was likewise to be burnt.

Lord Oxford had likewise a long illness: he shut himself up with his royal mistress at Hampton-court, and was invisible to all the world. When the treaty was nearly perfected, the prime minister recovered his health and resumed his functions. While he was absent from Hampton-court, queen Anne addressed to him the following epistle, which shows that some power was still exercised by her:—

“ Nov. y^e 16th 1711.”²

“ I am very glad to hear from those that you saw yesterday, that you are so much recovered; I pray God perfect your health, and confirm it for many, many years. I thank you for *puting* me in mind of having a fast *hear*, and in Scotland, wh^{ch} I think is so right, that I intend to mention it either to-morrow or at y^e next cabinet. I have talked wth l^d chamberlain [Shrewsbury] about several things this afternoon, and at present he seems to me to be in good humour; what he means by the D. of Somerset working against him I can’t tell, for he has not named him to me a great while. I gave lord Dartmouth to-day the names for the council of trade and chamberlain of Scotland, and he tells me he has order’d the warrant to be filled up. I find he has not prepared any instructions for l^d Peterborow, fearing he would do more hurt than good at Turin; l^d Dartmouth proposed to me the sending him to Venice. I think he should be sent somewhere, for I fear, if he comes home while the Parliament is sitting, he will be very troublesome. M^r Secretary often mentions that great care should be taken of the courts of Berlin and Hanover, but never has proposed anybody to be sent to either; if Britain be thought proper for such an employment, I am very willing to part wth him, only desire he may not be sent to Hanover. I believe duke Hamilton may do very well for Vienna, but it will be time enough to come to any resolution about it when I have the satisfaction of seeing you. You propose my giving M^r Prior some inferiour character; what that can be I don’t know, for I doubt his *berth* will not entitle him to that of envoy, and the secretary of the embassy is filled; if there be any other you can think of that is fit for him, I shall be very glad to do it. I leave it to you to recommend somebody for the master of the Mint in Scotland, for I have none in my thoughts at present to give it to. I intend, *an it please God*, to be in town the middle of the next week, if the parliament can meet on the day appointed, or else I should be glad to stay a week longer *hear*, unless you think my being at St James’s is absolutely necessary for *buisnes*. Pray turn it in your thoughts who will be proper to putt into

¹ Swift’s Journal to Stella.

² Lansdowne MSS. 1236, p. 253.

the commission for executing the office of privy-seal during my lord's absence, and believe me, with all sincerity,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"ANNE, R."

Endorsed—"The Qu. to my L^d Oxford, Nov. 16th, 1711."

The queen was right in her suggestions: lord Strafford refused to have his name publicly associated with Prior, not perhaps on account of his low birth, although every one was exclaiming against the nobleman's insane pride on that account. There are, however, indications of servile baseness in Prior's previous career, which show him ready to truckle to any party or person willing to take himself and his pen at a valuation.¹ No one can greatly blame Strafford as a gentleman—to say nothing of his nobility—for eschewing such partnership. Her majesty was, notwithstanding, so well pleased with Prior's labours in the embassy, that she herself requested that he might be rewarded with the place of commissioner of the customs.

The queen sent a request to her kinswoman, the electress Sophia, to assist her in promoting the peace of Europe; that princess answered in a letter, by which it appears that she was pleased at the invitation. At the same time queen Anne sent a present to her god-daughter, the princess Anne of Hanover, eldest daughter of the hereditary prince and princess (afterwards George II. of Great Britain and his queen-consort). The electress Sophia, the great-grandmother of the infant, alludes to queen Anne's messages in her letter to the earl of Strafford, then secretary of state, November 11, 1711: "Earl Rivers has brought a present to the queen's god-daughter as an honourable mark of her favours, which are infinitely esteemed. I would not, however, give my *parchment* for it, since that will be an everlasting monument in the archives of Hanover, and the present of the little princess will go, when she is grown up, into another family."² The electress, by the "*parchment*," meant the commission by which queen Anne empowered her to aid the restoration of peace—an office which Sophia undertakes as an honour, but mildly points out some inconsistency in English politics, which very recently breathed of nothing but war. Not a word occurs of jealousy regarding any tendency the queen might have towards her brother; all the suspicions that Anne expressed against her kinswoman Sophia and her son, were met with the patient rectitude of honourable intentions. They always treated and spoke of their unfortunate kinsman, young James Stuart, as the legitimate son of the elder royal line, giving him full time to make up his mind whether he persisted in his repudiation of the creed of the church of England, and adhered to the profession of the Roman

¹ Prior, at this time, was a Jacobite; but his letters, as quoted by Sir Henry Ellis Camden Society, when attached to the English legation at the peace of Ryswick, are

odious specimens of time-serving.

² Hanover Papers, Macpherson Collection, vol. ii. p. 266.

catholic religion, in which case only the family of Hanover meant to accept the offered island-empire. It was in vain that the Orange politicians lamented their hard fate, that there was no hero of Nassau now to come with an invading army to pluck down the queen for the public good. The honourable conduct of Sophia and her son thus disappointed their most violent partisans, at the same time that every temptation was offered by the party of the whigs to gratify the ambition of a sovereign, who had as much passion for military distinction as any of his contemporaries. In fact George of Hanover received invitations from parliament, and even publicly from the queen herself, to take the command of the allied army, of which the common course of events showed that the duke of Marlborough must soon be deprived. The princess Sophia and the elector took more trouble to ascertain the private wishes of Anne on this point, than less honourable princes would have done to thwart them; and finding that such a proceeding would embarrass her government, declined the offer.

The queen, on the 7th of December, 1711, opened her second sessions of the united parliament of Great Britain. It was, at that time, above a year since her majesty had thought fit to put the great offices of state and of her own household in other hands than the family knot of the Marlborough alliance; yet the duke of Marlborough was still general in chief, the duke of Somerset master of the horse, the earl of Cholmondley treasurer of her household.¹ The royal speech was an extraordinary one, and seems, in fact, to have emanated from the queen's well-known desire for the pacification of Europe. "Notwithstanding," said her majesty from the throne, "the arts of those who delight in war, both time and place *are* appointed for the opening a treaty for a general peace."² The speech produced remarkable discussions in the house of lords; and as the duke of Marlborough was generally supposed to be pointed at in it, the queen having entered her private box in the house of lords a few nights afterwards, he, in the midst of a warm debate, suddenly appealed to her majesty to exonerate him,³ which threw her into the greatest embarrassment. Yet the word at that time went among the tory ministry, that the queen "had betrayed them."

"Yesterday," writes Swift, "when the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, as lord-chamberlain, asked her majesty, 'Whether he or the great-chamberlain, Lindsay, ought to lead her out?' The queen answered him, very *short*, 'Neither of you;' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any one in the house of lords for the clause against peace. Mrs. Masham gave⁴ one or two instances of the

¹ Mesnager's Minutes of Negotiation, collated with Toone's Chronology, vol. i. p. 410.

² Ibid.

³ Swift's Journal, December 1711, in many passages.

⁴ Ibid.

same kind. "The queen is false, or at least very much wavering," adds Swift. "Mrs. Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer Harley would call, and we all resolved to fall on him about his negligence in not securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good-humour, as usual; but we thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did." By this practical joke, it is apparent that the possessors of important court-offices, designated by white wands, carried such insignia about with them, even to pay private visits. When Swift had seized the lord treasurer's wand, he said, "If I could but be secured in possession of this for one week, I would set all to rights."¹—"How?" asked the premier. "I would immediately turn out Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondley," replied Swift. Dr. Arbuthnot asked the premier, "How he came not to secure a majority?" He could answer nothing, but "that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear."—"A poor answer," observes his impatient auditor, "for so great a minister." The premier added a quotation in allusion to the sovereign, "The hearts of kings are unsearchable." However, he went home, called for a list of court-places, and marked every one for expulsion who had voted against his government. Swift finishes, as he began, with the assertion, "The queen is false."² From this conviction he was persuaded, the following day, by her majesty's confidential physician, Arbuthnot, who said, "The queen has not betrayed her ministry; she has only been first frightened, and then flattered."

The duke of Somerset, taking advantage of the queen's public preference of his arm to either of her great-chamberlains, had told many of the peers "to vote against the tory ministry, because it would please the queen."³ The new ministry insisted on the removal of the duchess of Somerset, and again confusion reigned in the palace. In the midst of these contentions it was said that the queen, on her return from parliament to St. James's, called for the duchess of Marlborough; that a friendly lady ran to the duchess's apartments, and pressing her to lay hold of the opportunity, assured her that she might, with but one soft word, be as well with the queen as ever, and overthrow all her enemies at once; but that she refused to go, though her lodgings were on the same floor as the queen's, and added some very disrespectful words of the queen, and of her new favourite, which, when related to her majesty, put an end to all manner of affection between them.⁴ The rage of the duchess of Marlborough against the queen, for having given her places to the duchess of Somerset, and at that lady for having accepted them, was too blind to permit her to perceive then, that the duchess of Somer

¹ Swift's Journal, December 1711, in many passages.

² *Ibid.*, December 8, 1711.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Minutes of the Negotiations of M. Mesnager at the Court of England.

set, although from different motives, was pursuing the same track as herself, of active enmity to the line of Stuart. The letters of Sarah of Marlborough are replete with mockery of the duchess of Somerset and the queen, and of the means whereby that lady gained the royal favour. The queen's vice-chamberlain furnished the intelligence. This functionary declared, "that ever since the queen's widowhood, the duchess of Somerset, whenever she saw the queen look dull or thoughtful, used to exclaim, "My queen, you must not think always of the poor prince." The duchess of Marlborough chose to affirm that the queen had neither affection nor regret for her lost spouse; and declared, at the same time, "that to look gently, and talk insipidly at the queen's basset or ombre-tables, was all that her majesty required in any person's whole course of life." For the first of these requisites the fierce duchess was certainly little qualified.

Fortunately for the new ministry, a fresh cause of complaint was discovered by the queen against the duchess of Marlborough. The new palace built by the latter, on the ground the queen had granted her at St. James's, was completed, so as to enable them to live side by side, just as the final rupture took place which separated their lives for ever. The duchess relinquished her apartments in St. James's-palace, and, according to the queen's account, who walked through the suite after her retreat, she left that part of the palace, which had been her headquarters for years, in a state as if it had been sacked by a destructive enemy—the locks torn off the doors, marble slabs forced out, and looking-glasses and pictures rent from their panels. The queen stopped the instalments of money for completing Blenheim-house at Woodstock, declaring "that, as the duchess of Marlborough had dilapidated her house (namely, St. James's-palace), she would not build her one." A very elaborate defence from these charges was penned by the duchess. On which side the truth rests, it is difficult to determine; but it is indeed strange, that the queen, with affairs of vital importance on her mind, should have leisure to make a personal investigation into the state in which the duchess had left her lodgings.²

Lord Dartmouth asked the queen, "How her majesty would be pleased to have her servants live with him (the duke of Marlborough), after his return from the campaign?" The queen replied, "That would depend on his behaviour to her."—"I am sure," rejoined lord Dartmouth, "that it will be all submission, since other means had proved totally ineffectual; and," asked his lordship, "is your majesty proof against that?"—"Yes," said the queen, "I am." When the queen had had an interview with the duke of Marlborough, she told lord Dartmouth that his demeanour *was* submissive, as he had foretold; "only lower," added her majesty, "than it was possible to imagine." "The duke of Marl-

¹ Correspondence of the duchess of Marlborough.

² Coxe MSS.

borough soon visited lord Dartmouth, for the purpose of propitiating him for regaining the favour of the queen; 'reminded him of his relationship, and hoped he would do him, on that account, all good offices with her majesty, who, he knew, had entire confidence in lord Dartmouth, which he was sincerely glad to see. He lamented'—and the sincerity of that lamentation was unquestionable—'the strange conduct of his wife, but declared, withal, there was no help for that, and a man must bear a good deal to lead a quiet life at home!'"¹ His confessions of the faults of his better half did not prevent his own dismissal from the command he had sustained with such invariable success. Inquiries were instituted, at the same time, concerning vast sums he had appropriated by the sale of commissions²—a bad practice, which first appears in his government of the military forces of Great Britain; likewise of the enormous bribes and percentages received by him from the Jew contractors for the soldiers' bread and clothing. The soldiers of the regiments that had returned, threw away their jackets and clothing over the wall of the queen's garden at St. James's-palace. Tradition says they were brought to Anne, who wept at seeing the flimsy rags which the avarice of the generalissimo and his Jew contractors had provided for the common men to abide the damp and aguish seasons of the Low Countries. The army was consigned by the queen to the care of the duke of Ormonde, whose commission was, not to gain victories, but to keep the British forces in a state of armed neutrality until the peace was concluded.

The incorrigible sycophancy of Anne's courtiers, in paying homage to Abigail Masham by way of propitiating the queen, greatly disgusted her majesty, who confided her feelings on the subject to lord Dartmouth. That nobleman had been deputed by the tory ministry to request the queen to make Abigail's husband, Mr. Masham, a peer. The proposition was very distasteful to queen Anne, who thus replied to lord Dartmouth: "I never had the least intention to make a great lady of Abigail Masham; for by so doing I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence for a peeress to sleep on the floor, and do all sorts of inferior offices."³ But as Abigail was related to Harley as well as to lady Marlborough, that rising statesman wished to lose the memory of her former servitude to lady Rivers under the blaze of a peeress's coronet; the measure was therefore persisted in, despite of the queen's sensible objections. At last, her majesty consented to the exaltation of the humble Abigail, on condition that she remained her dresser.

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Time, vol. vi. p. 6.

² Evelyn's Diary, 1691. Many indications occur throughout their correspondence, that the duke, and even the duchess, of Marlborough pursued this bad practice for their

private benefit, in their prosperity during the war in the reign of Anne. The bribes from the Jew contractors were acknowledged by Marlborough, but were called by him "customary perquisites."

³ Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

Mesnager expressed his fears to the queen, that the duchess of Somerset was adverse to the peace; queen Anne replied, "Oh, I'll warrant you; I'll answer for her!" Great watchfulness prevailed for the moment when the duke of Somerset was to appear in his equipage, with his people in his own yellow liveries instead of those of the queen, which his suite wore because he was the queen's master of the horse.¹ At last the duke resigned, but the queen still continued intractable to the advice of her ministers. The whig duchess bore the blame, and the whole venom of the tory party was turned against her; she was, however, by no means adverse to the peace, but much against all relentions of the queen's heart in favour of her brother. Whatever Mesnager, Gualtier, and the countess of Jersey, assisted by Abigail Masham, did in his behalf on one side, was reversed by the duchess of Somerset on the other.²

It suited Swift's party-pen to make out the duchess of Somerset an assassin at fourteen, and he trusted to find partisans willing to believe him, or at least to pretend to do so, when he thus attacked her in his Windsor Prophecy in a string of ill-conditioned puns, addressed to the royal widow on the throne:—

"England, dear England! if I understand,
Beware of carrots³ from Northumberland.
Carrots sown thin [*Thynne*] a deeper root may get,
If so be they are in summer set [*Somerset*];
Their cunning's mark [*Koningsmark*] thou, for I have been told,
They assassine⁴ when young, and poison when old.
Root out those carrots, O thou! whose name,
Spelled backward and forward, is always the same."

This was *Anna*; for the queen, like her great grandmother, Anne of Denmark, accented her name in two syllables, from whence her medalists and poets called her Anna. These verses proceed to recommend

¹ Swift's Journal.

² The duchess of Somerset's hatred to the lineal royal family of Stuart was bitter and unceasing; the ground was, because Charles II. had placed his illegitimate son above the lofty line of Percy, by giving him the title of duke of Northumberland; she had been married at ten or eleven years of age to lord Ogle, the son of the duke of Newcastle (according to the old evil practice of giving in wedlock heiresses of great property). It may be supposed her inclinations were not consulted in her matrimonial destination; but her first bridegroom or purchaser died, and left her a widow at thirteen, when her mother and her guardians fell out furiously, at the disposing of her a second time as the Percy heiress. The unfortunate child wore widow's mourning at the court of Charles II., and received the appellation of *la triste héritière*. She excited, by her great wealth and mournful appearance, some interest, although she had no pretensions to beauty. Her guardian

made her marry a commoner, of immense wealth, Thomas Thynne, of Longleat-hall, when her mother, the dowager-countess of Northumberland, much enraged at his conduct, escaped with her to the continent, until she became of legal age. At Brussels, the child in weeds was seen by the handsome count Koningsmark, a German soldier of rank, possessed of little property, and less respectability. The Percy heiress was not fourteen when this fortune-hunter marked her as his prey. He had heard that her mother and herself detested the engagement she had been forced into, and to make the field clear for his own pretensions, he very deliberately hired three assassins, who shot Mr. Thynne in his carriage in the Haymarket. The circumstance is curiously and minutely represented on Thynne's monument in Westminster-abbey.

³ The red hair of the duchess of Somerset.

⁴ Meaning assassinate.

Mrs. Masham to fill the place of the unfortunate lady, whose caroty locks formed the refrain of this evil lyric:—

“ And keep close to thee always that name,
Which, spelled backwards and forwards, is *almost* the same;¹
And England, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury these *carrots* under a *Hill*.”²

The wicked wit who wrote this whimsical lampoon, showed it to Mrs. Masham when it was in print; but the alarm of the cautious courtier increased, and she entreated him earnestly to suppress it, as an attack on the duchess of Somerset would deeply anger the queen. The author affected to stop the printing of it; but the attempt made the squib run like wildfire, and it very soon reached the person it was aimed at, who carefully put it by, biding her time of showing it to the queen.

Meantime, a compromise was effected between her majesty and her new ministry. The Tories agreed that the duchess of Somerset was to remain in office; and the queen yielded a point in contest with them by permitting the creation of the twelve new peers, which carried the measures of her ministers in the house of lords. They were gazetted December 28, 1711: Mrs. Masham's husband was one of this batch, and became in consequence a peer of Great Britain. Samuel Masham's claims to this honour were not very distinguished, independently of the personal services the queen had experienced from his better half. The bitter pen of the duchess of Marlborough does not greatly exaggerate, when she thus describes the nonentity of the new peer: “ Mr. Masham, in so long a war, though made a general, I believe never saw fire in his life. He always attended his wife and the queen's basset-table, being at court upwards of twenty years—a soft, good-natured, insignificant man, always making low bows to everybody, and ready to skip to open a door.”³

Queen's pockets, from the days of Elizabeth to Anne, were mysterious repositories, within whose diplomatic depths reposed the destinies and advancements of the gentles and peers of the land. “ I never was so much surprised,” saith one of the reminiscences of Lord Dartmouth,⁴ “ as when the queen drew a list of twelve lords out of her pocket, and ordered me to bring warrants for them, there not having been the least intimation before it was to be put in execution. I asked her, ‘ If her majesty designed to have them all made at once?’ Her majesty

¹ Masham.

² The family name of Mrs. Masham.

³ Inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough, Coxe MSS. Masham was, in fact, a kinsman of the queen, by legitimate descent from George Plantagenet, duke of Clarence, through the illustrious Margaret countess of Salisbury. He was a representative of the

ill-fated and persecuted line of Pole.—See Burke's Extinct Peerage. Masham was very poor—the eighth son of a ruined cavalier baronet; but his descent rendered his wife eligible to any court-office in the gift of the crown.

⁴ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

answered by inquiring, 'If lord Dartmouth made exceptions to the legality of the measure?'—'No,' replied his lordship; 'only as to its expediency.' The queen rejoined, that 'She had made fewer lords than any of her predecessors;' and added, 'You see, my lord, that the duke of Marlborough and the whigs do all they can to distress me; therefore I must do what I can to help myself.' I told her majesty, that 'I thought it my duty to tell her my apprehensions, as well as to execute her commands.' The queen thanked me, and said, that 'She liked the measure as little as I did; yet found not that any one could propose a better expedient.'" ¹ Three peers' eldest sons were called by writ to the house of lords in this extraordinary creation; nine commoners made up the twelve peerages, whose portentous appearance, out of her majesty's pocket, had startled lord Dartmouth.

It has been shown, that the preliminaries of the peace with France had been received by the queen as early as October. Abbé Gualtier tried to introduce the subject he had at heart to some of the queen's ministers; "but," adds Mesnager, "they would not so much as stay in the room when the young king's [James Stuart's] name was mentioned." Mesnager was the less anxious to introduce the name of the expatriated prince, even in the secret articles of peace, because he declares that his sovereign, Louis XIV., had used this expression: "If queen Anne insists on it, you must give him up to his fortune. We must not be ruined on his account—you understand me?" which last sentence the king of France repeated more than once. There is no doubt that this general agreement to drop all mention of the queen's brother greatly facilitated the progress of the treaty.

The Jacobite ladies in the queen's household were utterly discontented with the manner in which the interest of their prince had been nullified in the treaty. Lady Jersey, and perhaps lady Winchilsea, had so much to say on the subject to Mesnager, that he thought proper to urge to the noble official by whom he was usually introduced to the queen's presence the same arguments that Gualtier had proposed to propound to her majesty; on which the nobleman assured him, that if the exhortations were urged to her of her father on his death-bed, "queen Anne would have something very pertinent to answer." Mesnager observed, "that so much as this peace was discussed by the queen, there must be some moment or other when she mentioned her brother; and that nothing could be more *à-propos* than at such time to ask her majesty what her pleasure was, and how she would please to have him dispose of himself." The nobleman assured him, 'that although reasonable as well as natural, yet he knew not whether it could be done: but if such an opportunity presented, he would let him know.'" ² Five

¹ Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

² Minutes of Negotiation of M. Mesnager, pp. 254-260.

or six days passed away, at the end of which time a message came to invite Mesnager to sup with that nobleman, supposed by some to be the duke of Shrewsbury, by others the duke of Buckingham, but evidently a step lower in the peerage. Many circumstances point at lord Delawarr.¹ "He told me," said Mesnager, "'that he had just been drinking tea in the apartments of a lady very near the queen, which lady had been very freely discussing the lately signed preliminaries of peace, and I think, M. de Mesnager,' continued he, 'that ye should have a conference, for, by my faith! the women dare say anything.'" He then continued repeating to Mesnager the words of the Jacobite lady. "My lord," said she, "I cannot make out these dark things you call *preliminaries*. I wish you could read me a lecture of politics upon them."—"Lord, madam! you are a better politician than I."—"Not I," answered lady Masham, for it is she who is indicated; "I am all in the dark about them."—"Cannot you stay till they explain themselves?" To this she replied, laughing, "We women, you know, my lord, love to come at the *éclaircissement*."—"Well, madam, where is your difficulty?" Here she answered softly, "'Why, what is it you mean to do with the Pretender?'—so, monsieur Mesnager, you know he is called among our people, and sometimes not by his worst enemies, if company be present." The noble lord, who does not seem to be the most valiant of his species, here added to Mesnager, "that he was not a little startled; for there were not less than three ladies present, all belonging to the royal household." With some passion, lady Masham continued, alluding to the unfortunate James Stuart, "Will ye drive him about the world as a vagabond? will ye oblige the king of France to forsake him? will ye ruin him here too? and will ye have the queen starve her own brother?" To this remonstrance, the nobleman told Mesnager he replied, "I did not think she was so serious as I found she was; that 'I believed she would allow I was for starving no one; but she also knew on what ticklish terms we stood in England, as our enemies wanted nothing more to let loose the mob upon us but to say we were for bringing in the Pretender.'"—"Lord!" said the lady, half merrily, "what a parcel of statesmen the queen has here! Why, it is no wonder that the queen herself is so frightened every now and then at the whigs, when all you men are so faint-hearted! If ever the *young gentleman* does come here, as I don't question but he will, I hope he will call ye all to account for a parcel of——" "Cowards and defectors," interposed the nobleman; "you had as good, my lady, have spoken it out. Perhaps we should not be such cowards, if the queen would be advised."—"Here my lord broke off the discourse," says Mesnager; "and on my

¹ According to Swift's Journal, this nobleman had succeeded lord Jersey as lord chamberlain of the household. He mentions him,

in a discontented manner, "as one who would do no good to any party."

pressing him to go on, he owned the conversation became wholly serious, and of a turn that would compromise his liberty or life. Besides," he continued, "the queen came into the room, and interrupted us."¹

Of course, the astute French diplomatist became the more eager to know what passed after queen Anne was made a party in such discussions. His informant continued, "that at the moment the Jacobite lady was exclaiming against the chevalier being left to the mercy of the Dutch, to be starved, or worse—adding, louder than usual, 'Can you think, my lord, but the queen must have many thoughts of this kind? Can she be easy regarding her own brother?' It was just as she repeated the word 'brother' the queen came into the room. 'What!' said her majesty to the lady Masham, 'are you always talking politics?'—'Oh, madam,' replied the lady, merrily, 'here's my lord'—naming him to the queen—'turned whig!'—'I cannot think that,' observed her majesty. 'He's turned cruel and barbarous; and that,' exclaimed the lady, 'is, I think, the same thing.'—'What is the matter?' asked the queen. 'Nay, madam, it is all before your majesty, in the fine new preliminaries here.'" By which it may be supposed that some copies had been printed or circulated among the ministers and officials of the palace; it is certain that they were disseminated over the country in a very few hours after the queen had announced her approval at her supper at Windsor-castle. "I tell my lord, here, that they are sworded, that they will neither let your majesty do anything for a *certain person*, or do it themselves. I suppose they would be rid of him at any rate. I wish they would tell your majesty what to do with him." The answer of Anne is too characteristic of her phraseology, as well as of her modes of thinking, to permit a doubt that she uttered the very words: "I can never get one of them so much as to speak of him," said the queen, "*or to answer me a question about him; and I don't press them, but I hope they will do as becomes them.*"

The nobleman then told Mesnager that he addressed to the queen these words: "Madam, your majesty knows that M. Mesnager is still in town; he desires nothing more than to talk freely to you of this matter [viz. of the affairs of her brother]. It is quite true, as lady Masham says, that your ministers are afraid of meddling with it. He says, 'that he has something of very great importance to offer about it, and thinks it hard that, after the preliminaries of peace are settled, no one will give him an audience on the rest.' If your majesty will be pleased to hear him, here is lady Masham, who would be the best plenipotentiary in this affair. I'll bring monsieur Mesnager to wait upon her here in her apartments."—"With all my heart," returned the lady, "if her majesty here will give me leave. I won't be afraid, as all your politicians are, so that you neither dare speak nor hear."—"I think,

¹ Minutes of Negotiation by M. Mesnager.

observed the queen, "there can be no harm to hear what they offer."—"This was the conclusion of the dialogue," continued Mesnager's informant, adding, significantly, "I doubt not that the next time I see the queen, she will ask 'if I have brought you, and where you are?' for she seems mighty willing to talk of the business."¹

"I told him," resumes Mesnager, in commenting on the discourse with the queen, "that he had done me only justice in telling the queen that I desired nothing more than to talk freely of that affair [the destination of the Pretender]; and as the women had so much more courage than the men, I should be as glad of a female plenipotentiary as of any other. Only I desired the favour of being called to a conference as soon as possible, because the time drew near when I must be gone, as the king of France had done me the honour of naming me for one of the plenipotentiaries at the approaching treaty to be held at Utrecht." The nobleman replied, "that he was in earnest in naming lady Masham to Mesnager, for in truth, for his own part, he did not care to venture. As for the women, they feared nobody; and that whatever was said to her, would be soonest carried to the queen. Nay," he added, "perhaps you may see the queen herself on the occasion."—"It was not long," continues Mesnager,² "after this, that he carried me to court, where I followed him through several apartments. At last we were stopped, by the queen chancing to pass out of her drawing-room into her closet. We paid our obeisances to her majesty, and passed on. At length we came to a room, where was a table by the fire and a large easy chair, and a card-table with two candles and some loose cards upon it. I found that this was the apartment of the lady I was to meet; that there had been some ladies at cards when the queen came in, on which the ladies all fled; that the queen had sat some time there, and had only just come away when we met her. The lady with whom I had the appointment was attending the queen, but her majesty seeing his lordship and I proceeding to these apartments, had sent that lady to meet us, by whom we were found in possession of her chamber. When her ladyship entered, my noble introducer, I perceived, paid her the greatest respect, which, though it gave me no light as to her name or quality, yet it imported that she was a person fit for me to talk with on the subject." "After some discourse, my friend presented me to her, and told her that I was the gentleman in commission from the king of France; so that she might put confidence in all that I should say, and that the court at St. Germain's were very anxious about the share they should have in the negotiations as to the chevalier.' The lady interrupted him, saying, 'Pray, my lord, do not call him by that barbarous name. Call him by anything but that and *Pretender*.'—"I'll call him by no name that shall offend you," replied the nobleman; "indeed, I cannot talk of

¹ Minutes of Negotiation by M. Mesnager.

² Ibid.

him at all. I refer the whole to this honourable person and yourself. With that she turned to me [Mesnager], and told me that she should be glad to have a little discourse with me on that head. 'Lord!' exclaimed she, 'how shy these politic people are of one another, they are frightened at shadows. For my part, I fear nothing; I'll hear whatever you can say, sir, and do whatever I can for *him*. Call him by what name you will,' continued she, 'is he not our queen's brother? I know him by that name, or not at all;' and with these words she made me sit down. My lord, who conducted me, withdrew among some ladies who were playing cards in the next room, and," continues Mesnager, "I found myself alone with the lady Masham. I was at a loss how to commence, but she soon let me know that she expected no ceremony." The lady then related to me several heads of our discourses the year before, with the late lord Jersey and the queen, which convinced me that what she said was true." The veneration excited in the French envoy by this information was excessive; after rising and making the confidante of the queen a sufficient number of court-bows, he offered to show her his credentials. Lady Masham seemed to have been embarrassed by the officiousness of the man. "No, by no means," she replied; "I am no plenipotentiary. But I know the meaning of our interview is, that we should talk of the poor distressed branch of the royal family in exile in your country: *we* are very anxious about him."—"Madam," replied Mesnager, "the chief of what I have in commission from the king my master is, to know what is her majesty's pleasure to have done in this case."—"And *we* are at the greatest loss about it imaginable," said lady Masham. "*We* must not appear to have the least concern about him; *we* know that the whigs will oblige us to push at his destruction, if possible."—"But, madam," returned Mesnager, "the king hopes you will not go such lengths." Upon which she drew a little table which stood by her nearer, and desired him to sit down; for the polite envoy had risen from the seat where she had first established him, in order to perform all the bows and homages he deemed due to the confidante of queen Anne. "With the most obliging freedom," continues Mesnager, "this lady told me 'that she was glad to have an opportunity to converse with me on this tender subject, for all the ministers were afraid to speak of it, even in private, to the queen herself; but if I thought fit to communicate to her what I was charged with on this head, she could assure me she should not be so shy, but would place the statement before her majesty.'" Some ambiguity contrived for the purpose in the interpretation of the Hanoverian succession-clause in the articles of peace was all the French envoy had to propose, and this was little to the satisfaction of the favourite of queen Anne. Then the cunning diplomatist urged the lady to make, in the name of her sovereign, some communication respecting her wishes in regard to the disinherited heir of Great Britain;

and the lady, with more candour than beseemed a stateswoman, urged the helplessness of her royal mistress, and the cruelty of the case. Two points Mesnager submitted to her consideration. The first was, framing the article of peace which treated of the succession in so ambiguous a manner, "that it should either refer to the house of Hanover or to the chevalier St. George, as queen Anne and Louis XIV. might hereafter determine;" the other was, "that the chevalier might, when obliged to withdraw from France, be settled in some country or state at a convenient distance both from France and England." "These," observed the queen's confidante, when taking leave of Mesnager, "are difficult points;" and she added "that she must take time to think of them, but she would have another conference in a day or two." The lady then called the noble lord, "who," observes Mesnager, "was *l'introducteur d'ambassadeurs* for that time, to go out with me."

In the interview which succeeded in the course of three days between lady Masham and Mesnager, they discussed the same points in every possible manner, and the artful negotiator led the lady to the consideration of Lorraine, or some place on the Rhine, as the future abode of the chevalier. Lady Masham, who seemed to state facts with single-heartedness enough, gave the following picture of the position of her royal mistress, of which no one can deny the historical accuracy. "It is," she said, "the present unhappiness of the queen to possess the throne of her brother, to which she had no other claim than what the political measures of the state had made legal, and in some sort necessary. But this, she truly believed, gave her majesty oftentimes secret uneasiness. Nor was it all the misfortune. By the same necessity of state she was obliged, not only against her disposition, but even against her principles, to promote the continuance of her usurpation, not only beyond her own life, but for ever." To this statement, lady Masham did not add (for perhaps she did not know the fact), that the severest sting in the conscience of queen Anne must have been her participation in, and perhaps original invention of, the vile falsehoods that were more injurious to her brother than the inevitable necessity of excluding him from the throne of Great Britain on account of his adherence to his father's religion; for there is dignity in suffering for conscience' sake, which is revered by the whole world, and if James Stuart wore no crown, he was at the same time exempt from the cares and anguish of royalty, which had weighed from time immemorial, peculiarly heavy on his race. Yet he had been doomed, by the machinations of falsifiers, even before his birth, to the scorn of the world as an impostor, and at the same time is very gravely reproached for *inheriting* the fate of the Stuarts, as their representative, by his contemporary historians, though they would neither allow him to have been the son of his father nor his mother.

Lady Masham continued, authorized as she then was to speak in her royal mistress's name, as follows: "What an inexpressible satisfaction it would be to her majesty to see herself delivered from the fatal necessity of doing so much wrong; and if it could be possible with safety to the religion and liberties of her subjects, to have her brother restored to his rights, at least after her decease, if it could not be done before. It was true the queen did not see her way clearly through this, and it seemed next to impossible, as the rage and aversion of the greatest part of the common people to the return of her brother had grown to such a height. Nay," proceeded lady Masham, "the queen found it impossible to enter on any treaty of peace, without entering at the same time into the strongest engagements possible for confirming the succession to the house of Hanover—a thing," added she, "that I am sure is all our aversions." Mesnager, according to his own account, made some very lengthy and double-minded replies to these representations. He, however, led the ideas of the favourite, and consequently of the queen, to concur with his previously expressed recommendation of Lorraine as the best place of retreat for the exiled prince; likewise he agreed with lady Masham on a mode of correspondence,¹ and promised to furnish a cipher and key for their communications. He entreated that their final interview might be the succeeding evening, because it was more than time that he should be in France, as her majesty's plenipotentiaries were already named, and would be at Utrecht before he could possibly receive his monarch's instructions, and give him personally an account of this negotiation.

Accordingly, the third and last interview with lady Masham took place the following evening. The discussion was chiefly an interchange of compliments. Her ladyship told the French envoy, "that she was charged to let him know how well he was with the queen, and how agreeable it was to her majesty to hear that he was appointed by his royal master, Louis XIV., as one of his plenipotentiaries at Utrecht."—"Lady Masham then went to her cabinet, and calling me to come to her," says the French envoy, "she took out of a purse of crimson velvet, made up like a case, and fastened with a gold clasp, her majesty's picture set round with diamonds. I started back a little, and prepared to receive it on my knee, which she understood immediately, but would not suffer me. 'For, sir,' she said, 'I do not tell you that the queen of Great Britain presents you this miniature; but be assured by it how satisfactory your visits have been, and how much honour I think it to hand this present to you.' After this I took my leave," pursues Mesnager, "wondering much within myself that such a mean character should be attributed to this lady as some have made public; but I must

¹ Some letters which passed between them are appended to the "Minutes;" they are thoroughly destitute of interest or information

old, that she seemed to me as worthy of the favour of a queen, as any woman I have ever conversed with in my life."¹

The secret remorse attributed to queen Anne by her confidante in these remarkable minutes, is confirmed by the despatches of the envoy of the elector of Hanover, written about the same time. The envoy gives the following reason for the queen's uneasiness of mind: "It is certain," wrote baron Schutz² to baron de Bothmar, "that queen Anne attributes the loss of all her children to having dethroned her father, having been very sensibly touched with an affecting letter which he wrote to her before his death, in which he recommended his family to her. It was brought to her hands by madame Oglethorpe, who went twice to France. I have all this from lord Portmore." Mesnager departed to France next day, held his conference with Louis XIV., and joined the congress at Utrecht, as a French plenipotentiary, January 18, 1712. An odd circumstance marked queen Anne's appointment of bishop Robinson, lord privy-seal, to negotiate the peace at Utrecht. In his short voyage between England and the Low Countries, he experienced a very extraordinary loss; he lost the New-year's day of 1712; for he set sail on the 29th December, old style, and found himself, after two days' prosperous voyage, at his journey's end, considerably advanced in the month of January; the congress at Utrecht reckoned, like all the Christian world, except England and Russia, by the new style. The incident is touched upon, in the Windsor Prophecy, with humorous quaintness by Swift, who declared, that when the holy plenipotentiary—

"Shall not see New-year's day in all that year,
Then let old England make good cheer.
Windsor and Bristow³ then shall be
Joined together in the Low Countree:
Then shall the tall black Daventry bird
Speak against peace full many a word."

The earl of Nottingham's tall, dark person is here designated by the allusion to his family name of Finch. It seems he was still most vehement against peace.

The ratification of the peace of Utrecht, perhaps the most trite subject in modern history, cannot occupy much room in these pages, although its heavy memory was awakened not long since from the sleep into which its own ineffable dulness had consigned it (together with the works of its contemporary historians for nearly a century), by the cry raised in its name against the marriage of the duke of Montpensier and the second daughter of Spain.

¹ Minutes of Negotiation by Mesnager.
² Hanover Papers: Macpherson's Collection.

³ Dr. Robinson was dean of Windsor as

well as bishop of Bristol, and the peace-congress of Utrecht was, of course, held in the Low Countries.

CHAPTER XII.

THE queen's firmness had to stand a new trial before the final dismissal of the remnant of the Marlborough faction. When the treaty of peace seemed to progress in a decidedly favourable manner before the congress at Utrecht, prince Eugene was sent by the new emperor to England, "with compliments" likewise, to use his powers of persuasion to induce the queen to continue the war at her own expense. Dark hints are thrown out by most contemporaries relative to the intrigues used by this imperial general and ambassador during his sojourn in London. It is certain that the queen made every possible excuse to delay his visit, and the admiral of her majesty's fleet on the Dutch coast, to avoid sailing, pleaded the contrariness of wind and weather; but the prince came on board, complaining of the loss of his time, and was safely landed at Greenwich, January 6, 1712, despite of all impediments.¹ Leicester-house, Leicester-square, was the abode assigned to prince Eugene by her majesty.² "He was not to see the queen till six this evening," wrote Swift, January 7. "I hope and believe he comes too late to do the whig cause any good. I went at six to see him at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. secretary St. John, who introduced him to her majesty, walked so near him, that he quite screened him with his great periwig."

The wig costume of the court of the royal Anne was, throughout his visit, a source of no little tribulation to Eugene of Savoy; the eclipse of his small person by the flowing periwig of Mr. secretary St. John was the least of his mortifications. He was very soon made sensible that her Britannic majesty had taken offence at his venturing into her august presence without the decoration of one of these formidable appendages. Eugene of Savoy had committed this outrage knowingly and wilfully. For Hoffman, his imperial master's resident-minister, had solemnly warned him before he entered the presence-chamber at St. James's "that queen Anne could not abide any one that was presented to her without a full-bottomed periwig; whereas his wig was a tied-up wig." The prince, who was already in the royal ante-chamber, exclaimed, "I know not what to do. I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to know whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but not one has any such a thing."³ He spoke with impatience and contempt, which when duly reported to queen Anne, increased her indignation at the intrusion of a tye-wig. The poor queen was, in truth, most unwilling to receive, yet dared not decline, the visit of this unwelcome guest. Forced to treat him publicly with every

¹ Cunningham's History of England.² Swift's Journal.³ *Ibid.*, Jan. 7; likewise Correspondence.

demonstration of respect, and to order the preparation of costly gifts for his acceptance, yet Anne, in private, gave many indications of sadness and sullenness, and vented her temper to her familiar friends by captious remarks on his dress, especially concerning the improper species of periwig which the Italian hero audaciously carried into her august presence. The beauty of prince Eugene was not sufficiently remarkable to authorize the queen's extreme solicitude respecting his outward adornments; for Swift adds to his description of her warlike visitor, "I saw prince Eugene at court to-day; he is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly, besides his smallness."¹

Prince Eugene himself was not so indifferent in regard to wigs as he chose to affirm. In a letter of lord Galway (written with his left hand, because his right had been cut off, clean as if with a razor, in his late disastrous Spanish campaign), he speaks as if prince Eugene had been making the most elaborate of toilets, after providing the grandest of periwigs, in order to congratulate queen Anne on her birthday—perhaps to obliterate the disgust and displeasure with which her Britannic majesty had surveyed his tie-wig at his first presentation.

LORD GALWAY TO LADY RUSSELL.²

"Rookley, [1712.]

"I thank your ladyship for the news you send. Let prince Eugene be never so carefull of getting fine cloaks and a fine wigg, I believe he will not make so good a figure in the assembly as he would at the head of an army, though he is capable of making a good figure anywhere. I believe the spectators will miss the two ladies that have quitted, but especially my lady Sunderland."

The two ladies alluded to by lord Galway were the fair daughters of the handsome duke and duchess of Marlborough. They manifested no more active enmity to their formerly indulgent royal mistress than perversely depriving her of the splendour of their charms at her tory drawing-room; they seem to have been persuaded by their flatterers that the queen's receptions would be utterly extinguished without them. The manner in which the discarded faction showed their contempt is thus described: "The lords and ladies," wrote Swift, "have all their fine clothes ready against the queen's birthday to-morrow. I saw several mighty fine; and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved, to a woman. I hope it will spirit the queen more against them than ever."

The queen was, soon after, taken with a fit of gout, kept from chapel all Sunday, and was supposed to be politically indisposed. "If the

¹ Swift's Journal, January 7, 1712.

² Copied, by permission, from the Collection of his grace the late duke of Devonshire. Lady

Russell was not the celebrated Rachel, who had been dead some years.

queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport," wrote Swift; "for prince Eugene has two fine suits made up against her birthday, and her majesty is to present him then with a sword worth 4000*l.*, the diamonds set transparent." The queen's recovery, however, enabled her to keep this remarkable birthday according to the splendid preparations made for its celebration. All the whig officials, ladies and lords, had been cleared out of the court-places, in pursuance of Swift's recent advice, and the new occupants were to be presented to her on their appointments.

It seems that important birthday of the queen passed off with great *éclat*, although there was an angry secession of the Marlborough beauties. Prince Eugene, at the same drawing-room, presented the loveliness of his person before queen Anne, respectfully enveloped in a full-bottomed wig of immense proportions. "Her majesty did not give him the diamond sword, worth four thousand pounds, with all the world looking on, as expected. The gift was made privately, before the courtiers were admitted: no one was by when her majesty gave the sword to prince Eugene, excepting her lord chamberlain."

"I went to dine at lord Masham's at three that day," wrote Swift, "and met all the company just coming from court (out of St. James's-palace)—a mighty crowd: they stayed long for their coaches. I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries." Lady Ashburnham (the beautiful daughter of the duke of Ormonde)¹ was considered the belle of that splendid birthday. The Marlborough ladies occupied a window in St. James's-palace, commanding a view of the whole glittering scene: to show their disrespect and indifference to the royal birthday, they sat, in the sight of all the court, in their morning wrappers. Lady Wharton, who was of their party, not contented with this passive defiance to her majesty, sallied out, all in her undress (looking hideously ugly, according to Swift's taste), amidst the noble crowd then waiting at St. James's gates until their coachmen and running footmen had fought their way up with their separate carriages. Among the crush was a new chariot, which cost the owner 950*l.*; "the mob huzzaed it as much as they did prince Eugene." The same evening her majesty was present at one of her favourite musical entertainments, consisting of selections from the newly introduced operas. She was much better the next day, after her exertions; and Swift, who has commemorated her proceedings on this occasion, "lamented that she now took little exercise." By the way, lady Masham and her kinsman Harley are said to have first gained her majesty's favour by their attention to her taste for concerts.²

¹ Swift mentions the untimely death of this lovely young woman, a few weeks afterwards, with more feeling than he is supposed capable of expressing. The deep grief of the duke, her father seemed infectious.

² Cunningham's History of Great Britain. The fact that they organized such entertainments for queen Anne is very likely, but is only preserved by this author, although Abigail Masham's taste for music, as well as

Among these gay reminiscences of queen Anne's tory birthday, rumours existed that a formidable current of events was rolling beneath its courtly splendours. Prince Eugene, all agreed, arrived for the purpose of obstructing the peace.¹ "His advice was to suborn the bands of ruffians called Mohawks to scour the streets by night, and strike terror in the populace, by whom the queen was beloved; to set fire to London in different places, especially the palace of St. James's, where the queen then lodged, when the guards on duty were commanded by an officer in the whig interest; that Marlborough, at the head of the guards, should seize the Tower, the Bank, and public offices, make the queen prisoner, and by terror force her to sign warrants for inquiry into the Jacobite correspondence of Abigail Masham, Harley, and Bolingbroke, put them to death, and force her to dissolve parliament. It is said that Thomas Burnet, the profligate son of the bishop,² was publicly pointed out as the most mischievous amongst the Mohawk ruffians. The mysterious alarms concerning the Mohawks were likewise accompanied by superstitious terrors. According to a contemporary, Alexander Cunningham, "these evil-doers were never seen in daylight—nay, many persons averred they were never seen at all; yet they tormented women and children, or helpless and infirm men, whom they caught in the streets at night. Great talk of marvellous dreams, and the appearance of demons and spirits, witches and hags, was prevalent. It is supposed these follies were deliberately invented to divert the thoughts of the people from the negotiations of peace that were then proceeding." However that may be, party rage broke into madness at this juncture; *war-mobs* and *peace-mobs* traversed the streets of London, and a very tragic event took place in consequence, no less than the homicide of prince Eugene's nephew when passing along the streets.³ Not long after this accident, prince Eugene had his farewell audience of the queen, and withdrew from this country March 13, wishing, perhaps, that he had permitted the islanders to settle their disputes without his interference.

In the spring of 1712, Lloyd, the bishop of Worcester, then an aged man, demanded an audience of queen Anne, and, with much mystery, said, "that he thought it his duty to acquaint her that the city of Rome would be utterly destroyed by fire, and the church of Rome extinct in less than four years; and that if her majesty would have the patience to listen to him, he would prove it beyond all contradiction." The queen

mimicry, is once mentioned in her cousin of Marlborough's manuscripts; likewise that her brother, Jack Hill, sang well, and was a good mimic.

¹ Coxe MSS.; Brit. Museum.

² Swift's Journal. The reverend historian was not felicitous in the reputation and conduct of his sons. Thomas Burnet, all parties agree, was a daring reprobate, although, in

times when party influence carried all before it, he subsequently adorned the bench. Among his other exploits, Sir Walter Scott affirms that he wrote the witty Jacobite song on his own father's death, commencing—

"The fiends were all brawling,
When Burnet descending."

³ Cunningham's History of Great Britain.

made an appointment with him in the forenoon of the next day. A great Bible was sent for, which was all the bishop of Worcester said he required. He brought the queen's aged tutor, Compton, bishop of London, with him. The queen ordered the duke of Shrewsbury, Harley lord Oxford, lord Dartmouth,¹ and her favourite physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, to be present at this exposition of prophecy. The ancient bishop, then upwards of eighty years of age, showed great memory and ingenuity in his quotations and application of texts; but, unfortunately, the earl of Oxford differing with him, though most civilly, as to the interpretation of one, the bishop fell into a violent rage, and turning to the queen, exclaimed, "So says your treasurer; but God says otherwise, whether he like it or no!" The queen, seeing the bishop both angry and very rude, thought the best way of escaping the dispute was to call for her dinner. The bishop, however, went on before the queen could make her retreat. He said, intemperately, "that if he did not know what was truth, he was a very unfit person to be trusted with explaining the gospels, and therefore desired the queen to dispose of his bishopric to some person of greater abilities, if what he said did not prove true;" then bending forward, he spoke some words to the queen in a very low voice, that no one might hear but her majesty, who told lord Dartmouth afterwards that the bishop said, "that when four years were expired, the millenium would commence. "He lived just long enough to see the futility of his predictions."

The unexpected death of queen Anne's younger sister at St. Germain's, it is said, occasioned her majesty an excess of grief, which she felt more acutely than anything that had befallen her since the death of her consort, George of Denmark. The queen showed lord Dartmouth a letter addressed to her, which Louis XIV. had written throughout with his own hand, announcing to her the death of the young princess Louisa Stuart, her sister, in which the king had represented her as a most exalted character. The death of the fair young princess made a sensation in Great Britain which can be little appreciated in these days. Lord Godolphin, who had always the earliest intelligence from France, sent his confidential agent, Richard Hill, to lord Dartmouth with the news, adding this observation, "that it was the very worst that ever came to England."—"Why does he think so?" asked lord Dartmouth. "Because," replied his informant, "if anything had happened to the brother, and this admirable young princess had been spared, queen Anne would have sent for her, and married her to a *prince George*² who could have no pretensions during her life; and this measure would have pleased every honest man in the realm, and made an end of all disputes in future."³ Queen

¹ He relates this scene in his Notes to Burnet's Own Time.

² Lord Dartmouth's notes. He must mean Frederick, father of our George III., the eldest

son of George, hereditary prince of Hanover (George II.)

³ Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Time vol. vi. p. 112.

Anne was destined to see every expectation for the continuation of the English succession by her near relatives vanish before the inexorable fiat of death. Perhaps the country would have permitted the youngest daughter of their royal line to have retained her religion as the former queen-consorts had done, if she had been married to a Lutheran prince, yet there was no reason to suppose that she would have been less firm in its tenets, than her brother; she must, therefore, have been very unhappy in England.¹

The lamentations of all degrees of the English people for this young princess² (of whom even Burnet gives a high character) were inconsistent enough, since she was of the same obnoxious faith as her brother; and the only crime he had committed, to account for the hatred and abuse with which he was pursued, was his difference of religion. A large portion of the people, it is true, believed the absurd falsehood in regard to his spurious birth which queen Anne herself had fastened on him before he was born—an iniquity which now began to glare on her conscience. Her unfortunate brother was still persecuted by those who capriciously lamented his sister Louisa. He had scarcely recovered from the same dire disease which had mercifully taken away the companion of his youth, when the envoys of queen Anne were forced to hunt him from his adopted country before the peace could be ratified.³ M. de Torcy, Louis XIV.'s minister, says, "You may assure queen Anne, that the chevalier is ready to depart at a moment's warning, if he did but know where he was to go. I own to you that I know no prince willing to receive him, for fear of displeasing the queen."⁴ Meantime abbé Gualtier was actively recommending the chevalier to the affections of his sister by the agency of lady Masham, lady Jersey, and, perhaps, the duke of Buckingham. The Torcy correspondence expressly mentions, "that the whole proceedings between Gualtier and Mesnager, in connection with the English ministers, were transacted *verbally*, as neither Harley, St. John, or Prior dared commit them to writing;"⁵ neither dared the queen commit herself by one word uttered beyond the privacy of lady Masham's boudoir, and she carried on this reserve even before persons whom she supposed were Jacobite agents. For instance, monsieur de Plessen had been of the prince of Denmark's household; he had constant access to the queen when in London, which he sometimes visited: he was (unknown to the queen and the tory ministry) a spy of the whigs. The extreme caution of the queen is manifest by his report. "I talked,"

¹ See vol. vi., Library Ed., Life of Mary Beatrice, for a full account of the death of this young sister of queen Anne.

² See Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii.

³ Addressed to Mr. secretary St. John, from the French minister, de Torcy.—History of

Parliament of Great Britain, reign of queen Anne, &c., p. 106.

⁴ Ibid., June 22; n.s., July 10, 1712 Torcy to St. John.

⁵ Ibid., p. 107.

says Plessen,¹ in his report to his employers, "one hour for three successive days to the queen about the prince of Wales, without her making a word of answer or interruption; but directly I turned the discourse on the family of the elector of Hanover, her majesty always began to speak of something else."

An autumnal fever was prevalent in England during September, 1712, which very severely visited the royal household after the queen had retired to Windsor. Forty persons were ill at the same time at the castle, yet no apprehensions existed that the queen would be injured by the intermittent. Such was, however, the case; and it is very plain that her health never wholly rallied after it. "Yesterday," (September 8), wrote Swift, in his journal, "we were all alarmed with the queen's being ill. She had an aguish and feverish fit, and you never saw such countenances as we all had—such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for." The lord treasurer, Oxford, received accounts from Dr. Arbuthnot of the progress of this malady.²

The queen, when convalescent, received the news of the death of her old servant, the earl of Godolphin, who had been thirty years in the treasury department, and superintended it in the latter years of his life as lord treasurer: he did not long survive his dismissal by his royal mistress. He afterwards lived with the Marlboroughs, and died at Windsor-lodge, the favourite residence of the duchess. The queen affected, at his death, to consider him with regard; for when lord Dartmouth brought her the intelligence of his demise, she testified some concern—she even wept a little, or seemed so to do. Her majesty told Dartmouth³ that "she could not help it, for she had had a long acquaintance with him, and did believe that whatever offence he had given her, was owing to the influence the Marlborough family had over him, but she did not think him to be naturally an interested man." To this lord Dartmouth replied, "That he always considered lord Godolphin's assumption of disinterestedness as grimace; for though he affected to refuse everything before he received it, yet he had contrived to make his family heir to *theirs* [the Marlboroughs], and could, there-

¹ Schutz to Bothmar; Hanover Papers, Macpherson's Collection, vol. ii. p. 505.

² From the original in the possession of W. Baillie, esq., from his MS. Arbuthnot Papers, is this letter from the premier.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

"SIR,

"Sept. 7, 1712, past four.

"Unless you knew the concerne I was under, which, with reason, kept me the night waking, you cannot conceive how welcome your letter was to me, which my messenger brought me before one o'clock. I trust in God's mercy that he will bring me an account to-morrow of the queen's passing this ensuing night well, without any return of a fever. I have ordered the messenger to wait your time, until you despatch him to-morrow morning.

"I am, with true respect, sir,

"Your most faithful and most humble servant,

"OXFORD.

"The weather is extremely cold here."

Endorsed—"To Dr. Arbuthnot."

³ Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. pp. 134, 135.

fore, with more decency promote their interest than his own, and was sure of having the advantage at last." It may be guessed that her majesty's assumption of concern for the death of Godolphin was only grimace likewise, for at this keen stroke on the defunct given by lord Dartmouth, she laughed, and said, "Truly, she had observed a good deal of that herself."

Lord Godolphin, it seems, had died poor, as Dartmouth told her majesty,¹ who revealed an anecdote of her private history which she alone could tell. "I am sorry," said her majesty, "that he has suffered in my service, since he was not poor at the revolution, when he brought me twenty thousand guineas, and entreated me to take care of them, which I did for some time after, and they were constantly with me wheresoever I went." The fact thus recorded by Anne's own lips, raises some curious queries. Was it a sum which Godolphin had wrongfully abstracted from the treasury for her flight? Yet he was a younger brother, very poor, and likely ever to remain so, since he was the most inveterate gambler of an age surpassing all others in a vice which was peculiarly dangerous for a lord of the treasury to indulge in. Twenty thousand guineas were no light incumbrance for the fugitive princess, if the circumstances of her flight from the Cockpit be remembered; nor could that solid weight of treasure be conveyed from place to place, according to the words of the queen, "wheresoever she went," without many persons giving assistance and having cognizance thereof. The Marlboroughs, after the enmity between them and their once-indulgent mistress swelled to an alarming height, always threatened to disclose some secret which would cover her with disgrace. Anne shrank and cowered beneath the shaking of this terrific rod until after 1712, when Godolphin died, and the Marlboroughs went into voluntary banishment. Did the tale they had to tell, relate to this twenty thousand guineas, and had they to say "that Anne had robbed her father, as well as betrayed him?" But even if it were so, the people, who had seen her wretched father vainly send to his other daughter for his clothes, would have been indifferent to a mass of money, more or less, abstracted from his well-regulated treasury; since, if Godolphin had not handed it to Anne, some one might have stolen it who had not so good a right to it.

Previously to the death of Godolphin, the queen had been kept in a state of perpetual agony, by the base threats of the duchess of Marlborough that she would publish her majesty's letters to her. The people were, however, perfectly infuriated at the threats; and the word went among them, "that if the duchess of Marlborough published aught to vex or wound her royal benefactress, they would tear her to pieces if they caught her in the streets."² There was one series of letters in

¹ Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet, vol. vi. pp. 134, 135.

² Ralph's "Other Side of the Question;" answer to the "Conduct."

which Anne had bestowed the epithets of "Caliban" and "Dutch monster" on William III., the idol of the whigs, high and low, and by them such documents would have been regarded as little less than sacrilege. Harley, lord Oxford, astutely relieved his mistress from the terrors of her tormentors; as he himself corresponded with the exiled court, he wrote to the widow of James II., and obtained a letter from her papers at St. Germain's, supposed to be the original of one of Marlborough's wicked communications, which betrayed general Tollemache and his armament to their certain destruction at Brest. Marlborough's life was then in Harley's hands. Lord Oxford had an interview, at his brother Mr. Thomas Harley's house, with the duke of Marlborough, who came in through a back-door in a sedan. He was shown this letter to king James II., and immediately after left England.

The duchess of Marlborough followed her husband a few days afterwards. Before she left England, she sent to lord Dartmouth for a passport: he sent her one signed by the queen. The duchess returned it, with the insolent message, "that if one signed only by lord Dartmouth were not sufficient, she would depart without one." She appears to have been in a state of desperation because she could not aggravate the queen into any active resentment of her insolence, and to have been at her wits' end to discover what she could do to vex her majesty the most. A fine enamel miniature of the queen, when princess, had been one of the early love-tokens of their friendship; the duchess, before she left the country, broke the portrait from its rich diamond setting, which she kept for herself, and gave it away to a Mrs. Higgins, a decayed gentlewoman about the palace.² As this lady understood the present was meant as an affront to the queen rather than a favour to herself, she brought the enamel to lord Oxford, who took it for his own collection and gave Mrs. Higgins one hundred guineas. The enamel must have been worth its magnificent price, for portraits of Anne before her accession are extremely scarce, and hardly to be met with: excepting the fine one in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Hardwick, it would be difficult to point out one painting of her, when princess. But a capital mezzotinto of her at sixteen, from the collection dispersed at Stowe, is in our possession.

Queen Anne was henceforward relieved from the actual presence of her enemy in England, but not wholly of her annoyances. The queen's life was, perhaps, shortened by the perpetual threats of the duchess of Marlborough from the continent to reveal somewhat which would be painful and disgraceful, and at all events to publish, by means of the venal press of Holland, which in that day perpetually poured forth libels

¹ Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, vol. ii. pp. 44, 45, where this infamous letter is prefixed to the notes.

² Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

on all the royal families in Europe, the letters which had passed between them. The duchess of Marlborough, however, threatened more than she meant to perform, at least in the queen's lifetime; for she well knew that she should compromise the "glorious memory" of William III., which was to be sustained in order to assist the revolutionists in carrying on their work, and if they did not succeed, she was aware her banishment would be perpetual.

The queen's guards paid her majesty the loyal attention of making an enormous bonfire at the gates of St. James's-palace, November 5, 1712, into which they put the effigy of the Pretender. They shot at the resemblance all the time it was consuming,¹ and, with volleys of oaths, asserted their eager wishes for an opportunity of making the living original undergo the same process. The chevalier still lingered at Châlons-sur-Maine at Christmas, new style, 1712, as the king of France would not permit him to depart without a proper protection from the emperor and queen Anne, lest he should be murdered by the emperor's freebooting squadrons."

The attachment of lady Masham to the exiled family must have been disinterested, otherwise she could have satiated herself with wealth. She was placed, as her kindred the Marlboroughs had been, at the fountain-head: she had only to follow their example. Her cousin, the queen's prime-minister, Harley earl of Oxford, was not only no Jacobite, but the most effectual of all the opponents of the queen's brother. Yet his opposition was neither personal nor religious; it was more powerful, for it was entirely financial. When he took office, the revolutionary whigs had so completely exhausted the resources of the country, that it was utterly impossible for them to proceed any farther. Harley's skill in finance arranged and organized the enormous debts (which had accumulated throughout the profligate government of William III.) according to the present system, rather curiously called the "national funds."² Neither himself nor the fundholders can be blamed for the national debt; neither of them incurred it, and utter anarchy and national degradation must have ensued, if some means had not been found of satisfying the national creditors. It does not appear that Harley earl of Oxford in any way profited dishonourably by his own financial scheme, although, after his fall, the very party who had incurred the debt did so to an enormous extent. The unfortunate heir of the house of Stuart positively refused to guarantee this debt, in case he was restored. He knew that it had been incurred, to overthrow his family, and had he been restored, it would have weighed down his government, while party injustice would have made him accountable for it, he wisely preferred exile. It is evident, that Harley earl of Ox-

¹ Malcolm's *Anecdotes of Customs and Manners*.

² William III. is praised for this wrong by Cunningham, his most extravagant eulogist.

ford could not be the premier of any monarch who repudiated the debt he had funded. Young St. John, Anne's secretary of state, bore a character for profligacy even in that atrocious age. He was, however, handsome, learned, and full of genius. He was a Jacobite, without the slightest attachment to the Stuarts; completely reckless how far he went, so that change gave him a chance of repairing the fortune he had exhausted. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, was a man of practical philanthropy, possessed of equal abilities with Swift, but restrained by the bonds of decorum and benevolence. He was a thorough and disinterested Jacobite, an ally of lady Masham, ever near the ear and the heart of the queen.

Queen Anne had three Jacobite ladies, her learned lady of the bedchamber, Anne countess of Winchilsea, had been one of the maids of honour of Mary Beatrice when duchess of York, well known under her maiden name as the witty and beautiful Anne Kingsmill. Her Jacobite influence with queen Anne is never calculated on in general history, but those versed in the signs of those times know that it was considerable, and she was always near her royal person. Lady Jersey, one of the queen's bedchamber ladies, likewise a widow, had been throughout life attached to the house of Stuart; born in their ancient palace of Whitehall, the only daughter of William Chiffinch (Charles II.'s closet keeper), and married to lord Jersey. She was a Roman catholic; in the reign of William, her influence was sufficiently powerful over her husband, and even over his sisters, to induce them, apparently against their own interest, to become warm Jacobites after the death of Mary II. Extraordinary as it may seem, Elizabeth Villiers who had profited so largely by the revolution, and was endowed by William III. so enormously from the spoils of his uncle, was now (as lady Orkney) conspicuous as a Jacobite. Such were the persons surrounding queen Anne in domestic life, without reckoning Lady Masham, ever about her bedchamber.

One relation of the queen, brave and active in public life, was the person on whom this train of non-combatants relied for realizing their hopes. He was called the great duke of Hamilton, master-general of the ordnance, and, in addition to the order of the Thistle, originally bestowed on him by her father, James II., her majesty thought proper to make him a knight of the Garter. The duke positively refused it, unless the queen would permit him to wear the order of the Thistle with it, telling her majesty plainly, "that he would never lay aside a Scotch honour to make way for an English one;" adding, significantly, "your majesty's royal father, James II., wore both at the same time."¹ His observation not only prevailed on queen Anne to permit him to do the like, but from that moment she did so herself. A personal portrait of this

¹ Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers.

great noble and prince of the blood is thus drawn by an enemy of his party, the whig spy, Macky:¹ "The duke of Hamilton is brave in his person, with a rough air of boldness, of good sense, very forward and hot for what he undertakes, ambitious and haughty, a violent enemy, has been very extravagant in his manner of living, but now grows covetous; he is supposed to have some thoughts towards the crown of Scotland when the queen dies, being descended from the house of Stuart, and having great interest in that kingdom. He has a great estate, and has three brothers earls—Selkirk, Orkney, and Ruglen—and a fourth a sea commander. The duke of Hamilton is of middle stature, very well made, of a coarse, black complexion, towards fifty years old." To this sketch Swift added, "The² duke of Hamilton was a most worthy, good-natured man, very generous, but of a *middle* understanding—murdered by the villain Macartney." A tradition exists in Scotland, that a secret agreement had taken place between the widowed queen of James II. and the "great duke of Hamilton," that lord Arran, his heir, was to receive in marriage the hand of the princess Lousia Stuart, youngest daughter of James II., and sister to queen Anne. Whether the bride was to be a reward for the active services of the great duke in the restoration of the brother—whether queen Anne ever knew of this project, must remain unsolved. Death had decided the history of that young princess in the preceding spring.

There was at the court of Anne a titled homicide and profligate, called lord Mohun, who had been twice tried for his life for murdering men of low degree in the state of furious intoxication which was prevalent at that period. The wives of the duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun were sisters of the house of Gerard, and bitter enmity existed between them on account of property then litigated in chancery, to which the ladies were co-heiresses. The duke of Hamilton in a scene of violence on this matter was calm and conciliatory, seeing that Mohun (who was known to be no personal hero when sober) was intoxicated and irritated purposely by his friend, in hopes of exciting a fatal fray. Be this as it may, a challenge was sent by Mohun to the duke, who considered himself bound to accept it. Of all days in the week, Sunday was the time appointed for this combat, which seems to be the last of the then prevalent species where the seconds were expected to engage as well as the principals, and fight to the death.³ The proceedings of the duke of Hamilton would be inexplicable without

¹ From Macky's Characters, republished by Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Swift's Works, with Swift's remarks and interlineations.

² He had been, nevertheless, the handsomest man in Scotland.

³ Cardinal de Retz assures his readers, that

in his fiery youth, when known as abbé de Gondi, he had been engaged in such duels twice in one day, and he had known challenges pass at the altar among the officiating priests of noble birth. Ten or twelve *seconds* were often left dead.

this explanation; for people, in these days, sometimes hear of duels between two principals, but not of a general private battle.

Hyde-park was then a wild track, reaching to the gravel-walk before Kensington-palace, broken into marshy thickets where the Serpentine now flows. That piece of water then wound deviously as a rushy rivulet, here and there accumulating in stagnant pools, near which were the fighting-grounds usually chosen for those who had affairs of honour to settle. Behind a thicket near the Serpentine brook did the great duke of Hamilton, with his kinsman and friend colonel Hamilton, meet lord Mohun and the whig-general Macartney, in the dawn of a November Sunday. Mohun really behaved the most rationally of the two opponents, for whilst he and the duke were throwing off their coats for the encounter, he observed, "That he hoped those two gentlemen-seconds were only to look on, and not be personally concerned in any part of the quarrel." The duke answered, "that he believed Mr. Macartney was the chief occasion of their coming on this errand; and since it was so, he had brought an old friend of that person, to entertain him with a share of the dance." All four immediately flashed out their swords and "fell to work." Colonel Hamilton soon disarmed Macartney, and looking about to see what had become of the other combatants, he perceived lord Mohun lying on his back, dead or expiring: the duke of Hamilton had fallen with his face upon Mohun's bosom. Colonel Hamilton instantly flung down his own sword and that of Macartney, of which he had just obtained full possession; he ran and lifted up the duke of Hamilton, who he saw was wounded in two places, and faint with effusion of blood. Whilst performing this friendly office, Macartney took up one of the swords, and coming behind Hamilton as he supported the duke in his arms, he stabbed his grace, who walked, nevertheless, some little way to a tree, where he soon after expired: the park-keepers came up at that moment, and Macartney fled. Colonel Hamilton, alarmed, he said, "at being found with the corpses of two great nobles, followed his example;" but he ever protested that the duke of Hamilton was not slain, but assassinated after the fight was done. The proof he alleged was, that if the duke had been wounded to death by his opponent's sword, the orifice of the wound would have been different, since Mohun fought with a Saxon blade, which was left in his dead hand, whereas the duke's death-wound had a three-cornered orifice. "It was," said colonel Hamilton, "done with mine own sword, which I had cast on the ground unwittingly with the one of Macartney's (which I had captured), when I flew to aid my noble kinsman." Dr. Garth (before the matter was made a furious party-question with the whigs) affirmed, on the word of a medical man, that it was utterly impossible for lord Mohun to have given Hamilton the death-wound, which must have been inflicted by some one standing above him: this agreed with colonel Hamilton's statement.

This tragedy terminated the last rational hopes of the exiled Stuarts; for if queen Anne ever meant to aid her brother, it was certainly to have been done by the means of the duke of Hamilton: she was stupefied, not only with terror at his murder, but with grief for his loss, for he was indeed her only friend. Moreover, the report that the whigs had suborned Macartney, first to urge Mohun to challenge him, and then to stab him in the midst of the fray,¹ filled Anne with terror.

Her majesty was importuned by her ministry to nominate Dr. Swift to the see of Hereford,² the object of his ardent ambition. Unacquainted with the literature of her own age, or of any other, she only knew Swift as a partisan of high church, and as the deputy whom her clergy of the church establishment of Ireland regarded sufficiently to send to crave the extension of her Bounty of first-fruits—a favour which Anne had just graciously granted, accompanied with complacent notice of the deputy of her Irish church. The duchess of Somerset, finding the disposition of her royal mistress's mind, provided herself with an influential ally, Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York—a very favourite prelate with Anne, who had preached by her express desire the sermon at her coronation. At the moment when the queen consulted the archbishop as to nominating Dr. Swift to the see of Hereford, he startled her with the following pithy question: "Ought not your sacred majesty to be first certain whether Dr. Swift is a Christian, before he becomes a bishop?" The queen, in consternation, demanded his reasons for doubting the Christianity of her minister's nominee to the see of Hereford. The archbishop, in support of his assertion, had armed himself with the book that founded Swift's fame as a wit and great literary power; and good queen Anne, to her infinite horror and astonishment, was first introduced to the polemic romance entitled the *Tale of a Tub*.

The false axiom adopted by the deists and atheists of that age, that "ridicule is the test of truth," seems to have inspired the author of this controversial tale. It levels its satire at every denomination of Christianity, and stands at the head of the evil and perverse class of controversial novels, by which polemics of every creed have endeavoured to persecute their rival sects since the use of fire and fagots, the quartering-block, and polemic-preaching have been renounced and abhorred by Christians in general. While queen Anne stood aghast at the profanity which a glance at the lucubrations of the divine she was about to nominate her bishop must have displayed to her, her mistress of the robes advanced on the other side, and throwing herself at her feet, and showing the

¹ Macartney did not surrender to his trial until George I. was on the throne: he was acquitted, to the infinite rage of the adverse party. See, for a more detailed narrative, Lockhart of Carnwath's Papers.

² Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Swift*, collated with various passages in Swift's *Political Poems and Tracts*. This remarkable scene took place in queen Anne's closet at St. James's.

Windsor Prophecy, implored, with tears, "that her royal mistress would not prefer to the sacred office of a bishop of souls a man capable of disseminating such false witness against an innocent lady." Poor queen Anne, after perusing this string of slanderous puns, addressed to herself, was scandalized and ashamed of the deeds of the wolf in sheep's clothing she was about to appoint as an episcopal shepherd in the fold of her church. Her majesty firmly withheld her royal sanction from the nominee of her ministry to the see of Hereford. As the whigs were not then in power, the head of the church of England *this time* was not coerced into the relinquishment of that legal right, for which she stood responsible to her church, to her people, and to her God.

There stood by one, silently noting this curious scene, who had, with more good sense than history has given her credit for, exactly foretold to the reckless wit what would befall, if, in the vanity of literary power, he made public his attack on the "great lady," as the duchess of Somerset was called at the court of queen Anne; for the queen never forgot the gratitude she owed to the friendship of the duchess of Somerset, when she fearlessly espoused her cause against the cruelty of her sister, queen Mary.¹ Lady Masham described all she had seen and heard at this remarkable conference to her friend, Dr. Swift. The truth of the manner of his disappointment was forthwith authenticated by angry lines, in which he calls the archbishop "a crazy prelate," and Anne "a royal prude;" and limiting his rage to these slight reproaches on church and queen, he flew with the whole fury of his wrath at the duchess of Somerset, and made matters against her appear far more in earnest than in his Windsor Prophecy.

Anne was often inspired (it is supposed) by the duchess with apprehensions lest she should one day see her brother walk into the council-room, and suddenly behold her regal homage transferred by her ministers to him before her face. St. John, who was in the Jacobite interest, was particularly anxious to disencumber the household of such an impediment to their operations as the duchess of Somerset. As for the duke, it will be remembered he personally defied the queen at council, by calling Harley, the minister of her choice, "a fellow" to her face. There had been no particular difficulty in dislodging him, but it was his duchess they dreaded; "for," said the tory ministry, "she is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue, and will do what harm she can to secretary St. John." The queen constantly replied, "If it were so that I cannot have what servants I like, I do not see how my condition is mended"²—since the fall of the family junta, her majesty meant. The duke of Somerset intended to withdraw his duchess from court, but the queen

¹ See Lives of the Queens of England, vol. vii. lib. edition, Life of Queen Mary II.

² Lord Orrery's Life of Swift, Somerville's

Reign of Anne, Scott's Life of Swift, and every history of the times.

prevailed on her to remain in office, by writing to her a letter of entreaty for that purpose, making her compliance a personal favour.

The queen's long-cherished hopes of peace were about to be realized. The tears that had often streamed from her eyes over the appalling lists of slain and wounded in the mere glory battles of Blenheim and Ramilies, were at last to fall no more. For many years Anne had been the only person connected with the government of her country who was steadily desirous of peace: she was not, however, destined long to reign over England when her great object was attained. The fierce contests which had attended the expulsion of the junta that had identified war with their interests, shook her sands of life rudely, and all but those who saw her daily knew well that the time of Anne Stuart could not be long. Infirmary had frequently assailed her at the early age of thirty. It has been noted how she was carried from one place to another as a cripple; but she occasionally recovered the use of her feet and limbs, with strength sufficient to permit her to follow the stag in her long hunting-drives, which she continued till the autumn of 1712. All violent exercise was, perforce, renounced in the succeeding year; the queen was not only rendered inert with gout, but that disorder was not disposed to limit its attacks to her limbs, on every change of weather, or at the recurrence of mental agitation to the royal patient, it made formidable incursions on the vitals.

The queen appointed the duke of Shrewsbury her ambassador-extraordinary to the court of France to ratify the treaty of peace. When at Paris, the Parisians were highly amused by the Norman motto of the Talbots—*Prest d'accomplir*, which, being emblazoned on his coaches, they chose to consider was an allusion to his pacific mission,¹ and that he meant to accomplish hastily a treaty which had lingered for two years. When the peace was actually signed by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, March 30, 1713, the French ambassador, the duc d'Aumont, arrived in London, and had his first audience of queen Anne. Her majesty apologized to him, as she was unable to rise to return his salutation, but begged him to be covered, for he stood with his hat in his hand. According to the custom of ambassadors, he should have put it on as soon as she had acknowledged his first address. The courteous envoy refused to avail himself of his privilege, observing, "that the king his master would not himself have worn his hat in the presence of so great a queen, and therefore he could not."² He remained uncovered during the whole of the audience. His excellency did not confine his civilities to bows and compliments, for he presented her with the nine beautiful grey Flemish horses with which he had made his public entrance into London. Louis XIV. likewise sent, as presents for queen Anne, six splendid dresses and two thousand five hundred bottles of champagne, directly Bolingbroke signed

¹ Biog. Brit.

² Paper in the hôtel de Soabise, Paris; MSS.

the preliminaries of peace. A French historian of the present day,¹ more remarkable for headlong calumny on royalty than for accurate deduction, considers these articles in the light of bribes irresistible to the queen of Great Britain: they were not so efficacious as he supposes, for Anne always manifested utter indifference to fine dress, and never drank French wine, which was considered mortally inimical to a patient subject to gout in the stomach.

Some anxiety prevailed as to the person, among the clever men and wits surrounding the lord treasurer (Harley earl of Oxford), who was to compose the speech with which their queen was to open her parliament. "After dinner, he asked me, seriously," continues Dr. Swift,² "'How I would make it?' I turned it to a jest. And, because they had been speaking of the recent event of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said the queen's speech should begin thus: 'My lords and gentlemen, in order to my own quiet, and that of my good subjects, I have thought fit to send abroad the duchess of Marlborough after her duke.'" The queen, however, could pronounce none of their speeches, whether compounded for her in joke or earnest: her majesty was seriously ill, and the parliament was prorogued in consequence. She was sufficiently recovered to receive her company when her birthday arrived. "I never," resumes Swift, "saw the birthday celebrated with so much bustle and fine clothes. Pray God keep the queen! She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach."³ A few days after he says, "There were more whigs than tories to-day at court. I believe they see the peace must be made, and come to look after the queen: she is still lame with gout."⁴ Her physicians had succeeded in driving the disorder from the vitals to the extremities. The queen made a struggle with her failing health to appear to her people on her birthday, which was kept as a national holiday, with enthusiasm that almost amounted to transport. Long after this well-beloved English queen had passed away, a rhyme was repeated by the populace, nearly throughout the last century, when every February 6 came round:—

"Good queen Anne's birthday,
All bells ringing gay."

Relapses took place of her dangerous malady after the queen had held her birthday court. She was seldom able to attend divine service at St. James's chapel, and when she did, was carried in a low open chair. It was observed that she had "an ugly cough."⁵ A German lady belonging to the court of queen Anne, having taken the privilege of her protestant country, which permits knitting in sermon-time at church greatly scandalized Steele, who, in one of his papers in the *Guardian* reprobates such proceedings at St. James's chapel during divine service

¹ Capesigue.² Journal to Stella; Scott's Swift.³ Ibid.⁴ Ibid.⁵ Ibid.

"because the irreverent knitter was then in the immediate presence of God and her majesty, who were both affronted together." The health of her majesty mended slowly: she gave out that she meant to be carried in a chair to open her parliament when it met. March ran through, April came, and yet the long-delayed royal speech had not been spoken—the continuation of alarming symptoms delayed it. The gout vibrated fearfully through the queen's frame, flying from her feet to her stomach:¹ at last, her majesty was carried in an open chair, on the 9th April, to the house of lords, and pronounced her speech with her usual harmony of utterance; yet it was noted that her voice was weaker than usual. Vast crowds blocked every avenue to the house of lords, for her speech announced peace,² after eleven years' warfare of unparalleled bloodshed; indeed the war had continued since 1688, with very short cessation. England had not been engaged in a continental war of any such duration or consequence since the days of Henry VI.

The difficult question which had at first presented itself, still perplexed the high contracting powers; this was, what was to be done with queen Anne's unfortunate brother, the chevalier de St. George? The recognition of the queen's title by Louis XIV. implied the necessity of the young prince's retreat to some other friendly dominions. There exists an autograph letter of Anne, written in stiff but grammatical French, in the collections of the king of France, supposed to refer to this subject.³ The letter has seemed by others to refer merely to the restoration of her next nearest relative, the duke of Savoy, to some part of his dominions, of which he had been deprived during the war. Probably this ambiguity had been carefully concerted by Prior and Bolingbroke.

"MONSIEUR MON FRERE,

"I have received, with sincere pleasure, the agreeable letter that the *Monsieur* Prior brought me on your part. As your consummate prudence has taken the most proper resolution for fixing the terms of the peace, you may be persuaded, on my side, I shall lose not a moment to accelerate its conclusion. I assure you, the manner in which you remind me to be incessantly employed in re-establishing the public tranquillity is not lost upon me; by the orders I have given to my ministers at Utrecht, I have done all that is possible in the present juncture in favour of a prince,⁴ whose interests are sustained by your generosity. I doubt not that he will be fully convinced of this himself, and that all the world will agree in the same. I repeat yet, *monsieur* my brother,

¹ The speech is in Somerville. It is not quoted, because it merely belongs to the political history of Anne's reign.

² Collections, Bib. du Roi.

³ As the duke of Savoy had acted a double part in the war, and had sometimes fought against Louis XIV., it was unlikely the king would recommend him to Anne thus mysteriously.

The duke of Savoy, by descent from her aunt, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, was the next in blood to herself to the throne.

⁴ Perhaps the circumstance that Handel wrote his magnificent Jubilate in order to celebrate the ratification of the peace of Utrecht, is, to modern society, the most interesting fact connected with it.

that the consideration of your friendship will be a motive very effective to engage me for the future in his interests, and in those of his family, according to the occasions which may present themselves in future.

"As to the rest, I have sent Prior to Versailles, who will continue to hold the course of conduct most agreeable to you, and will do nought but execute to the letter the orders with which I have charged him. And among all the proofs of his duty and his zeal for my service, I have charged him very particularly to take all occasions possible to repeat the very perfect esteem and consideration which I have for you, and the ardent desire I have to live with you in sincere and perfect amity. I pray God to send you long years of health and prosperity, and to hold you always in his holy care.

"I am, monsieur my brother, your good sister,

"ANNE, R."

Queen Anne offered the order of the Garter to Louis XIV. as soon as the peace of Utrecht¹ was concluded; the king declined accepting it, for he had already received the order from Anne's father or uncle.

The possession of Gibraltar, a fragment reft from Spain in the long contest of her succession war, is the only remnant of the costly conquests of the reign of Anne retained by Great Britain at the present day. It is worthy of remark, that this possession was no trophy of the specious victories of Marlborough; for his duchess went almost insane with pride and anger, and led the poor queen a doleful life for some months, because the houses of parliament voted thanks to Sir George Rooke for taking Gibraltar, on the same day on which they returned thanks to the duke of Marlborough for Blenheim. The rock has been retained, at whatsoever cost, on account of the protection it afforded to English trade in the Mediterranean. Louis XIV., at the peace of 1713, yielded to Anne the possession of Newfoundland; but that isle was the lawful property of her ancestors, Henry VII. having given the magnificent sum of 10*l*. "to the man that discovered the isle."

Continental conquest was an absurd and guilty dream, which still infatuated the public, and had done so for three hundred years. It was considered extremely convenient to hold a port on an opposite coast, where an invading army might disembark, to carry fire and sword through a neighbouring land; Calais was held upwards of two centuries for this purpose. It has been found, that one-third of the English revenue was disbursed to maintain it, which money circulated over the continent of France, and did not again return into England. The English were displeased, because the ministry of queen Anne did not insist, at the peace of Utrecht, on the restoration of Dunkirk, a coast town, which occupied more attention than it was worth in the history of the seventeenth century. The statesmen who coveted the unlawful

¹ Somerville from Duclos.

possession of such towns as Calais and Dunkirk, had yet to learn the mighty statistical truth conveyed in the noble words of Campbell:—

"Britannia needs no bastions, no towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep."

An axiom which her brave seamen will maintain, whether they have to do their work with iron pots and kettles, or with heart of oak. Surely it was far wiser to maintain an irresistible navy¹ to sweep pirates from the face of the British seas, even if it cost a third of the revenue; for the floating fortresses brought back the capital spent on them, which Calais or Dunkirk never could. Henry VIII. nearly rendered his country bankrupt by conquering and adding to the English territory Boulogne, and two or three other sinks to national wealth and prosperity; they were given up in a few years, with the humiliating conviction, that such gains proved in the end pretty considerable losses. Conquerors learn these lessons, but learn them too late.

It has been previously shown, that the statue of queen Anne in St. Paul's churchyard, little as it is heeded in the present day, was chosen by her political poets to perform the same office as the Pasquin and Marforio statues at Rome. Some persons, excited into rage at the pasquinades on Anne's statue, broke the sceptre and defaced the ornaments as soon as peace was proclaimed. The following verses, acknowledged by the whig doctor, Sir Samuel Garth,² unlike his former libellous epigrams on Anne, possess some degree of reproachful elegance on the subject of the peace of Utrecht:—

"Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name,
With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form, that glads a nation's eyes.
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there;
Britain and Ireland seem to owe her grace,
And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.
But France³ alone with downcast eyes is seen
The sad attendant of so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done;
When, sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheathed the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her general⁴ and her word,

¹ Mr. P. Cunningham has edited the accounts of the uses to which the purchase-money of Dunkirk was put; a piece of historical information which will singularly inconvenience all historians who take Burnet as an authority.

² Dr. Sir Samuel Garth, after spending his life in political bootings, not only at *popery*, but at the Anglican church (which was the true object of the attacks of his party), became a Roman catholic in the decline of life, and

died in that religion, if we may believe the testimony of his friend Pope.—See *Biog. Brit.*

³ Queen Anne retained the title of France—an absurd fiction of national pride, to which may be attributed the excess of national malice which for some centuries subsisted between England and France. A statue representing France may be seen among the group of queen Anne's subject realms.

⁴ The duke of Marlborough.

For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
 And learned to speak like oracles of old
 For thee—for thee alone! What could she more?
 She lost the honour that her arms had won,
 (Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son),
 Resigned the glories of a ten years' reign,
 And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain;
 For thee in annals she's content to shine,
 Like any other of the Stuart line."

Scarcely; for, unlike her ancestors, queen Anne founded no colonies, while the corruptions attendant on her peculating government induced the after alienation of the most noble of their colonial states. Her navy was disastrously decayed, instead of advancing with the impetus her father's labours had given it. Many other sources of national happiness were grievously impaired. The education of the poor was utterly neglected: perhaps one of the most extraordinary features of the age was, that after the two revolutions of the seventeenth century, especially that of 1688, numerous existing endowments for the instruction of the lower classes were seized upon by the middle classes, whilst those devoted to educate clergymen from the children of the people were appropriated by the aristocracy of wealth to the education of their sons. Queen Anne's ancestors likewise "shone" without a national debt.¹ To do Anne justice, this order of affairs agonized her very soul, and induced her strenuous efforts for the peace which so highly incensed the revolutionary party. The queen about the same period addressed a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, requesting him to rectify the abuses of charity-schools;² her appeal was unavailing, yet it may be recorded to her honour that she made it.

If the true history of the wars of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, on pretence of sustaining the balance of power, could have been read aright by the people of Great Britain, France, and Spain, it would be soon found that the homely proverb of "mind first your own business," is as wholesome a maxim for nations as for families. That Great Britain had not minded her own business during the Orange and Marlborough wars could be told by many a woeful token—especially by the misery, ignorance, and consequent wickedness of the poor; by the dreadful state of the prisons from the atrocity of the gaolers, who performed the office of evil spirits—first tempting, and then torturing the poor wretches consigned to them. The national depravity which awoke the snarling muse of many a satirist, seems partly to have arisen from the misapplied eloquence of the

¹ That is, of their own contracting. James I. found a national debt of 500,000*l.*, on the decease of queen Elizabeth, which had chiefly descended to her as incurred by the foolish wars of Henry VIII. and the profligate robberies of Edward VI.'s regents. James I. paid 50,000*l.* of this debt due to the city of

London.—See Gough's Chronicle. The unfortunate Charles I. inherited 450,000*l.* of these Tudor liabilities; and as it was no more, James I. had paid *part of Elizabeth's debt*, and contracted *none*.

² Toone's Chronology.

preachers, who wasted the time which ought to have been devoted to better purposes in sectarian railings, and their flocks went away in an ungodly state of satisfaction at hearing the sins of their neighbours analyzed instead of their own. Domestic warfare was actively pursued against all who had anything to lose, on every road and avenue leading to the metropolis, by the banditti called highwaymen and footpads—the highwaymen were the cavalry of these marauding forces, the footpads the infantry; the first belonging to the profligate of the middle classes, and even of the upper classes, the last to the desperate from among the poor; whilst the police, such as it was, organized and regulated the movements of “the thieves against true men.” Ghastly avenues, not only of one triple tree, but of rows of them, each garnished with evil fruit, appalled the traveller at the approaches to the principal streets of the capital of Great Britain. Not long after the reign of Anne, a great reward was offered by government to discover the delinquents who had audaciously cut down *all* the gibbets in the Edgware-road, and laid them, with their garniture of human relics, low in the dust.¹ Let the frequenters of that busy market-street for the new north-western suburb meditate on the facts implied by the few words—*all* the gibbets in the Edgware-road!

The queen herself had had practical experience of the audacity of the thievish portion of her subjects. She had, when princess, been robbed on the highway, after her sister took away her guards; she had been plundered by burglars of her silver cistern from Berkeley-house; when queen, her London thieves had given her an early specimen of their ability in their vocation, by walking off with her coronation banquet-plate. If perpetual executions could have induced her people to be honest, there were hecatombs slaughtered every “hanging day,” which regularly occurred at the end of six weeks, when the queen had to sign death-warrants sufficient to have unsettled the reason of most women. There is no regular historical record giving queen Anne credit for the feelings she really testified on these frightful occasions, nor of her incessant remonstrances when pressed to sign death-warrants for desertion from the army or navy; yet the letters she wrote on such occasions rise up in evidence in her behalf as a truly humane sovereign. These little billets, addressed in an evidently unpremeditated style to her secretary, gave some insight of the mind of Anne the queen.

QUEEN ANNE TO SIR CHARLES HEDGES.²

“Tuesday evening.

“The enclosed petitions *weare* given mee as I came from St. James’s. One is, I believe, from the man you gave me an account of yesterday; the other having a wife and six children, makes me think it a case of

¹ Maitland’s London.

² From the *Old Monthly Magazine*, anno 1703, endorsed—“Letters from queen Anne

to Sir Charles Hedges; copied from the original, lately in the possession of James Montague, esq., and never before published.”

compassion. However, I desire you would inform yourself about it as soon as you can *possible*, and if you find it soe, take care his life may be spared.

"I am, your very affectionate freind,

"ANNE, R."

"Wednesday night.

"I have nothing to say to the execution that is to be on Friday, and am very glad the lords have respited Way ; for though the law does not allow that benefit *more than once*, it would be a barbarous thing to hang a woman when she is with child.

"I am, your affectionate freind,

"ANNE, R."¹

"Wednesday morning.

"I have been so pressed again this morning, by the woman that gave me the enclosed petition, to respite the execution of Jeffries, that I cannot help *writting* this, to desire you to order a reprieve till Friday, that there may be time to inquire into what this woman says.

"I am, your very affectionate freind,

"ANNE, R."²

It appears, that ameliorating the condition of those sentenced to death was one of Anne's favourite private charities, and for this purpose her agents were sent anonymously from her palace. But what can the humanity of a limited sovereign effect against the cruelty and neglect of a representative government corrupt as that which misruled Great Britain ?

Although the queen had been prevented from making Swift a bishop she offered no opposition to giving him the deanery of St. Patrick, a preferment equally ineligible with that of the bishopric of Hereford for a man whose Christianity was doubted³ and his Jacobitism suspected. Many causes of jealousy, in the course of the year 1713, arose, and occasioned irritation in the queen's mind against her brother. Her remorse concerning him only took place by fits and starts. It was the business of her life to guard those feelings carefully in her own bosom, or only to discuss them, in the restless solitude of her nights, with lady Masham, who slept on the ground on a mattress near her majesty's bed. Her demeanour by day was very different. If ever then she mentioned the chevalier, it was much in the style which her uncle Clarendon recorded with such indignation, when she joined with her women in mockery of her unfortunate father. It is true, such phase of conduct did not last long in her latter days, and after-circumstances proved that

¹ From the Old Monthly Magazine, *anno* 1803, endorsed—"Letters from queen Anne to Sir Charles Hedges ; copied from the originals, lately in the possession of James Montague, esq., and never before published."

² Ibid.

³ Swift soon after left England to take pos-

session of his deanery. It seems the duke of Ormonde was then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. In that era the lords-lieutenant often left their charge, and hastened on any political crisis to London, leaving the vice-royalty in *commis-*
sion. Such was then the case.

she only tampered with her feelings and conscience; yet the following was the result of the close inquiry of a contemporary, who professed to be anxiously curious on the subject. "Whoever knew anything of the queen's disposition, must believe she had no inclination at all in favour of the Pretender. She was highly and publicly displeased with my lord Bolingbroke, because he was seen under the same roof with that person at the opera, when his lordship was despatched to France upon difficulties in the way of the peace. Her majesty said [probably at council], 'that he ought immediately to have withdrawn, on the appearance of the other at the opera;' wherein, to speak with freedom," adds Swift,¹ "her majesty's judgment was not a little mistaken. At her toilet," he pursues, "among her women, when mention happened to be made of the chevalier, the queen would frequently let fall expressions of such a nature, as made it manifest how little she deserved reproaches of too much partiality to him. Indeed, she not unfrequently expressed contempt for the person and concerns of the chevalier, her brother."² The duchess of Somerset was the person whom the queen sought to propitiate or please by such expressions.

Her majesty, at the period of the peace, talked much of queen Elizabeth. She had adopted her motto, the far-famed *semper eadem*, which she rather paraded at this particular time. A lady, wishing to know what those Latin words were in English, asked Swift, who replied, "*semper eadem* meant, in queen's Anne's case, *worse and worse*." It is possible that the political dean meant in health, as she left off all exercise whatsoever, insomuch that, like Henry VIII., during her stay at Windsor-castle in the decline of the year 1713, she was, to spare herself the trouble of ascending and descending stairs, lowered from the ceiling of one room into another, by the means of a chair fitted up with pulleys and tackling. It is probable, that the apparatus and contrivances which had been used for the queen's corpulent predecessor still remained at Windsor-castle.

In the midst of alarms which were very general in England concerning the arrival of the Pretender at Bar-le-duc, the duke of Lorraine sent a courteous message to the queen by his envoy, the baron de Fortsner. He begged to know what her ideas were concerning his reception of the young chevalier St. George, as her wishes should be his guide in the whole transaction. The queen's declining health and meditations on the past, had at that juncture caused her to experience one of her transitions of mind to warmth and kindness towards her hapless brother. Her reply was (November 1713), "that the more kindness the court of Lorraine showed to the chevalier St. George, the more her Britannic majesty would consider herself beholden,"³

¹ Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's late Ministry.—Scott's Swift.

² Ibid.

³ Lamberty, Mémoires pour l'Histoire du

Siècle. He does not give the date, which we verify from the Torcy Correspondence with Prior and Bolingbroke.

although a very haughty public letter had been just sent in the queen's name (November 6, 1713), remonstrating with France that the duke of Lorraine gave protection to a young man disputing her Britannic majesty's title. Nevertheless Anne signed a warrant, addressed to Harley earl of Oxford, her lord treasurer, setting forth "that her late royal father had made Lawrence earl of Rochester, Sidney lord Godolphin, &c., trustees for a yearly annuity for the life of his royal consort, Mary [Beatrice], now queen-dowager." Of the vast arrear of which the unfortunate widow of James II. had been deprived, Anne directed an instalment to be paid to her by Prior; directions were added, that certain sums of the annuity and arrear were to be paid quarterly "during the life of the said queen-dowager, and for so doing this shall be your warrant: given at our court, at Windsor, the 23rd day of December, 1713, in the twelfth year of our reign."¹ Another sum, being a quarter's payment of her annuity, as asserted by the English ministers, was paid to Anne's unfortunate step-mother, but it never reached her hands. Scarcely was the queen's assent given to the commencement of the payment of the dower of her step-mother, when she was stricken down with illness of the most threatening character. Some circumstances attended this attack which caused another change in her majesty's manner of speaking in regard to her brother. All those who knew her intimately, dated an alteration in her feelings from this fit of illness, which occurred Christmas 1713. The queen was, moreover, made only too well acquainted with the exultant manner in which the opposition meant to hail her demise, for her death was generally reported, and some time elapsed before it could be credited in London that the queen was alive and likely to recover. Her enemies had plucked off their masks entirely, and were perplexed how to fit them on again. Expressions of joy were frequent and loud among the whig party;² crowded meetings took place, with great hurrys of coaches and chairs to the earl of Wharton's house; messengers were despatched from Windsor with accounts of the queen's health to the lord treasurer, who was then in town. To check the reports of the queen's death, he sauntered about the whole of the day, and abstained from going to Windsor until his usual time. From his reply to the official report of Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's domestic physician, may be gathered how near unto death was the sovereign at this juncture.³

¹ See vol. vi., *Life of Mary Beatrice*; likewise *History of the Parliament of Great Britain from the Death of Queen Anne, &c.* p. 157, which last mentions *two* instalments paid to Mary Beatrice, while the Chaillot documents allow only *one*. But these payments, although tardy and imperfect acts of honesty, caused Prior and the earl of Oxford to be tried for their lives in the succeeding reign. They pleaded, and successfully proved, that they obeyed the orders of queen Anne,

and the parliamentary acts at the peace of Ryswick, never revoked.

² Scott's *Swift*, vol. v. p. 294: *Inquiry into Queen's Ministry*.

³ We have been permitted, by the great courtesy of W. Baillie, esq. of Cavendish-square, to print, from his valuable collection of inedited autograph letters, this among others from Dr. Arbuthnot's papers in his possession.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

"I return you very many thanks for the exact and particular account you were pleased to give me of her majesty's indisposition; it is of too great importance to all the world not to have a concern for it, and it is my duty to sacrifice everything I am or have to her service. I verily believe that the rigour and trembling you mention may be the effect of a sudden cold the queen took; for those shiverings are not unusual on the like occasions, and the east wind makes the cold much more affecting the nerves.

"I have sent my servant with one of your letters, and my chairman with another: neither of the doctors were at home. It is likely they may be vain enough to publish it. Though I trust in God the queen will be well before they come down, yet I think you nor I could have been justified unless they had been sent to. God, who has so often saved the queen and delivered the nation, will, I hope, restore the queen to perfect health, in which prayer none joins more fervently than your most faithful and most humble servant,

" OXFORD.

"P.S.—There is a meeting appointed to-morrow of the lords, and should I go down it would cause great alarm; but I send this messenger belonging to the treasury, and desire you will despatch him quickly back. If there be any occasion, I can come after we return to-morrow."

Endorsed, in a more modern hand—"Dr. Arbuthnot."

When the cautious policy of the premier permitted him "to go down" to Windsor, he found the immediate danger of death had passed from her majesty; yet serious alarm sat on every countenance, and the account of the confusion and distraction that was round her was almost incredible. "Whenever anything ails the queen, these people are scared out of their wits; and yet they are so thoughtless, that, as soon as she is well, they act as if she were immortal."¹ His auditor remembered these words, and declared that he thought the prime-minister might apply them to himself.

"I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time for the work you had to do," writes Swift, "having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor."² What disposition the royal mind was in at this time, can only be matter of surmise—perhaps repentance for the past, and fruitless wishes for that species of reparation

¹ From Swift's remarkable paper, called "An Inquiry into the Queen's Ministry," may be gathered that the tory ministers of queen Anne meant, by means of their influence on the public press, "to write the chevalier de St. George into the public favour again, as his family had been *written down*." Swift de

clares that such would have been a work of longer time than the life of Anne could allow; the admission displays the secret springs of the historical literature of England, especially that written by placemen.

² Swift's Correspondence; letter to Bolingbroke

which was not in her power. It was, moreover, observed that her majesty became, during her recovery, pensive and low-spirited, wept frequently, and spent four hours every day by herself in the retirement of her closet at Windsor, either in earnest prayer or in writing.¹ What the queen wrote has not come to light. Her majesty had returned from Windsor to Kensington by May 18, and from thence went to St. James's to transact business. Swift notes, "She can walk, thank God, and is well recovered." The queen's want of moderation in eating made her relapses very frequent; for instance, after being in danger with gout in the head or stomach on Friday, she would, on the Sunday afterwards, devour a whole fowl:² and if this was the repast of a patient scarcely convalescent, it may be supposed that her usual meals were too ample for a female who took no exercise and performed no labour.

Queen Anne's perpetual vacillations, between her dread lest her brother should land in England, and her terror lest George of Hanover, or his eldest son, should come to her court to claim place as her heir and successor, produced many inconsistent acts, which puzzle historians into silence, and wholly prevent her biographer from attributing to her any premeditated principle of action. Her intentions, like feathers on a stream, fled from side to side before every gale that blew. The angry parties into which her empire was rent, continued to threaten her with the advent of either one or other object of her alarm, as they became offended with her proceedings. Her majesty's apprehensions rose high enough, in the spring of 1714, to make an appeal to the honourable feelings of her kindred in Hanover. Notwithstanding every temptation from crowds of sycophants, who perfectly besieged the court of Hanover in hopes of remembrance when they came to their inheritance, those princes never attempted to encourage faction by approaching the shores of England. Much has been said of their intentions, but the plain fact of their absence until invited, must outbalance many folios of mere words. The following is the remonstrance which the harassed queen of Great Britain, the day after her return from Windsor, addressed to her aged kinswoman, and a letter nearly duplicate as its purport, to Sophia's grandson, afterwards George I. :—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE PRINCESS SOPHIA (DOWAGER-ELECTRESS OF
BRUNSWICK.)

"MADAM, SISTER, AUNT,

"St. James's, May 19, 1714.

"SINCE the right of succession to my kingdoms has been declared to belong to you and your family, there have always been disaffected persons who, by particular views of their own interest, have entered into measures to fix a prince of your blood in my dominions, even whilst I am yet living. I never thought till now that this project would have

¹ Roger Coke's Detection.

² Tindal's Continuation.

gone so far as to have made the least impression on your mind; but (as I have lately perceived by public rumours, which are industriously spread, that your electoral highness is come into this sentiment) it is important, with respect to the succession of your family, that I should tell you such a proceeding will infallibly draw along with it some consequences that will be dangerous to the succession itself, which is not secure any other ways than as the prince who actually wears the crown maintains her authority and prerogative. There are here—such is our misfortune—a great many people that are seditiously disposed; so I leave you to judge what tumults they may be able to raise, if they should have a pretext to begin a commotion. I persuade myself, therefore, you will never consent that the least thing should be done that may disturb the repose of me or my subjects.

“Open yourself with the same freedom that I do to you, and propose whatever you think may contribute to the security of the succession. I will come into it with zeal, provided that it do not derogate from my dignity, which I am resolved to maintain.

“I am, with a great deal of affection,” &c.

Superscribed—“To my Sister and Aunt, Electress-dowager of Brunswick and Lunenburg.”¹

The patronage queen Anne bestowed on Tom D’Urfey, the songwriter of her era, resembled that extended by the sister queens, Mary and Elizabeth, to their dramatic buffoons, Heywood and Tarleton. After her majesty’s three o’clock dinner, D’Urfey took his stand by the sideboard at the time of dessert, to repeat political gibes or doggerel ballads, prepared to flatter some of the well known prejudices of his royal mistress. It is said that D’Urfey received a fee of fifty pounds for a stave which he compounded soon after queen Anne’s refusal to invite the elector of Hanover’s son, for the purpose of taking his place as duke of Cambridge in the house of peers. It is added, that the electress Sophia greatly displeased and irritated queen Anne by a saying, which was repeated at the English court, “that she cared not when she died, if on her tomb could be recorded that she was queen of Great Britain and Ireland.” Such report pointed the sting of the satirical doggerel so bountifully rewarded by queen Anne:—

“The crown’s far too weighty
For shoulders of eighty,
She could not sustain such a trophy;
Her hand, too, already
Has grown so unsteady,
She can’t hold a sceptre—
So Providence kept her
Away, poor old dowager Sophy!”

¹ Printed for John Baker, at the Black Boy, to prince George is almost the duplicate of
in Paternoster-row, anno 1714. The letter the above.

The audiences queen Anne granted to the facetious D'Urfeſy muſt have taken place in ſome intervals between the meditative and prayerful change of feelings which had taken place in the mind of her majeſty during her convaleſcence in the ſpring, for the foregoing ſtrain has no ſavour of edification in it.

Many vague reports of ſecret interviews between queen Anne and her diſinherited brother float through the hiſtory of her times; they chiefly ariſe from the reminſcences of Horace Walpole, who had certainly the beſt means of knowing the truth if he choſe to tell it—a point which is extremely doubtful. He declares that the young prince came *incognito* to England, and was introduced to his ſiſter in her cloſet, by Harley earl of Oxford and lady Maſham, at the very time when the faithful commons were thanked by the queen, in one of her ſpeeches, for putting a price on his head; but Oxford could not have been a party concerned, for he was no more ſincere in his Jacobitiſm than Marlborough himſelf.¹ Lady Maſham was a diſinter-eſted partiſan, but neither herſelf nor her royal miſtreſs had power enough, either to effect an interview of ſuch importance, or to keep it from the knowledge of perſons intereſted in the excluſion of the exiled Stuarts. It is affirmed that queen Anne conſulted biſhop Lloyd, who had assumed the mantle of prophecy, as to what would be the conſequence if ſhe invited her brother and preſented him to the privy council, as the letters ſhe received from his partiſans boldly preſſed her to do.² “Madam,” replied the biſhop, “you would be in the Tower in one month, and dead in three.” Another edition of this anecdote aſſerts that Anne cheriſhed the idea of reſigning her throne to her brother; but no one who has watched her through all the fluctuations of conduct and character will for one moment doubt that ambition and love of her own conſequence were governing traits of her diſpoſition to the laſt. The Anne of hiſtory, embellished with ſo many ſoft and kindly qualities, might have done ſo; but the Anne who wrote the ſcandalous ſeries of letters to her ſiſter, was not likely to take any ſuch ſtep. Can we believe but that the preſence of a brother ſhe had ſo deeply and wilfully injured muſt have been torture to her? The excluſion from the Britiſh throne was the ſlighteſt part of the wrongs of the young prince. That meaſure ought to have been majeſtically founded on the incoſiſtency of his religion with the royal functions, not meanly on the calumny regarding his birth; for if he were diſpoſed to continue the ſacrifice of earthly grandeur to his religious prejudices, why might he not have been permitted to enjoy, in his retirement, the harmleſs ſatisfaction of knowing that he was a gentleman of unſullied pedigree?

About this time great diſſenſions aroſe between the queen and the earl of Oxford, which were clearly attributable to lady Maſham, who

¹ Berwick's Memoirs.

² Macpherson's State Papers, vol. ii.

had discovered that her cousin did not mean to aid in the restoration of the queen's brother. As the founder of the South-Sea fund, which James Stuart would not guarantee, the premier was perforce his opponent.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE day, in the middle of June 1714, when the council met, the queen, without giving any one time to speak, said that she had resolved on a proclamation, which she caused to be read, and then went out, before her council could offer comment or advice; thus making it entirely her own act.¹ The proclamation was carried into effect, June 23, setting a price of "5000*l.* for the apprehension of the Pretender, dead or alive, if he were found in Great Britain or Ireland." Both Oxford and Bolingbroke professed utter ignorance of it and intense astonishment, withal, at her majesty's manner of bringing it to pass; they declared it to be a measure that emanated entirely from herself. Even those who record the queen's conduct, fancy that there was something mysterious in the whole, and that, in spite of all appearances, it was against her majesty's real inclinations. Very limited is the knowledge of human nature shown by those who argue thus; double-minded the queen had been from her youth upwards, and Divine Wisdom has pronounced that such persons "are unstable in all their ways." It was her punishment to feel the fierce conflicts of terror and remorse, which deprived her of all decision in her actions. The course that conscience dictated to her imperatively one day, was crossed by her fears the next. Thus did Anne wear out the short remnant of her existence in the convulsive throes of self-contradiction. At times, which were very fresh in the memories of those who saw her set a price on her brother's life, when any injurious measure had been debated against him in council, the queen had been known to burst into tears, and amidst her bitter sobs the assembly broke up in the utmost confusion.²

On the other side, it is said that, on a former occasion, she appeared horror-struck when the profligate earl of Wharton proposed to add to the mention of the reward for the apprehension of the Pretender the homicidal words, "whether he be dead or alive;" instances which merely illustrate the pitiable indecision that agonized the mind of the declining queen. Her conscience was fully convicted of all her trespasses against her father, his wife, and her unoffending brother; on the other side, must not the same conscience have addressed to her awful whispers of such truths as these? "Wretch! you have urged the

¹ Carte's Memorandum-book, 1714.

² Tindal's Continuation, vol. x.

religion of your country as the excuse for all these slanders, this deceit, and for the bloodshed that has been the result; yet will you, when your turn of personal aggrandizement is served, and your dying hand can grasp the sceptre no more, deliver it to a Roman catholic, who, being such, can have no will of his own in religious government? Wherefore, then, was your father, the great colonizing, naval, and financial king, driven forth, scathed with your slanders respecting the birth of his boy? Why did you not suffer him to remain and leave the sceptre to his heir, unencumbered with millions of debt, and unstained with the blood of hundreds of thousands of his subjects, who, instead of dying on the scaffolds of your sister and her Dutch consort, or in useless continental wars, would have extended his colonies, and cultivated commerce and the arts of peace? Let your country at least retain what she has bought at such cost; namely, all the privileges of her established church which the revolution has left her." Who can doubt that the meditations of queen Anne were according to this tenor?

Sophia, electress of Hanover, died on the birthday of the chevalier St. George, June 10, 1714. She died in displeasure with queen Anne. The ambitious words attributed to this princess are inconsistent, it must be owned, with the extreme moderation and justice of her character. Some of the friends of the electress¹ declare that she died a few minutes after reading queen Anne's angry letter, which is quoted as the death-blow of the electress; but that illustrious lady had experienced too many changes of capricious fortune in her youth, to have been slain with a few diplomatic words.

Scarcely had the Jacobite party recovered from the consternation that the queen's proscription of her exiled brother had induced, when a new turn of her humour amazed all people. The earl of Mar, who had fought very bravely in the Marlborough continental wars, was presented to the queen on his marriage with lady Frances Pierrepont (sister to the famous lady Mary Wortley Montague). The queen distinguished this noble very graciously, and he was soon in confidential intercourse with her majesty, and appointed one of her ministers of state. Lord Mar was afterwards the leader of the Jacobite insurrection of the succeeding year. A particular circumstance proved that he and queen Anne discussed Jacobite politics in their conferences. The whigs had made a symbol to designate their party, similar to the white harts of Richard II., the swans of the son of Henry VI., or the red and white roses of York and Lancaster. The whig badge was a miniature brass *fusee*,² about two inches in length, which was worn at the waistcoat breast; but some were in gold, some in silver, according to the rank of the partisan. "A friend of mine being let into the

¹ Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

² Probably a fusil, but in obsolete warfare

there is something with the same name pertaining to the grenade.

secret, acquainted me thereof, and brought me three," says Lockhart,¹ "one of which was given to the queen by lord Mar." But her majesty seemed to wish to ascertain precisely whether the whig party would own and respond to this symbol; for this purpose Lockhart and Mar agreed upon a scheme, which was forthwith communicated to her majesty. Lockhart tied the little fusee, or fusil, with a ribbon to his button-hole, walked into the house of commons, and took his seat by Sir Robert Pollock, a stanch west-country whig member. Presently Lockhart manœuvred the whig badge, so that his fellow senator took a full view of it. Sir Robert Pollock was, although of different politics, Lockhart's near kinsman and personal friend; he eyed the party symbol with no little consternation, and his cousin took a mischievous pleasure in coquetting with this toy. When Pollock looked at it, he affected to conceal it; till at last the whig member asked him angrily, "What the de'il he meant? and whether he was in jest or earnest?" Lockhart pretended not to know what he was talking about. Pollock then asked, "If he was come over to them?"—"You have no reason to doubt," said the Jacobite member, "seeing I carry the mark of the beast."—"Well," replied Sir Robert Pollock, "I don't know what to make of you; but either our secrets are discovered, or you're a convert." Lockhart answered, "That he had not hit it yet; he would leave him to guess which was the case." But afterwards, Sir Robert Pollock never saw him without urging him to tell him "how he had got that toy? for he had reason to believe these badges would not have fallen into such hands."—"In discoursing with him," continues Lockhart, "at divers times on the subject, I found the account I had of its being designed as a mark of faction was very well grounded." He supposes that it was connected with some insurrectionary rising likely to be attended with extensive slaughter; and as he communicated this supposition to the declining queen, marking its connexion with the nightly deeds of the furious Mohawk-club, and that named, from its *respectable* components, "the Hellfire-club," her vacillations were not likely to be settled into any decided course of action against a party, whose intentions were of this ferocious nature. The former badge of the Orange party was a little pewter warming-pan, such as are occasionally sold at country fairs for the cost of a farthing.

While the whole country were dreading, or hoping, that the queen would take some decided step for the restoration of her brother, the Hanoverian tories joined the whigs, and by majorities in the house of commons² proceeded to reiterate the queen's personal orders in council by setting a price on the head of James Stuart, talking, at the same

¹ Lockhart Papers, vol. i. pp. 462, 463. Lockhart was member for Edinburgh, and, as such, sat in the united parliament at Westminster.

² They acted in concert with the whigs, June 21, 1714, voting a reward of 5,000*l.* for the apprehension of James Stuart, assuming to be James III.

time, of inviting the hereditary prince of Hanover over to England, as the first peer of the blood-royal, to take his seat as duke of Cambridge. Exasperated at these proceedings, the real Jacobite party in the house of commons, which amounted to about a third, formed themselves into what was called, in the diplomatic language of the day, a *squadron volante*; and, as they could not command a majority, they came to a resolution to join with any party, so as to out-vote the ministry and stop the wheels of government. This is not an uncommon manœuvre at the present day, and a dissolution of parliament is the usual remedy—a measure that would, at the crisis of the queen's demise, have proved very advantageous for the Jacobites, because there would have been no responsible head of government, and party spirit, becoming terrific during the election of new members of parliament, would have flamed out into a civil war. The clue of the intrigues of this important epoch is furnished by the head of the Jacobite *squadron volante*, the then member for Edinburgh, Lockhart of Carnwath.

The queen, meantime, witnessed privately the discussions in parliament in her curtained box, and her presence apparently formed some barrier to the furious effervescence of party hate. "Yesterday they were all in flame in the house of lords about the queen's answer, till her majesty came in and put an end to it."¹ History has not noted this custom of the monarchs of the seventeenth century. Charles II. often witnessed, as a private individual, the debates in parliament: he said they were entertaining as any comedy. William III. spent much of his time there; his entrances are always noted in the MS. journals of the house of lords. Queen Anne almost lived in the house of lords while in session: witnessing a debate within three weeks of her mortal attack. Her majesty came in the hopes that her presence might induce them to keep the peace. More than once, however, it happened that the name of the disinherited prince, her brother, was introduced by some Jacobite member into his speech; on which stormy discussions took place. Order etiquette, and even decency were forgotten by the speakers, and observations so pointed and personal were made, that her majesty, perceiving all eyes were turned on her box, became painfully embarrassed, and hastily drew the curtains with her own royal hand, to conceal her confusion. Her father's widow, Mary Beatrice, related this incident.²

"In a few days," pursues Lockhart, "the money-bills and other affairs of moment being despatched, the parliament was prorogued, July 7, 1714; on which occasion the queen came to the house, looked extremely well, and spoke to both houses more brisk and resolute than on other the

¹ Letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, dated July 10, 1714.—Scott's *Swift*, vol. xvi. p. 140.

² MS. Memorials of the Queen of James II., in the archives of France; by favour of M.

Guizot. A similar incident has been quoted in regard to a speech of lord Strafford, when he was Anne's secretary of state; such was likely to occur frequently, as the queen was so often witness of debates.

like occasions, acquainting them 'that she was determined to call them together before it was long.'"¹ It must be remembered that the queen's maladies proceeded from plethora, aggravated by habits which render such tendencies fatal to those who enjoy their ease overmuch. The queen had too much to drink, too much to eat, too little exercise; and these causes coloured her complexion with a semblance of health and strength, far more dangerous than the wan hue of less perilous disease: hence the mistaken report of "good queen Anne's good looks," as recorded by her historian-senator, Lockhart of Carnwath. In her accustomed thrilling sweetness of voice, "she thanked her assembled peers and commons for the supplies they had given her for the current year, and for discharging the national debts."² She added, "that her chief concern was to preserve to them and to their posterity their holy religion, the liberty of her subjects, and to secure the present and future tranquillity of her kingdoms; but these desirable ends could never be obtained unless all groundless jealousies were laid aside, and unless they paid the same regard to her just prerogative which she had always showed for the rights of her people." Her majesty then prorogued her parliament until the 10th of August—a day she never saw. Lockhart pursues,³ "About an hour after this, I met general Stanhope, walking all alone and very humdrum, in Westminster-hall. I asked him, 'What was the matter with him? for he seemed to be out of humour, when every other body was rejoiced at being able to get into the country.' He answered, 'that all true Britons had reason to be out of humour.' I replied, 'that I thought myself a Briton true, and yet was in a very good-humour.'—'Why,' said he, 'then it seems you have not considered the queen's speech?'—'Yes I have,' replied Lockhart; 'and I was pleased with it, for I think she spoke like herself.'—'That's true enough,' said Stanhope; 'for, from what she said, I consider our liberties as gone.'—'I wish, with all my soul, it were so,' retorted Lockhart. 'How!' exclaimed Stanhope, 'do you declare openly for your Pretender?'—'The Pretender?' said Lockhart; 'I was not thinking of him. But as you Englishmen have made slaves of us Scots, I *would* [should] be glad to see ye reduced to the same state, which would make our union more complete and equal.'—'Well, well!' cried Stanhope, 'tis no jest. You'll get your Pretender; and you'll repent it, I answer, ere long!' and with that the gentleman went off in a prodigious fury."⁴ It must have been the queen's mention of prerogative that incensed the whig-general Stanhope, and exhilarated Lockhart.

The queen had, it was supposed, prorogued parliament so unusually early as the 7th of July (o.s.), in order to prevent any discussions on

¹ Lockhart of Carnwath Papers.

² Which discharge consisted in funding an alarming increase of it. See Toone's abstract of Acts of Anne; Chronology.

³ Lockhart of Carnwath Papers.

⁴ Ibid.

the-arrival of the baron de Bothmar, who was expected from Hanover to announce the death of the electress Sophia, at her palace of Herenhausen, the preceding 10th of June. German statesmen are proverbially as slow as those of Spain, and it appears that Bothmar did not arrive with his credentials until July 25. A general mourning was, as a matter of course, ordered for her majesty's illustrious kinswoman, Anne herself complying with the injunction that had been issued in her name for all people to put on suitable mourning. The substitution of the elector's name in the Common Prayer-book, in the place of that of his mother, as heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, caused the queen great agitation.

Anne's resolution of displacing Harley earl of Oxford from his dignity as lord treasurer, appears to have been fully made at this time, but she found that no insult could induce him to quit office. "*The dragon holds the little machine* [the treasurer's white staff] with a dead gripe," wrote Arbuthnot. "I would no more have suffered what he has done, than I would have sold myself to the galleys." Lady Masham huffed her cousin whenever he dined with her, which he usually did, and in company with his enemy, St. John lord Bolingbroke, not as her guest, but at the board of green-cloth. On one of these occasions she taunted him by saying, "You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." This was as late as July 14, when it was found that nothing could induce "the dragon," as they called lord Oxford, to resign. The queen—to whom he was personally obnoxious, as he had given her some unknown but mortal offence in his fits of intoxication—imparted to the lords of her cabinet council the following extraordinary list of reasons for dismissing her lord treasurer: some of the delinquencies would have seemed more fitting for the discharge of an ill-conducted footman. Her majesty affirmed "'that he neglected all business—was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved to her with bad manners, *indecenty* [indecorum], and disrespect.' The white staff is still in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We suppose the blow will be given to-night or to-morrow morning."¹ This letter was dated July 27, 1714; it was written by one of Bolingbroke's under-secretaries of state. The blow was indeed given, but it was the death-blow to the queen. Her majesty was then at Kensington-palace, where she always sojourned, and held council when detained to transact business in the middle of the summer; she was now in hopes of putting an end to the perpetual quarrels between Harley lord treasurer, and Bolingbroke, the secretary of state, by dismissing the former, frequently exclaim-

¹ Letter of Erasmus Lewis to Swift, dated Whitehall, July 27, 1714.—Scott's Swift.

ing in the course of the session, "that the perpetual contention of which her cabinet council was the scene, would cause her death;" therefore she determined to bring matters to a crisis on Tuesday, the 27th of July. Her majesty wrote a note to the earl of Oxford on the morning of that day, telling him "she was willing to receive the resignation of his charge." The earl ran to speak with the queen, who was at first denied to him, but he was admitted two hours later; he only stayed with her majesty one quarter of an hour. He then went to the treasury, made his payments and arrangements, and, at eight in the evening of the same day, returned to the queen, into whose hands he finally surrendered his white staff.¹ The adventures of this eventful day had not concluded; later in the evening a cabinet council was held (after the earl of Oxford had resigned his staff, consequently about nine o'clock), to consult what persons were to be named in the commission, into which the office of the lord treasurer or prime-minister was to be put, for every one of the Jacobite party shrank from its sole responsibility. Sir William Wyndham offered to be one of the five commissioners—he was just appointed chancellor of the exchequer. None of the council could agree as to the other four partners. The chief Jacobites in the queen's cabinet council may be reckoned as lord Harcourt, the duke of Ormonde, Sir William Wyndham, the duke of Buckingham, and the duke of Shrewsbury; but the last is doubtful. However this might be, the partisans of the displaced premier kept the invalid queen sitting at council until two in the morning, while they were raging at the Jacobite faction in the most frightful manner: the scene was only terminated by the violent agitation of the queen, who complained of the disorder of her head, and finally sank into a deep swoon from utter exhaustion. Nothing was settled, and her majesty was carried to bed seriously ill:² she wept the live-long night, without once closing her eyes.³

Another council was called for the 28th of July, with as little success in regard to any settled determination: it was again broken up by the queen fainting, and was prorogued until the 29th of July.⁴ The queen declared to her physicians that her indisposition was occasioned by the trouble of mind which the disputes of her ministers gave her, and made use of these words to Dr. Arbuthnot—"I shall never survive it." Her majesty was observed to be unusually silent and reserved at these two remarkable councils, probably from an utter incapacity for utterance.

Lady Masham became apprehensive that her royal mistress was on the verge of an illness far more alarming than any of the numerous

¹ Lamberty's *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 18me Siècle*, second edition.

² Swift's original note, signed H., to Erasmus Lewis's letter. It coincides with Lam-

berty's foregoing letter. It is the old edition of Swift.

³ Lamberty.
⁴ *La Vie d'Anne Stuart, Reine de la Grande Bretagne, &c.*

attacks through which she had previously nursed her. In her alarm, she wrote the result of her observations on the queen's uneasiness of mind and body to dean Swift, the only politician at that crisis to whom she attributed energy and decision of character. Swift had been about the court the whole summer, soliciting the place of "historiographer to the queen," for the purpose of writing the history of the peace of Utrecht.¹ The stormy transition from sanguinary warfare to such peace as the treaty of Utrecht gave, was even then rudely shaking the sands of the queen's precarious existence. "I was," said lady Masham² to Swift "resolved to stay till I could tell you that our queen had got so far the better of the *dragon*, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have much time now to write all my mind, for my dear mistress is not well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the lord treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was vexing and teasing her without intermission: she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last (July 27th). I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, 'I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise with you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.' That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than anybody, and given wise advice (if that wretched man [Oxford] had had sense and honesty to have taken it), I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your charity and compassion for this *poor lady* [the queen], who has been barbarously used, will not let you do it. I know you take a great delight to help the distressed, and there cannot be a greater object than this *good lady*, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here, and do not believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise everybody's understanding but one's own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to *her*, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it."

At the very moment when the compassion of one of the strongest minds in her empire was thus claimed for queen Anne by her confidential attendant, the destiny deprecated was near at hand. Two councils having been interrupted by the violent illness of the queen, the decisive one was delayed until the evening of the 29th of July (Thursday). The anticipation of another agitating and protracted scene of altercation, was of course most distressing to the poor sufferer, who was sinking prematurely to the grave beneath the weight of the crown she had sinfully coveted, and, for her own punishment, obtained. Worn out as she was

¹ A great mistake, for he lived a century too near the time: he could not have published the gist of his documents.

² The letter is in the Swift Correspondence, dated July 29. Harley is called the dragon, and lord treasurer, in it.

with sickness of mind and body, Anne had not completed her fiftieth year.

When the hour appointed for the royal victim to meet the lords of her council drew near, Mrs. Danvers, the oldest, and probably the most attached lady of her household, entering the presence-chamber at Kensington-palace, saw, to her surprise, her majesty standing before the clock, and gazing intently upon it.¹ Mrs. Danvers² was in consternation at the sight, as her majesty was unable to move without assistance. She approached, and ascertained that it was indeed queen Anne in the dress who stood there. Venturing to interrupt the ominous silence that prevailed through the vast room, only broken by the heavy ticking of the clock, she asked "whether her majesty saw anything unusual there, in the clock?" The queen answered not, yet turned her eyes on the questioner with so woeful and ghastly a regard, that, as this person afterwards affirmed, "she saw death in the look."³ Assistance was summoned by the outcries of the terrified attendant, and the queen was conveyed to her bed, from whence she never rose again. It appears that her dread of a third stormy council had caused her illness. "Her majesty was taken," says Lamberty, "on the evening of the 29th of July, with a burning fever. Her brain was affected, and she murmured all night, at intervals, words relative to 'the Pretender,' without cessation."

There can be no doubt that this peculiar bias of the queen's mind occasioned her illness to be concealed for several hours in the recesses of the royal apartments of her palace at Kensington. Dr. Arbuthnot and lady Masham dared not make her majesty's state so public, as to induce a general consultation of the royal physicians, lest one of them, doctor Mead (a politician in the whig interest), should hear the poor queen uttering the forbidden name that weighed so heavily on her breast. Yet there was a medical consultation held, in the middle of that important night, by Dr. Arbuthnot and such physicians as were in ordinary attendance on her majesty, Dr. Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Hans Sloane, Dr. Shadwell, and Dr. Sir David Hamilton (the same person whose very remarkable correspondence with the duchess of Marlborough has been previously quoted).⁴ It was agreed that her majesty ought to be cupped, which was accordingly done, in the presence of lady Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, about two in the morning of July 30. Eight ounces of blood, very thick, were taken from her; she was relieved

¹ Tindal affirms that the clock-scene took place on Thursday morning (29th of July), at eight o'clock. Yet no such serious alarm of imminent danger *could* have occurred then, as is plainly to be ascertained by lady Masham's letter to Swift, dated on the 29th; last quoted.

² Said by Tindal to be Mrs. Danvers; by

others to be her daughter.

³ Tindal, Barnard, and La Vie d'Anne Stuart, all mention this clock-scene, but all speak of it as occurring in the morning of the 29th of July. Lamberty alone mentions it as happening in the *evening* of the 29th.

⁴ From the inedited Coxe MSS., Brit. Museum.

from her worst symptoms, but it was observed that her eyes looked dull and heavy.¹ Severe indications of indigestion occurred; indeed, the common traditional report that the death of "good queen Anne" was occasioned by her eating a vast quantity of black-heart cherries, was, perhaps, not altogether unfounded. Towards morning the queen fell asleep: it is said she rose at her accustomed hour of seven in the morning, and was attired and combed by her women; but such an alarming relapse occurred at half-past eight, that Dr. Arbuthnot was forced to make her malady public, for he could not have recourse to the lancet without more authority, and he considered the royal patient was suffering under an access of apoplexy. When Mr. Dickens, the queen's apothecary, had taken ten ounces of blood from her majesty's arm, a sound was heard of some one falling heavily. The queen was sufficiently recovered to ask, "What that noise was?" Her attendants answered, "It was lady Masham, who had swooned from grief and exhaustion." It was judged proper to carry lady Masham for recovery from the royal apartments, and the bustle of removing her, together with the incident itself, was supposed greatly to alarm and hurry the queen.²

Her majesty experienced a third terrible seizure of pain and weight in the head just before ten o'clock the same morning, and every one around her believed that her death would be immediate. There is no reason to suppose that the duchess of Ormonde had, in the late violent changes, succeeded to the functions of the duchess of Somerset, the queen's principal lady and mistress of the robes; for terrified at the state of her royal mistress, the duchess of Ormonde sent an account of it to her husband, who was then at the Cockpit, the official seat of government, endeavouring to arrange the jarring and broken cabinet council of which he seems to have been president.³ The news flew like fire over London, and the influential whig magnates, the dukes of Somerset and Argyle, forced their way into the assembling privy council, and insisted on taking their places therein. From that moment they swayed everything, for the displaced premier, the earl of Oxford, had sent a private circular to every whig lord in or near London, who had ever belonged to the privy council,⁴ warning them to come and make a

¹ *La Vie d'Anne Stuart, Reine de la Grande Bretagne, &c.*; Amsterdam. This biography has preserved several links in the chain of the last eventful days of the life of Anne, entirely lost in her native annals; but, in common with several English histories, dates that of her death Friday, July 29, which was not the case, for it is widely known that the accession of George I. took place Sunday morning, August 1, 1714.

² *La Vie d'Anne Stuart*: Amsterdam.

³ Tindal's *Continuation of Rapin*.

⁴ Here we resume the information of Lam-

berty, whose evidence is confirmed on every side by eye-witnesses *who dared not boldly say what he said safely in a foreign land*. His former position in England (as an official in William III.'s cabinets), and his acquaintance personally with all parties, rendered it not easy to deceive him. This excellent authority has been feebly impugned by Cole, because "*making queen Anne grieve for her brother on her death-bed, was disrespectful to the memory of that illustrious princess*." This objector to documents which did not hit his fancy, was not the learned historical anti-

struggle for the Protestant succession. There is no doubt that Oxford had had immediate notice of the queen's mortal seizure on the preceding evening.

Dr. Mead's hopes made him bold in pronouncing the truth. No one about the dying queen chose to believe him; upon which he demanded that those who were really in favour of the Protestant succession in the royal household should send a memorial of her majesty's symptoms to the elector of Hanover's physicians, who would soon pronounce how long Anne, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, had to live; but he took his professional credit that her majesty would be no more, long before such intelligence could be received." It has always been considered that the prompt boldness of this political physician occasioned the peaceable proclamation of George I. The queen's demise in one hour was confidently predicted by her whig doctor.¹ He was often haunted afterwards with the chagrin his countenance expressed, when the royal patient, on being again blooded, recovered her speech and senses. Lord Bolingbroke went to her, and told her the privy council were of opinion it would be for the public service if the duke of Shrewsbury were made lord treasurer. The queen immediately consented. But the duke refused to accept the staff, unless the queen herself placed it in his hand. He approached her bed, and asked her "If she knew to whom she gave the white wand?"—"Yes," the queen replied, "to the duke of Shrewsbury." History adds, that when the dying sovereign placed it in his hands she added, "For God's sake use it for the good of my people!"²—a speech perfectly consistent with Anne's conduct as queen regnant, because, whatsoever wrong she practised before her accession, she was a most beneficent and loving sovereign to her people, who have reason to bless her name to this hour.

Queen Anne retained sufficient intelligence to be conscious that the duke of Shrewsbury, then invested by her act with the power of prime-minister, in addition to his functions of lord high-chamberlain and lord-lieutenant of Ireland, must, perforce, act according to the parliamentary settlement in favour of her distant kinsman, the elector of Hanover. Having thus performed her duty as queen, all the duties she had outraged in her early career to obtain the crown overwhelmed her conscience, and rendered her death-bed comfortless. When her mind wandered, she began to utter in a piteous tone, "Oh, my brother! oh, my poor brother!"³ The bishop of London stood by her bedside, contemplating this awful termination of the successful fruition of ambition. He was the same prelate who had assisted her in giving peace to

arian, Thomas Cole (as usually supposed), at the envoy Christian Cole, whose intellect much on the grade of that of lord Noodle, the burletta of Tom Thumb.

¹ Biog. Brit.

² Lamberty's *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 8^{me} Siècle*, tome viii. p. 657, second edition; Brit. Museum.

³ *Ibid.*

Europe, and had been advanced to the see of London on the miserable death of the queen's former tutor, the aged Henry Compton.¹ The nature of the injunctions given by the dying sovereign to Robinson, bishop of London, after the long private conference, in which she is said (in compliance with the recommendation in the rubric for the Visitation of the Sick) to have disburthened her mind of the weighty matter that troubled her departing spirit, was surmised from his emphatic rejoinder, as he left her bedside, "Madam, I will obey your commands. I will declare your mind, but it will cost me my head." The words were heard by the duchess of Ormonde; at the same time the queen said, "She would receive the sacrament the next day."² Whatsoever was done by the bishop of London is impossible to say, but probability points at the fact, that the royal wish was delivered to the duke of Ormonde, the commander of the army.

The queen, when the bishop had withdrawn, fell again into her delirious agony, and she reiterated unceasingly her former exclamations of, "Oh, my brother! my dear brother! what will become of you?" Something within her mind stronger than delirium must have whispered that her recently given commands would be useless. Little did the queen anticipate when, as the princess Anne in 1688, she was eagerly employed in casting the well-known stigma on the birth of her brother, that her death-bed lamentations would be for him, and that her last agonizing cry would be his name! She continued to repeat this sad exclamation until speech, sight, and pulse left her.

The privy council assembled³ in the royal bedchamber, demanding of the physicians to declare their opinions, who agreed that the queen's state was hopeless, then they withdrew, except the bishop of London, who remained near the insensible queen; but she never again manifested sufficient consciousness to speak or pray, although she, from time to time, showed signs of actual existence. As the privy council separated the duke of Buckingham came to the duke of Ormonde, clapped his hand on his shoulder, and said, "My lord, you have four-and-twenty hours to do our business in, and make yourself master of the kingdom." The military force was in the hands of Ormonde. Buckingham knew that a direct appeal to arms would be as useless as it was criminal; yet if any popular indication had coincided with his wishes, he had little

¹ This prelate, who lived to be eighty-four, met with a dreadful accident. He fell backwards from the top of a high flight of stairs, which he was ascending without the assistance proper at his great age. He hurt the back of his head, and was taken up for dead, but revived, and, according to the cruel jest of Swift, was "as sensible as ever." He lingered in misery a few weeks, and died in the beginning of the year 1713. Tindal. Swift.

² MS. Memorandum-Book, preserved in the Bodleian library, copied by Macpherson in

the Stuart Papers. The particulars agree wonderfully well with the important document of the whig statesman, Lamberty.

³ Lamberty, *ibid*. The privy council, of some of the most responsible members, must have been assembled in the queen's chamber because Lamberty says "*they quitted her*, but the bishop remained with her," &c.

⁴ Marginal note. Carte's Memorandum Book, marked vol. xi, pp. 4 to 13; 1714. Bodleian.

doubt regarding which side Ormonde would have taken, but there was such movement. The great seal was put to an important patent by ten o'clock the same day.¹ It was to provide for the government of the country by four-and-twenty regents, constituting an *interregnum*. The act had been prepared for years, and enclosed in "*the black bag*," which the duchess of Marlborough exultingly intimates had long been a source of inexpressible horror to queen Anne, whensoever her thoughts glanced that way.²

Dr. Radcliffe, who had been, since noon, sent for from Carshalton to attend her majesty, returned for answer in the evening, "that he was, and could not come." The queen's friends were positive that, though the poor man was actually in a dying state himself, he could resist the power of death, almost by looking upon the royal patient, for the lord Gower had often been in the same condition as the queen with *the gout in the head*, and Radcliffe kept him alive many years." The privy council never sent any order to Dr. Radcliffe, nor was his name ever mentioned there, or by the queen herself; it was only lady Masham who sent privately an agonizing entreaty to summon him.³ "I am just come from Kensington," writes Charles Ford, an official in the government and a correspondent of Swift, Saturday, July 31, "where I have spent these two days. At present the queen is alive, and better than could have been expected: her disorder began about eight or nine yesterday morning.⁴ The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; while it was being done, the queen fell into convulsions, or, as they say, a fit of apoplexy, which lasted two hours, during which time she showed but little signs of life." At six in the evening of the same day, another anxious watcher within the palace-walls, Erasmus Lewis, one of the displaced secretaries, wrote to Swift—"At the time I am writing, the queen is *said* to be in the queen's nostrils, but that is all. No hopes of recovery. Lord Oxford is in council; so are the whigs.⁵ We expect the demise to-night. There is every prospect that the elector of Hanover [George I.] will meet with no opposition, the French having no fleet, and are unable to put one out so soon. Lady Masham received me kindly: poor woman, I heartily pity her. Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you could come up. A report had been carried into the city, during the course of Saturday afternoon, that the queen was actually dead; and that was more infamous, stocks rose on it as much as three per cent.;" that that was really no disgrace to the queen's memory.

Again the rumour spread that her majesty's danger was over, and

Letter of C. Ford to Swift.

Coxe MSS.

Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 172.

Thus reckoning the queen's illness only on Friday morning. Such was the official report of queen Anne's mortal attacks, while the ambassadorial reports of Hoffman and

Bothmar declare she had raved that live-long night.—Lamberty.

⁵ Much of Lamberty's intelligence is thus verified, line by line, by these sub-ministers; they dared not put to paper the rest of his intelligence.

that she was fast recovering. She was prayed for in the daily service at St. Paul's cathedral,¹ but not in her own royal chapel of St. James;² and the omission there excited the surprise and anger of her anxious subjects. Dr. Mead, the whig physician, again manifested his chagrin when the queen seemed to rally and recover, as the day advanced, and actually imbibed a little nourishment, although past the power of utterance. The council, which had sat through the preceding day and night, adjourned till eight next morning, having first despatched secretary Craggs to Hanover by the Hague, put an embargo on all shipping, and ordered the Hanoverian envoy to attend with the black bag, wherein was deposited the authority for the regency in case of the demise of the queen.³ It has been already observed, that the displaced minister, Oxford, had, at the first alarm of the queen's illness, sent round little billets to summon all the whig lords to the privy council, and when there, he continued to exert himself in favour of the Hanoverian succession.⁴ The lords of the council sent to the lord mayor to take special care of the city; the trained bands were raised, and a triple guard sent to the Tower. All persons were deeply concerned among the populace at the state of the queen, as was visible by their countenances. Great solicitude was manifested regarding her, all the 31st of July, in the swarming and agitated streets; some reported she was better, others that she had died at eleven o'clock at noon. She was again prayed for in St. Paul's cathedral in the afternoon daily service, but nowhere else.

During the hours while the insensible queen was thus suspended over the abyss of eternity, other vigils were held in the recesses of her palace at Kensington, and other councils besides that one, the vigilance of which secured the throne to our present royal line. If the evidence of an enemy may be admitted, the "Jacobite members of the queen's household were greatly taken by surprise at her sudden and mortal attack, having shut their eyes to all symptoms of her danger, in strong reliance on a prediction which had given her years of life to come." One of the queen's physicians is charged with these defective conjurations but Peter Rae⁵ leaves his readers' imagination to rove over a formidable medical band without indicating the professor of the black art among them, further than that "one of her physicians, the most intimate with her, had pretended, by some other art [than physic], whether of calculation, magic, or other *infernal* speculations, to tell the great men of the royal household 'that the queen would live six years and a half.' This

¹ Thoresby's Journal.

² Ford's letter.—Scott's Swift, vol. xvi. p. 171.

³ Ibid; and Lamberty's Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 18^{me} Siècle. ⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Peter Rae's History of the Rebellion, p. 64. He evidently is guided by a curious

pamphlet of that day, containing much authentic intelligence; it is called Two Nights' Court at Greenwich. Its name is derived from the circumstance that George I. remained at the queen's house in Greenwich-park (now the naval school) the two first nights of his landing as king of Great Britain.

was certainly a reason why they were the more secure, and had not their design complete, and all orders and warrants in readiness for the execution thereof." So says this contemporary, but he comes to a false conclusion; for Anne would never have authorized any such warrants while she believed her existence would last one day.

"The first alarm of the queen's illness and surprising distemper," continues Peter Rae, "brought the whole Jacobite party to court: the great officers, as well as the privy councillors of the other sex, met in a certain lady's apartment. In these apartments business of the nicest nature in government used to be familiarly discussed. It was found that my lady [Masham] was with the queen, whereupon they sent for *the countess*." This lady had been watching by the queen for some hours, and had retired to take a little rest; she rose and dressed, but was ill and in tears when she entered the Jacobite conclave. She is supposed to be lady Jersey, the widow of Edward earl of Jersey. Nothing could be done without lady Masham, who was sent for from the royal chamber. She entered in the utmost disorder, and without staying for any question, cried out, "Oh, my lords! we are undone; entirely ruined. The queen is a dead woman: all the world cannot save her!" Upon which, one of the lords asked, "if the queen had her senses? and if lady Masham thought she could speak to them?"—"Impossible!" returned lady Masham; "her pain deprives her of all sense, and in the intervals she swozes, and speaks to nobody."—"That is hard indeed," said another of the lords. "Could she but speak to us and give us orders, and sign them, we might do the business for all this."—"Alas!" said another lord, "who would act on such orders? We are all undone!" To whom another replied, "Then, my lord, we cannot be worse. I assure you, that if her majesty would give orders to proclaim her successor in her life-time, I would do it at the head of the army. I'll answer for the soldiers." The duke of Ormonde, commander-in-chief, is clearly indicated by this speech. "Do it, then," said Dr. Atterbury, the bishop of Rochester; "let us go out and proclaim the chevalier at Charing-cross. Do you not see that we have no time to lose?"¹ The countess begged them to waive debate, "for," said she, "there is nothing to be done; her majesty is no longer capable of directing any thing. She is half dead already; I'll die for her, she lives four-and-twenty hours." The duke of Ormonde returned, "Lord, what an unhappy thing this is! What a cause is here lost at one blow! Is there no remedy?"

After some discourse they sent lady Masham to see if there was any alteration in the queen. She presently returned, and told them "It is all the same; she's drawing on. She dies upwards; her feet are cold and dead already." One of the secret conclave then proposed "to tem-

¹ This speech is not in Peter Rae's abstract of this council, but in his authority, the *Two Nights at Greenwich*.

porize for the instant, and on the last breath issuing from the queen, to proclaim the elector of Hanover, whom they would privately do their best to oppose; at the worst, they should all be exonerated, by pleading that they were the first and forwardest to proclaim him." The lords appeared stunned at this proposal; but one of them, turning to "the countess," said, "Pray, madam, what is your opinion?"¹—"Let my opinion be what it may," she replied, "I see no other way. The queen will be dead to-morrow. Our measures are in no forwardness; all is disconcerted since the last remove [meaning of Harley earl of Oxford from being lord treasurer]. To make any attempt would be to ruin ourselves, and help the establishment of those we hate. The successor must be immediately proclaimed; if we decline it, the whigs will do it with the greatest clamour, and will not fail to fall on us for not doing it. By all means do it, and receive the credit of it. Such is your only way."

Queen Anne drew her last breath between seven and eight o'clock, August 1, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign. Like her predecessor, she died on a Sunday morning. When the queen was released, the lords-regent commanded Addison, whom they had appointed their secretary, to announce the important event to the prince whom the choice of the nation had appointed her successor. The celebrated author was completely overwhelmed with the importance of his task, and while he was culling words and phrases commensurate in dignity to the occasion,² hours fled away—hours of immense importance to the Protestant cause in England. At last, the regency was forced to call to its assistance Mr. Southwell, a clerk belonging to the house of lords, who announced to the elector of Hanover "that the British sovereign was dead, and that the throne was vacant," using the dry, technical phrases best fitted for tidings received, if not with positive exultation, certainly without affectation of sorrow. "On the Sunday morning, the proclamation of George I. took place," says Thoresby,³ who witnessed it "mightily to the satisfaction of all the people—of which there was the greatest concourse ever known, not only of the populace, but of the nobility and gentry, who attended in their coaches. The bishop of London and vast numbers of the clergy were likewise present." The next day this witness of the peaceable recognition of the line of Hanover "went to prayers at St. Dunstan's where king George was prayed for." Three days afterwards, he saw the triumphant entry of the duke of Marlborough "who returned from a sort of voluntary exile, passing through the city of London in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horse

¹ Again Peter Rae has diverged from his authority. He puts a very long oration into the mouth of one of the lords, but to the same effect.

² Tindal's Continuation. Addison was chosen secretary of the regency on this emer-

gency. He was made secretary of state in 1717, the year after his wretched marriage with the countess-dowager of Warwick. The anecdote is recorded by Dr. Johnson, in his biography of Addison.

³ Thoresby's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 245-248.

back, and some of the nobility in their coaches, followed by the city-trained bands."¹ This array was made to intimidate those who were inimical to the Protestant succession; these persons reflected, with the utmost bitterness, on Marlborough, for assuming a demeanour so joyous and triumphant, when the corpse was scarcely cold of his early friend and benefactress. His grand coach broke down by Temple-bar, much to the satisfaction of the Jacobites.²

A fortnight afterwards, the good old antiquary, Thoresby, visited Westminster-abbey, to see the royal vault preparing to receive the corpse of queen Anne. It was with difficulty he made his way through the immense crowds who thronged to gaze on the last resting-place of their native princes. "It was affecting," says our moralist, "to see the silent relics of the great monarchs, Charles II., William and Mary, and prince George; next whom remains only one space to be filled with her late majesty, queen Anne. This sight was the more touching to me, because, when young, I saw in one balcony six of them that afterwards were kings and queens of Great Britain, all brisk and hearty, but all now entered on a boundless eternity! There were then present, king Charles and his queen Catharine, the duke of York, the prince and princess of Orange, and the princess Anne. He mentions with reverence the velvet, silver plates, nails, and hasps which adorned the royal coffins; but all this cost and magnificence is hidden from the eye, and now moulders with the silent dead.

Vast masses of conflicting statements exist relative to queen Anne, whose memory has experienced more than the accustomed portion of praise and blame that usually pertains to the royal dead. Anne never refused her regal assent to one bill tendered to her to be enacted into law; no person was put to death in her reign for high treason—circumstances which rendered it remarkable in English history. "As to her privy purse,"³ it was the poor's box, a perpetual fund for charity. And it appeared after her death (for she made no ostentation of her charities, nor were flatterers employed to trumpet them about), that several persons had pensions from the privy purse—pensions not given as bribes to do the dirty work of a minister, but merely out of charity for the support of indigent families. If she was frugal, it was to enable her to be generous, and she would have thought that she defrauded her people if she had been niggardly in order to lock up that money in chests which should circulate among them, or had sent it to foreign banks; and therefore all she could spare, she returned back again to them as their right. It must be observed, that all this was done with-

¹ Thoresby's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 245—248.

² Peter Rae's History of the Rebellion.

³ From lord Chesterfield's estimate of the revenues of the house of Stuart, contained in a work entitled Common Sense, or the Eng-

lishman's Journal. It is attributed to this nobleman in the Catalogue of the Brit Museum. Although troubled with a superabundance of quaint politesse, lord Chesterfield was a wise and beneficent statesman.

out anything that looked like sordid saving—no retrenching her servants at their tables, allowances, or perquisites; the hospitality within doors was equal to the charity without.”

Dr. Radcliffe, who was a member of the house of commons, was fiercely attacked there by a friend of his who was rendered desperate by his sorrow for the demise of the queen. To this the physician replied by a letter of remonstrance, in which he thus mentions the deceased sovereign; the date August 3, 1714:—“I could not have thought that so old an acquaintance and so good a friend, as Sir John always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows that my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability, and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety than the death of that glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physician that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method taken for her preservation by Dr. Mead, as to declare that nothing was omitted for her preservation. But the [political] people about her—the plagues of Egypt fall on them! put it out of the power of physic to be any benefit to her. “I know the nature of attending crowned heads in their last moments too well, to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign’s demise. However, ill as I was, I would have *went* to the queen in a horse-litter, had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir John as much: his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend. Thank Tom Chapman for his speech made in my behalf. I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly. I should be glad to see him at Carshalton, since the gout tells me that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together.”¹ Dr. Radcliffe, whose reminiscences are connected with the last moments of all the royal personages of the English revolution, did not survive queen Anne many months, and his death was reported to be in a manner involved with her own. There was a large portion of the people who passionately lamented the last of their native line of sovereigns, and with these Dr. Radcliffe became an object of detestation, because the idea had gone forth among them, that he might have saved “good queen Anne, and would not.” It is said that he dared not quit his house, on account of his dread that he would have been torn limb from limb. Indeed a letter of his is extant, in which he affirms that he had received many threatening missives promising “that he should be pulled to pieces if he ventured to London.” However, he was not a man to be intimidated, and he knew his fiat had gone forth by reason of his personal ailments, and that he could never again sit in the house of commons.

There is true attachment and deep tenderness in the manner that Dr.

¹ Scott’s *Swift*.

Arbuthnot, her friend and domestic physician, speaks of the departed queen, when all regard to her memory was to say the least, no great advantage to those who were seen to mourn for her. "My dear mistress's days were numbered, even in my imagination;¹ they could not exceed certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her. It surprised her suddenly, before she had signed her will, which, no doubt, her being involved in so much business hindered her from finishing. It was unfortunate that she had been persuaded (as is supposed by Lowndes) that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I had figured to myself all this melancholy scene twenty times, and even worse, if that be possible, than happened; so I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady Masham's and several of the queen's servants, some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty [George I.], which several people that know him very much commend." Thus lady Masham had not gathered riches, or even competence, by her services to queen Anne. It will be remembered that her majesty had been extremely opposed to Harley's resolution of making the humble attendant a peeress; no doubt, the difficulty of building a competent fortune had perplexed the queen. As to queen Anne's will, the royal personages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were fully convinced of the uselessness of such documents. "The wills of sovereigns are never obeyed after death," said Louis XIV., not long afterwards; "perhaps as some counterpoise to the having their wills implicitly observed during life."²

"The chevalier St. George was at Luneville when he received the news of the mortal malady of his sister, queen Anne. He returned to Bar-leuc to be present at the assembling of his council; as he entered, he said, "If the *princess* Anne dies, I am lost."³ Yet, while queen Anne remained free from delirium, it is evident that she made the strongest distinction between her crime of stigmatizing her brother as a spurious heir, and the act (which was no crime, but an unavoidable necessity) of excluding him from the succession to the British throne as a Roman-catholic. It seems that her remorse for her sin regarding the first, which agonized her death-bed, has been too much confounded with her supposed intention of reversing the other; but there is no regal act of her life in contradiction to the settlement which strongly secured the succession to the elector of Hanover. That prince was proclaimed the same day, as George I. king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. In perfect consistency with the moderation and honourable abstinence from intrigue to gain this vast accession of dominion, for which every one must allow

¹ Arbuthnot to Swift.

² Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon.

³ By the Bishop of London, in 1749; Birch MS. 4326, f. 29.

George I. due credit, his majesty did not hasten his arrival in England, which remained six weeks without the presence of any sovereign ; thus giving the people ample time by their acquiescence to confirm his succession. Lord Berkeley commanded the fleet which was despatched to Orange Polder, in Holland, to await the embarkation of George I.¹ according to his pleasure. The king did not hurry himself, for he did not arrive at Greenwich until the 16th of September.

The loss of queen Anne was sincerely deplored in most pulpits throughout England, for she was deservedly beloved both by the clergy and the people. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift, wrote an eloquent oration on the demise of his queen, which he preached with universal applause in Ireland. He had considered himself extremely happy in the choice of his text, as applicable to the first of August, the day of her demise, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Subsequently, he was appointed chaplain to the then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was requested by the archdeacon to preach for him at Cork on the anniversary of the accession of George I., which was, of course, on the first of August. Sheridan, struck with the date, and entirely absorbed in his regrets for the last of the Stuart sovereigns, drew forth from some dusty nook his former sermon of lamentation for the loss of his royal mistress, and preached it with an energy and pathos that drew tears from himself, and many a desponding Jacobite. Meantime, the Irish courtiers were transfixed with consternation. To preach an accession-sermon with such a text, "Sufficient for the day is the *evil* thereof! was a piece of audacity only to be paralleled by the papist White of Winchester's never-to-be-forgotten sermon at the funeral of the first queen Mary, delivered before her sister and successor Elizabeth, the tenor of which was, "that a living dog was better than a dead lion." Sheridan's sermon has been quoted as a remarkable effort of expiring Jacobitism ; it was, however, but an instance of remarkable absence of mind—one of those practical Irish bulls for which he was noted.²

Fewer elegies and epitaphs were written on the death of queen Anne, than for any previous sovereign of Great Britain. The only ode commemorative of this "queen of the high church" was produced by a dissenting muse. It is in vain to expect from Isaac Watts, in courtly poems, his own genuine style of holy simplicity, which has rendered his name deservedly illustrious. When William III. had departed to his place, Watts dedicated an ode to his memory, in which, with sectarian enthusiasm, he mistakes the king for an archangel, and finds it difficult to distinguish between—

"Gabriel, or William on the British throne."

Poetic beauty had long departed from royal elegies, and perhaps the performance of Watts equals any strain devoted to the monarchs of the

¹ Swift's Correspondence. ² Epistolary Correspondence.—Scott's edition of Swift, p. 422

revolution, although, in the course of it, he does a little business in the courtier-line, by interweaving a curious eulogy on the advent of George I., the rising sun of himself and all his dissenting allies.

"Princess! the world already owns thy name;
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renowned. Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchased by an angel's death!
But, oh! the parting stroke. Some heavenly power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high,
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be the name.

Britons! forgive th forward muse,
That dared prophetic seals unloose—
George is the name, that glorious star
Ye saw his splendours beaming far,
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies."

Notwithstanding the paucity of elegiac odes on queen Anne's death, her memory was cherished with no little affection, many years after her demise, by a distinguished class of her subjects. Swift, who is usually supposed to have been her enemy and calumniator, never speaks of her but with deep reverence, in one remarkable letter, he mentions her as "our late blessed queen."¹ In one of lord Orrery's letters, dated as late as 1741, he says, "Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting statues and pillars to queen Anne."² Pope, in his poetical letter addressed to lord Mansfield (when he was the elegant young Murray, the Apollo and Adonis of the English bar), gives a sigh of regret, at once to his days of youth and to her memory, by alluding to.

"The golden days of my queen Anne."

Among the lower orders, for some years after her death, a cry raised of her name had power to influence them. In the reign of George I., the notorious Edmund Curl was doing penance in the pillory for some of his libels, when he took it into his head to say to the mob, "that he was out there for speaking well of the memory of good queen Anne." Upon which "messieurs the mob" laid aside the various missiles with which they had intended to assail him, and when he had stood his appointed time, escorted him to his own home with great respect. Edmund Curl had already lost both his ears for speaking amiss of the parliament—these disgusting punishments flourishing with unusual vigour after the glorious revolution.

It was an age when all the biography that was suffered to be connected with history was comprised in laboured dissertations called *characters*. A moment's thought will suffice to show how partial or unjust a series of assertions must be, detached from narratives of the facts, or supposed

¹ Inedited autograph in the possession of W. Baillie, esq., Cavendish-square.

² Scott's Swift.

facts, on which they are presumed to be based. In illustration of the fallacy of estimating royal personages like queen Anne, or her sister Mary II., by such performances, here follow *two* characters of queen Anne, both penned by her domestic traitress, the duchess of Marlborough. The malignant "character" was composed to ornament Burnet's history.

"Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful, till she grew *exceeding* gross and corpulent. There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul and cloudiness of disposition within. She seemed to inherit a good deal of her father's moroseness, which naturally produced in her the same sort of stubborn positiveness in many cases, both ordinary and extraordinary, and the same sort of bigotry in religion." This passage, written for insertion in a party work, appeals to vulgar opinion. The slight contraction in the queen's eyes the writer perfectly well knew had been occasioned by violent inflammation in her childhood, and was not connected with temper. The duchess likewise well knew from experience, that excessive indulgence, and not moroseness, in his family circle, was the fault of the unhappy James II., her own early benefactor. However, this libel was to have been published under bishop Burnet's mask. The creature of the bounty of those she maligns thus pursues her theme. "Queen Anne's memory was exceeding great, almost to a wonder, and had these two peculiarities very remarkable—that she could, when she pleased, forget what others would have thought themselves bound by truth and honour to remember, while she remembered all such things as others would have thought it a happiness to forget. Indeed, she chose to exercise it in very little besides ceremonies and customs of courts, and such like insignificant trifles. So that her conversation, which otherwise might have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made more empty and trifling by its chiefly turning upon fashions and rules of precedence, or some such poor topics. Upon which account it was a sort of misfortune to her that she loved to have a great crowd come to her, having little to say to them but 'that the weather was either hot or cold;' and little to inquire of them but 'how long they had been in town?' or the like weighty matters. She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; in weightier matters she never spoke but in a hurry, and had a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment." As the duchess was considered the queen's "dictator" for thirty years, she had ample opportunity of speaking on this trait of her character; but it only became apparent to her, when the dictatorship was transferred for a few years to another person. "The

queen's letters," she continues, "were very indifferent, both in sense and spelling, unless they were generally enlivened with a few passionate expressions—sometimes pretty enough, but repeated over and over again, without the mixture either of diversion or instruction."

In point of orthography, there was little to choose between the letters of the queen and those of her censor. They usually made the same mistakes; for instance, they both write *wigs* when they mean whigs, and this, in the midst of an ardent political controversy, often gives laughable equivokes to their discussions. "Queen Anne's civility and good manners in conversation (to which the education of great persons naturally lead) were generally well enough, till, in her latter days, her new friends *untaught* her these accomplishments; and then her whole deportment was visibly changed to that degree, that when some things disagreeable to her own humour or passion have been laid before her, she would descend to the lowest and most shocking terms of contradiction. Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion; her love to the prince seemed, in the eyes of the world, to be prodigiously great; but great as was the passion of grief, her stomach was greater. I know that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was entirely groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her." The testimony thus given among a mass of malice and misrepresentation, ought to be considered conclusive in the queen's favour, since there cannot exist a doubt, that if the malignant writer could have mentioned only one instance in which she had seen the queen guilty of this vice, she would have quoted it without scruple.

"Queen Anne's religion," continues the duchess of Marlborough, "was chiefly implicit faith, accompanied with the form and course of a sort of piety. She had a zeal for the church as for an infallible guide, and a devotion for churchmen to such a degree, as if she thought this sufficient to sanctify every other part of her conduct, and the churchmen repaid her civility in compliments and adorations. I have often blushed for her and her preachers, when I have heard it almost constantly affirmed to her face, with the most fulsome flattery, and to her great satisfaction, 'that all we enjoyed was granted by Almighty God as the reward of her piety and religion.' And, indeed, if religion consist in such zeal and such devotion, or in punctual and formal preparations for the communion, or the like (as she had learned, without doubt, from such tutors as she was blessed with), then it cannot be denied that she had as much religion as could be lodged in one breast." As the duchess of Marlborough was a daring freethinker, down to a late period of life, and (apparently) departed in the same state of mind, her opinion on matters of religion is of little consequence. She breaks out into rage in her next paragraph, where she

endeavours to fasten many crimes on the poor queen, which merely amount to the fact, that the political course she had to pursue and her lately awakened affections were diametrically opposite. Anne was certainly not the worse woman, because she did not persist to the end of her life in the obtuseness of feeling of which her uncle, lord Clarendon, has left us so hideous a picture, when, in 1689, she was acting under the domination of her favourite, who was even then her ungrateful calumniator. It is indisputable that, notwithstanding the agony of her internal remorse, the queen expired without in any way impeding the settlement which the country had been necessitated to make of the succession. Therefore the following malignant charges fall short of their intent.

"If religion," continues the duchess, "be justice, truth, sincerity, honour, gratitude, or the like, then one cannot tell what to say; but let queen Anne's practice speak for itself—her broken vows, her violated alliances, her behaviour to her *old friends* at home, her conduct to her good allies abroad, and the returns she made to her native country for an immense treasure of money and blood, spent for the vindication of her title and the security of her life. She would speak in public of her zeal for the protestant succession, and once she surprised the nation with the news of a particular friendship between her and the house of Hanover; but God knows what she meant, unless it were to delude the ignorant part of her people, for as for her heart, there was proof enough in due time that it was engaged at another court [St. Germain's]; there was little of it left for that house [of Hanover], and it came to be accounted an affront to herself to allude to *it* in addresses to the throne. In most cases, queen Anne was insensible of what related to the public, and could, with great coldness and tranquillity, let an express, that was known to come with any important good news, lie unopened for half an hour, though she was alone and had nothing in the world to do, whilst all about her were waiting with the utmost impatience to know the contents of it. She loved fawning and adoration, and hated plain dealing, even in the most important cases. She had a soul that nothing could so effectually move as flattery or fear." How, then, came the person who is thus dissecting her character, to be able to sway her royal benefactress for thirty years? Either she had recourse to the same base means, or, if Anne did not require them, her witness is proved false and malicious.

"A sudden surprise in an unguarded moment, would make the truth sometimes discover itself in her look, or in some unlucky word; but if she had time and warning enough to learn her lesson, all the arguments and reasons in the world could *extort* nothing from her that she had not a mind to acknowledge. In such cases she seemed to have the insensibility of a rock, and would resolutely dissemble or disown anything in the world; and by repeating one single answer in the same words, could tire out the patience, and elude all such inquiries as were disagreeable to

herself." According to the duchess's system of ethics, a queen-regnant of Great Britain is criminal to the last degree, if not explicit in her answers to any questions the keeper of her gowns and cloaks chooses to ask her on state affairs!

"She had," continues the ungrateful recipient of forty thousand pounds of solid money from Anne's privy purse,¹ "no native generosity of temper, nor was often known of herself to do a handsome action, either as a reward or as a piece of friendship. The diligence and faithfulness of a servant signified but little with her, where she had no passion for the person; and even to such as she professed to love, her presents were very few, and generally very insignificant, as fruit or venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in former reigns. In a word, queen Anne had little zeal for the happiness of others, but a selfishness that was great enough to make every other consideration yield to it. She was headstrong and positive in matters of the utmost importance, and at last preferred her own humour and passion before the safety and happiness of her own people and of all Europe, which she had either not sense enough to see, or not goodness enough to regard. Whether her memory will be celebrated by posterity with blessings or curses, time will show." Time has seldom shown retribution more frightful than such vituperation on a mistress so bountiful to this calumniator, as queen Anne had been from her infancy.

Now let us turn the medal, and read the reverse inscription by the same hand:—"Queen Anne had a person and appearance very graceful, something of majesty in her look: she was religious without affectation, and certainly meant to do everything that was just. She had no ambition, which appeared by her being so easy in letting king William come before her to the crown, after the king her father had followed such counsels as made the nation see they could not be safe in their liberty and laws without coming to the extremities they did; and she thought it more for her honour to be easy in it, than to make a dispute who should have the crown first that was taken from her father. And it was a great trouble to her to be forced to act such a part against him, even for security, which was truly the case; and she thought those that showed the least ambition had the best character. Her journey to Nottingham was purely accidental, never concerted, but occasioned by the great fright she was in when king James returned from Salisbury; upon which, she said she would rather jump out of the window, than stay and see her father."

The falsehood of these assertions is proved by the letter of Anne to William, dated ten days before she absconded, in which she very deliberately mentions her intended flight; nor was there any occasion to

¹ Portions for her daughters of 20,000*l.*, and as much out of the privy-purse as gratuity to herself—at first refused and then

positively insisted upon. See the statement of the duchess in her printed "Conduct."

perform the hazardous gymnastic of leaping out of a window of the Cockpit into St. James's park to run away, because the princess, by the advice of lady Marlborough, had just had a pair of private stairs constructed, very convenient for the purpose of quietly walking out of the back-door. But to proceed with this inimitable document: "Queen Anne was never expensive, but saved money out of her 50,000*l.* a year, which, after she came to the crown, was paid to prince George of Denmark, which was his by right. She made no foolish building, nor bought one jewel in her reign. She always paid the greatest respect to queen Mary and king William." Excepting a few trifling expressions, such as calling William "Caliban," "Dutch monster," and vulgarer epithets.¹

However, to proceed with the laudatory character of queen Anne: "She never insisted upon any one thing of grandeur more than she had when her household was established by king Charles II., though after the revolution she was heir-presumptive to the crown, and after her sister queen Mary died, was in the place of a prince of Wales. The civil list was not increased on her having the crown, and lord Godolphin, who was treasurer, often said that, from not straining things to hardships, her revenue did not come, one year with another, to more than 500,000*l.* However, as it was found necessary to have a war to secure England from the power of France, she contributed, for the ease of the people, 100,000*l.* out of her own revenue to lessen the expense in one year. Out of the civil list she paid many pensions given in former reigns, which have been since thrown on the public. She gave the first-fruits to be distributed among the poor clergy. Queen Anne was extremely well-bred: she treated her chief ladies and servants as if they had been her equals, and she never refused to give charity, when there was the least reason for anybody to ask it. She likewise paid the salaries of most of her sister queen Mary's servants notwithstanding the hardships she had suffered in King William's reign; and, to show how good manager she was for the public, till a very few years before she died she never had but 20,000*l.* a year for her privy-purse, which was vastly less than any king or queen ever had (but at the latter end of her reign she had 26,000*l.*), which was much to her honour, because *that* is subject to no account. And, in comparison with *other* queens [namely, of Mary II. and queen Caroline], queen Anne was as saving in another office—that of the robes; for it will appear, by all the records in the Exchequer, where the accounts were passed, that in nine years she spent only 32,050*l.*, including her coronation expenses. I have put these facts together, for materials for the person who writes the inscription." And, actually, Dr. Hooke compounded a most laudatory character of queen Anne from this sketch, wisely omitting all the figments in the outset: Hooke, as a Jacobite, well knew how daringly false the Mari-

¹ See the letters of Anne in chronological order, Life of queen Mary

orough versions of the escapade from the Cockpit were. This fine character of queen Anne is still to be seen on the pedestal of her statue at Blenheim, where it stands to this day.¹

Other contemporary authors have mentioned traits of queen Anne according to their knowledge. When all are collected and examined, certain contradictions occur, for they do not enough distinguish between the actions of Anne in her youth, as an uneducated and self-indulgent woman, and the undeniable improvement in her character when the awful responsibility of a reigning sovereign, whose practical duties were, at that era, by no means clearly defined, awoke her conscience to trembling anxiety for the welfare of her people. Much permanent good she assuredly did, and no evil, as queen-regnant, notwithstanding the ill-natured sarcasm of a whig politician, who when mentioning her demise at an opportune juncture for the Hanoverian succession, declared that "queen Anne died like a Roman, for the good of her country." But no sovereign was ever more deeply regretted by the people. The office of regality was, there is no doubt, a painful occupation to her, for her constant complaint was, observes Tindal, "that she was only a crowned slave"—the originality of which expression savours not of the dulness generally attributed to Anne.

Her very person is represented differently by those who saw her daily. "Her complexion was ruddy and sanguine; the luxuriance of her chestnut hair has already been mentioned; her face was round and comely, her features strong and regular, and the only blemish in it was that defluxion, which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood, had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance. "Thus the frown that the duchess of Marlborough dwells upon malevolently did not arise from ill-nature, but from defect of vision. "Queen Anne was of a middle stature," observes another contemporary,² "not so personable and majestic as her sister, queen Mary. Her face was rather comely than handsome; it seemed to have a tincture of sourness in it, and, for some years before she died, was rubicund and bloated. Her bones were small, her hands extremely beautiful, her voice most melodious, and her ear for music exquisite. She was brought up in high-church principles, but changed her parties according to her interest.

¹ Opinions of the duchess of Marlborough: *Coxe MSS.*, Brit. Museum. Those who have read the previous black character drawn of queen Anne by the same person, must think the contradictions between the two truly monstrous, and the emanation of a bewildered brain. Some candid persons, disposed to sentimentalize on the fierce duchess, have supposed that after a lapse of time her mind had softened towards her benefactress, and that she wrote the last character as a reparation for the first. But such inferences vanish before the fact, that the duchess herself avours the world with her motives in raising

a statue at Blenheim to her former royal mistress, and adorning it with the laudatory inscription, as the whole was avowedly, not to do justice to queen Anne, but to vex and spite queen Caroline, the consort of George II. Here are her words: "This character of queen Anne is so much the reverse of queen Caroline, that I think it will not be liked at court." In the middle of the last century the duchess of Marlborough hated queen Caroline more than she did queen Anne: such is the real explanation of these discrepancies.

² Roger Coke's Detection.

She was a scrupulous observer of the outward and visible forms of godliness and humility in public service; as, for instance, she reproved once the minister at Windsor-castle for offering her the sacrament before the clergy present had communicated," thus forgetting her position and dignity as Head of the Church.

The duchess of Marlborough abuses her royal benefactress as a "godly, praying idiot," when in the seclusion of her chamber.¹ "Her life would have lasted longer," says another contemporary, who cannot forgive the harassed, world-wearied queen for dying at a political crisis, "if she had not eaten so much—a propensity not derived from her father, king James, who was most abstemious, but from her mother. I say," continues Coke, "she supped too much chocolate, and died monstrously fat; insomuch that the coffin wherein her remains were deposited was almost square, and was bigger than that of the prince, her husband, who was known to be a fat, bulky man." There are prints extant, representing the queen's coffin when placed by her husband in the Stuart vault;² if they may be depended upon, both Coke and Thoresby, who went to see the lying in state of queen Anne, have exaggerated, when they represent her coffin as a square every way.

The queen's effigy in wax was certainly at her funeral procession, placed on her coffin. It is still in Westminster-abbey, and represents her as a very tall, as well as a very large woman. The duchess describes her royal mistress as bending down like a sail *en passant* to whisper to little Mrs. Masham; therefore the correct idea of Anne is that she was very tall, as well as corpulent. As the wax figure is the only funeral memorial that remains of this queen-regnant, it ought not to be destroyed. The antiquarian, Thoresby, followed the royal remains, and watched the final process which shut them from the world. "The lords justices [lords of the regency] had resolved to bury the queen on Sunday the 22nd of August; but as, meantime, they received letters from George I., with directions that her majesty's body should be interred with all the pomp and decency consistent with a private burial, the ceremony took place on Tuesday the 24th, when she was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel with great solemnity."³ The difference implied by the terms public and private funeral seems to be, that the latter took place at night, or in the evening, by torch-light. "There had been," observes Thoresby, "a new vault made on the south side of Henry VII.'s chapel, in which the corpse of Charles II., and that of his nephew William III., of queen Mary, and prince George of Denmark lie. Here the remains of queen Anne were deposited, and there being no more room left, the vault was bricked up, having thus received the last sovereign of the royal name

¹ Coxe MSS. Brit. Museum. Lord Dartmouth, in his Notes to Burnet, repeats this term, which is besides to be found among the MSS. of the duchess.

² Crowle's Illustration of Pennant's London.

³ Ræc's Hist. of the Rebellion.

of Stuart that was ever destined to wear the regal garland of this realm.

Mourning rings for queen Anne were worn by the ladies of her household.¹ A heart-shaped locket, or opening ring, enclosed the queen's fine silky hair—brown, slightly mixed with grey. The crystal is surmounted by a little crown of jewel-work, exquisitely modelled in gold, with a few diamond sparks. Inscribed at the back of the locket, which is of solid gold, are the words ANNA REGINA, with her age, and the date of her decease in Roman characters.

No monument, not so much as the simplest tablet, marks the spot where queen Anne rests; nor could the humblest female pauper that ever breathed her last in a workhouse, repose less publicly distinguished in death than this queen of Great Britain. The church of England owes her some memorial, for she deprived herself of much personal pomp and magnificence in order to benefit the church: she stands indubitably at the head of the short but illustrious list of Protestant founders. In ancient times, when a monastery or a college was endowed, the tomb of the founder was carefully preserved, and gratefully regarded through succeeding ages; but vainly may we ask for the monument of the foundress of "the Bounty" which amplified the scanty livings of that church, the clergy of which are (as often observed) the worst and the best paid of any in the world.

Although queen Anne was, before she departed this life, on friendly terms with the king of France, she made no effort to afford sepulture to the uninterred bones of her father, and that duty finally devolved on a distant kinsman. In fact, the body of James II. remained unburied for a century after his daughter's death, and the circumstances regarding it form the last extraordinary incidents in the history of the regal personages of the house of Stuart. Lights were kept burning round the hearse of James II. until the French revolution. The church of the Benedictines, in the fauxbourg St. Jacques, was then desecrated;² but when the revolutionists opened the coffin of James II., they found the corpse entire, and in an extraordinary state of preservation. James had always been greatly beloved and revered in France, and at the sight of his remains, the crowds of spectators were seized with superstitious awe, and they were defended from those who would have destroyed them. How strange, that the bones of the stranger and the exile in the land should be revered, when those of the royal personages of France were disinterred and profaned! The municipal authorities took possession of the hearse and body; but as the people rushed to see them from all parts of

¹ A mourning ring of the kind, which has furnished the above description, was given after the decease of the queen to one of her ladies, Mrs. More, from whom it descended to Mrs. Buchanan, who at present possesses it.

Her maiden name was Irene Pearce, and the ring was a treasured heirloom in her family.

² It has since been turned into a cotton-spinning factory.

Paris, and were quite willing to pay for the sight, the functionaries charged from a sous to a franc for admission, and made the show of our king's corpse a profitable concern.¹ Will it be credited that, in the midst of the infidelity of the Revolution, whispers went of miracles performed by the corpse of James II.? Robespierre gave orders for the body to be buried, which was not done, but it was carefully and reverentially preserved. When the allies came to Paris in 1813, the corpse of the unfortunate James II. still remained above ground; the strange circumstance having been mentioned to George IV., he ordered the remains of his kinsman to be carried in funeral procession from Paris to St. Germain en Laye, and there interred in the church. The long-delayed funeral of James II. then took place with royal grandeur. No mourners of his lineage attended his coffin on its return to St. Germain, for his race had passed away; yet his people followed him to the grave, for most of the English in Paris, setting aside all religious and political differences, attended the *cortège* in the deepest mourning. The indications of respect were extraordinary. Every English person behaved as if following the coffin of a beloved sovereign, who had died only the previous week.

A monument was raised in the church of St. Germain to the memory of James. It is of white, grey, and black marble, and, notwithstanding its simplicity, it possesses some elegance. An inscription in Latin marks the name and rank of the deceased, and the fact of his interment in 1813. James II. is the only British sovereign deceased between the year 1603 and 1813, to whom a funeral monument has been raised. So closes the last historical incident relating to our ancient royal line.

¹ The incidents here detailed and reduced to narrative were carefully collected by personal inquiry from the traditions of Paris and of St. Germain, and the information of persons who attended the long-delayed funeral. Since the earlier editions of this biography, the truth of the above statement has been curiously corroborated by an eye-witness, a Mr. Fitzsimons, an Irish gentleman, who had attended the late Sir William Follett as teacher of languages at Toulouse; he has published the following reminiscences in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 243:—"During the French revolution of the Terror, I was prisoner in the convent of the English Benedictines, rue St. Jacques. In the year 1793 or '94, the body of James II. was still in one of the chapels there, awaiting interment in Westminster-abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again in one covered with black velvet. While I was there, the *sans-culottes* broke the

coffins to get at the lead, to cast bullets. The body lay exposed a whole day: it had been embalmed. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hair and nails were very fine. I moved and bent every finger: I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow prisoner, wished much to have a tooth: I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet, also, were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes, and the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my fingers. Money was given to the *sans-culottes* for showing the body. They said he was a good *sans-culotte*, and that they were going to put him into a hole in the churchyard, like other *sans-culottes*; and the body was carried away, but where I never heard. Around the chapel of St. Jacques several wax moulds were hung up, made probably, at the time of the king's death: the corpse was very like them."

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